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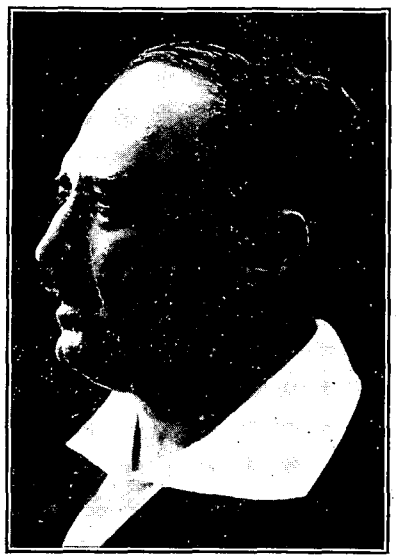

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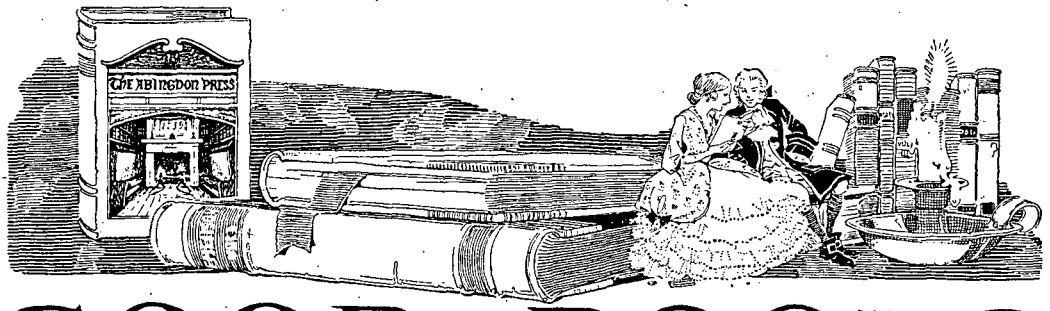

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PHILIP GIBBS

BY FRANK DILNOT

In spite of the large audiences which have greeted him in many of the big centers of America during his lecturing tour, Philip Gibbs must remain but an inspiring name to hundreds of thousands of American people who have read his dispatches from the front during the four years of war. His friends here are repeatedly asked what he is like personally. Does he come up to the expectations raised by his writings? Is he disappointing? The plain answer is that he is just the kind of man one would expect.

Philip Gibbs is a slim figure of a man with boyishness and sympathy in his pale clean-shaven face, with reflective eyes, a sensitive mouth, and shoulders slightly canted forward in a kind of gentle eagerness. He is about forty years of age. For over twenty years he has been working with ardor and intensity not merely at the profession of journalism but in the allied art of literature, producing novels, essays, and histories. His newspaper work alone would have exhausted most individuals, for there has been hardly a month in that twenty years without its nervous and physical strain. The frail framework of the man and his gentle charm of manner have a message of their own. They give hardly a hint of the burning strenuousness of spirit within which has driven Philip Gibbs forward to success over obstacles that would have broken the energies of nine men out of ten.

You could look at Philip Gibbs and know at a glance that he is not a business leader. There is neither aggressiveness nor acquisitiveness in that thin, clear-cut face, despite the fact that one senses tenacity in the carefully formed jaw. In his eyes, however, you get a hint of the real Philip Gibbs. They are deep set and reposeful, but they are the most sensitive eyes I have seen in any man. Serene is the word to apply to them, serene until he becomes interested in you, when they suddenly reflect the mood with which he is in sympathy. They make conversation easy. They are always taking the best out of you. And the charm of this lies in the swift change that comes in them with the witty word or thought. Their understanding and their humor irradiate the man. Wrapped in his long loose overcoat and pausing with

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a group of others on the sidewalk to look abstractedly into the windows of some big Fifth-Avenue store, Philip Gibbs has little or nothing to distinguish him from the ordinary man in the street. I tell him he wears his big overcoat to conceal his slight figure and to make himself out a real, big, dominating kind of man. He roars with laughter. It is good laughter and you know Gibbs very well when you have heard it.

When he came to this country there was some doubt among his friends as to whether he could make a platform speech as effectively as he writes or as he talks in conversation. These doubts were dispelled on the evening of the day he arrived, when at an informal gathering at the City Club of New York—tired as he was—he gave an unaffected little discourse, brightened by good stories. Like a cultured Englishman he pronounces all his syllables distinctly and gives full value to his consonants. Despite his lack of practice before big audiences and the absence of any of the tricks of the professional speaker, he has been able to hold great audiences in places like Carnegie Hall. He is lucky in having a carrying voice of pleasant timbre. It will be seen from all this that he is one of the exceptions to the rule that well-known writers are disappointing to their admirers when met in the flesh.

Always during the seventeen years I have known him has Philip Gibbs been the youthful-looking, student-like figure, engendering affection in all who met him. The rough and tumble of daily journalism is a hard school. It calls for unceasing and often exhausting effort, and the rewards do not always fall to the most gifted. It is impossible that such a man as Philip Gibbs should not have felt the impulses of high ambitions; and when one realizes his talents, it is certain that one has sometimes been touched with bitterness if not with contempt. He must have known his own power. And with a burning spirit within him there has never been a day, I doubt if there has been more than an occasional hour, of his waking life, that he has not carried with him a reflection of his nature in that casually affectionate voice and manner, that vividness of interest in the people he is talking to, and the languid modesty, perfectly sincere and unaffected, whenever he and his own work are under discussion. Now as then kindliness and sympathy shine from him, and he talks with the softness of a woman and the candor of a boy. All the time you realize that there are flames within him.

I first saw Philip Gibbs some seventeen years ago in the office of the "Daily Mail", slim and youthful, striding along one of the corridors with a proof in his hand. His title was literary editor. He was in charge of the descriptive articles on the editorial page, and it is not perhaps too much to say, notwithstanding the distinguished men who came before him and who followed him, that never was the editorial page of the "Daily Mail" more attractive. Lord Northcliffe—Alfred Harmsworth as he was then—always with an eye for talent, had noticed the work of young Philip Gibbs, who was on the staff of Cassell's, the famous publishers, and had promptly engaged him in a responsible position in Carmelite House. One of his tasks was to select the articles for the leader page, and occasionally to write one himself. Even in those youthful days, despite his humor, he had that mark of the reflectiveness and intensity which

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have since carried him to fame. I remember how we young barbarians of the reporters' room shook our heads quizzically at him because of a serious article a column long in which he fiercely and wittily protested against a certain type of man in the streets of cities who fancies he is fascinating, and ogles girls with a view to casual flirtations. Gibbs shrugged his shoulders and smiled at our rough gibes. He meant what he said and stuck to it. He still means what he says, and it is his sincerity as a writer which gives him a good deal of his power.

In spite of his success in journalism, I always regard Philip Gibbs as being more distinctively literary than journalistic. His mind goes beneath the happenings of the day, using them as illustrations, drawing lessons from them; and is always more concerned with the inner and wider significance of affairs than just their ephemeral and surface interest as objectives. When to this fact you add a gift of phrase at once limpid and musical, you begin to see why it only required the big opportunity such as this war has afforded to lift Philip Gibbs to eminence. Of course he had imagination as well, and what may be called the high-pressure constructive brain which often goes with a modest temperament. Those who meet him now that he is near the age of forty, and feel the touch of his boyish simplicity and sympathy, are a little surprised that in truth he was always old for his years.

Philip Gibbs was first moved to writing at the age of sixteen; he wrote about five hundred words describing the scene at London bridge in the winter where the sea-gulls, the wildest of creatures on their native North sea, become almost tame and perform astoundingly familiar flights round and about gathered groups of people on the embankment and on the bridge in their pursuit of the food which is tossed in the air to them, or flung down onto the slow-moving waters of the river. His little description was printed in the "Daily Chronicle", the paper on which he was fated subsequently to make himself famous. He was nineteen when he wrote his first book called "Founders of the Empire" which was published by Cassell's and which by the way still has a steady sale. Editorial work with Cassell's and with Tillotson's, the big north-country syndicate, led him very quickly into direct newspaper work. At twenty-one, he wrote his first novel, "The Individualist", and that year is memorable for him for another reason because it was on his twenty-first birthday that he was married, married on an income which at that moment did not exceed six hundred dollars a year. Many books came from him in the years that followed, all of them worth while, some of them with the touch of genius. One novel "The Street of Adventure" is a lively and accurate representation of the versatile life of Fleet Street. His historical works include a history of the French Revolution, and the story of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham. Several essays were his, and among those listed in the reference books are "Facts and Ideas", "The Eighth Year", and "The New Man". He was joint author with his brother Cosmo Hamilton of a play called "Menders of Nets" which had a good run at two theatres in London. During all this literary work he was engaged in active newspaper work, steadily building up for himself a reputation as the best descriptive writer in Fleet Street.

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Hard trenchant journalism has been the continuing web on which Philip Gibbs has woven his literary output. A hundred adventures have been his —not merely violent ones of a physical kind but also those of a more delicate nature, because he has come in contact with many of the great men of the earth, talked with them, and has been able to appraise them. Like all the rest of his craft he has had to go through months and years of hard work often enough unrelieved by any touch of color, because opportunities for real achievement do not come as often as some people think in the journalistic profession. Two successes of his may be mentioned. One was in connection with the revolution in Portugal, where after the Republic came into power many of those who were opposed to it were thrust into jail under horrifying physical circumstances. They were put into disgusting dens underground, and the conditions would inevitably have led to a heavy death toll. Indeed, many of the prisoners did actually droop to death. Philip Gibbs, who was in Portugal for the "Daily Chronicle", made it his business to visit many of these places, satisfied himself as to the state of affairs, and then wrote a series of articles for the English newspaper, which were reprinted on the continent, caused a sensation, and led to the release of fifteen hundred persons who were suffering something like torture from the conditions under which they were confined.

The other story is about Dr. Cook, the explorer. When it was announced that Dr. Cook was on his way back to Denmark, having discovered the North Pole, correspondents from London were rushed over to Copenhagen to meet him. By some mischance, the "Chronicle" man was not sent on the spur of the moment. Philip Gibbs was called into the editorial room next day and the editor explained the circumstances to him and said, "Leave at once for Copenhagen. I don't know what luck you will have because you are twenty-four hours behind everyone else." Philip Gibbs found Copenhagen seething with correspondents, not only from England but from other countries. He spoke not a word of Danish. He had no friends in Copenhagen. The other correspondents were all busy trying to make arrangements so that they could get in touch with Dr. Cook as soon as he came to land. In something like despair on the second day after his arrival, Philip Gibbs was in a restaurant where one of the waiters spoke a little English, and after his meal he had what he now regards as an inspiration—he talked to the waiter about his mission and asked if by any chance the waiter knew any people interested in polar exploration. The waiter was an intelligent man and what was more had information of value. "The lady sitting over there with a friend", he said, "is the wife of a famous polar explorer." Philip Gibbs secured the acquaintance of the ladies, explained his difficulty, and the upshot was that through their introductions and good offices he was the only correspondent to go off in the official tug to meet the ship of Dr. Cook which shortly afterward appeared on the horizon. He was the only correspondent on board and he had the extraordinary advantage of traveling back to Copenhagen for twenty-four hours in the company of Dr. Cook and of hearing his entire story. He was enabled to put a five-column narrative on the wire to London directly he landed, and the feelings of the other correspondents were such that even their graphic pens and

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their ready tongues failed to give them full expression. Philip Gibbs arrived after everyone else and finished before everyone else. It is an instance of his quick judgment and his courage that he denounced Dr. Cook as a liar in the course of that five-column article, and his judgment was subsequently upheld. "I had a feeling that Dr. Cook was a liar after my first ten minutes' talk with him." And be it remembered that Philip Gibbs is not a man addicted to harsh judgment.

Philip Gibbs's life at the front for four years was a series of emotional experiences. You can see that in the little lines on his forehead which used not to be there in the old far-off days of peace. However, all was not horror in the four years, and there were many little incidents which would have repaid the telling had they not been overshadowed by bigger things. Philip Gibbs remembers how Lloyd George, wearing the regulation metal helmet beneath the edges of which his long gray hair sprouted forth, came into the trenches one day. A cockney Tommy watched the new arrival with interest. "Blimey, Bill", he said to his companion, "here's the Archbishop of Canterbury." Mr. Gibbs talked with Lloyd George in the trenches and the Prime Minister, who spoke freely to the war correspondent, took away valuable first-hand information derived from Mr. Gibbs, on such matters as a correspondent—mixing with the men as well as seeing the fighting—might be able to give. With all his alertness Philip Gibbs has gained a touch of what may be called personal philosophy, during the years of upward struggle. He was playing a game of chess in a dugout near the front with a friend who happened to be the representative of one of the largest publishing houses in England. A telegram arrived for this friend during the game. It was opened and found to contain a message offering a notable post with the firm for Philip Gibbs. The representative of the firm in question took his pipe from his mouth and read out the telegram to Gibbs. "What's your answer?" he said. "No", said Gibbs and moved a pawn. Then they devoted themselves to the game and the matter was dismissed forever. Philip Gibbs saw Field-Marshal Haig many times. The most memorable occasion was after the armistice was signed when the British commander-in-chief met the British correspondent at Hohenzollern Bridge at Coblenz. It was the first time Haig had crossed the Rhine. He told the correspondents that they had helped him to win the war and had played the game like men.

Philip Gibbs is a prolific and stylistic writer, and I once asked him if he had been influenced by any special authors in his younger days. "No", he said, "except possibly to some extent by Thackeray. I have been free from any except such general influences as come from wide reading and interest in books." He threw out his hand with a forlorn gesture and there was a twinkle in his eye. "I am a man without education", he said.

Philip Gibbs's style with its long, smooth, flowing sentences lightened here and there by an unusual verb, has the easiness that shows the practised artist. It would be inaccurate to suggest that his prose is technically brilliant. But it has the power which no meretricious glitter could confer. He has first of all the gift which I think James M. Barrie possesses in the extreme degree, of lucidity, especially lucidity in matters of emotion. Place behind that gift of expression "a spirit intense and rare", unite that

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with spiritual ardor, and the balancing touch derived from life and books, and you get as a result the direct, moving appeal which Philip Gibbs always makes whether in articles or stories. He has not the irony of Thackeray nor the crystal-cut phrase of Stevenson, nor the poignancy (laughing and weeping) of Barrie, and yet he has something of all three.

I tried to get him to talk about himself recently but without very much success. I pinned him down, however, about his actual writing. Did he put much labor into it? He replied that of course it was an effort but that he never strained after effect with words, and he found that his most effective work was that done under the pressure of feeling. Narrations, illustrations, and lessons take form easily when he is much moved.

Philip Gibbs comes of a literary family. He was born Philip Hamilton Gibbs. He is one of the six sons of the late Henry Gibbs of the Board of Education (England) and Helen Hamilton. He is thus the brother of Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known novelist and dramatist who in 1898 legally adopted his mother's surname for family reasons; of Anthony Hamilton Gibbs, whose books dealing with the west coast of Africa were widely praised, and of Major Arthur Hamilton Gibbs, M.C. Royal Field Artillery, author of "Rowlandson's Oxford", "The Compleat Oxford Man", "Cheadle & Son" and "The Hour of Conflict". If his talents of expression were born in him, so were other things equally notable. Those who have not met Philip Gibbs are enthusiastic about his literary gifts, but those who know him personally think less of his writing than of the man. A certain soft magnetism emanates from him. Were he completely unknown, Philip Gibbs could not enter any gathering of intellectual and sensitive people without leaving his mark, and this without the slightest conscious thought or effort on his own part, but just as the result of the spirit that shines out of him whether he will or not. He seeks neither to hide nor to present what is in him. He is boyishly natural; and there is always the healthy and comfortable thought that here is no weakling, that this delicate personality—so temperamentally averse from violence, and thoughts of hardship—has been in daily danger of his life for four years on the western front, and has under the strain of personal peril written daily the most illuminating literary dispatches ever penned from a battle front. Philip Gibbs is a queer mixture. That is one of the reasons he is so interesting.

There will be none so gratified at the fame which has come upon Philip Gibbs as his colleagues for so many years among working newspaper men. They know his full worth. They will remember him not for his high talents but for his generous self-effacing comradeship, for his unfailing helpfulness and good nature. These are more to the newspaper craft in any land than fame or power or genius. The feeling of those men may well be a proud possession for any individual, and I know it is an especial joy for Philip Gibbs.

British people generally are proud of his achievements, and grateful to America for the reception that great nation has given one of Britain's gifted sons. They like to think, moreover, that he represents to the American people he has met, not only many special attainments but also that which is particularly precious to our race—a typical illustration in manners, speech, and character of an English gentleman.

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VIEWING WITH ALARM

BY RUPERT HUGHES

My admired and valued friend, Charles Hanson Towne, has been viewing with alarm again. Of course poets always view with alarm, but Charles's immediate horror is the discovery that certain children of a friend of his prefer moving-pictures to "Little Men" and "Little Women" and even to "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer", and "Little Lord Fauntleroy"!! He says: "To what strange paths is the present generation being led? I tremble, I even shudder when I think of a perverted taste thus generally formed." Now I, on the contrary, should tremble, even shudder for any child that didn't prefer living moving-pictures to the labored shadowgraphs of mere authors. Such a child would prefer a spinning-wheel to a bicycle, a Sunday School lesson to a game of squat-tag, and church to a picnic; and such a child would be destined either to an early death or to a life of prolonged offensiveness to all normal people.

Charles wrote a splendid poem once about Manhattan and its appalling loneliness. It showed his wonderful gifts of imagination, for Charles knows everybody in New York, is booked six weeks ahead for all his meals, and is the most hilarious poet that ever died of grief every spring. Charles wrote also a pitiful picture of children in the corridor of a rich hotel, and shed melodious tears over the agonies of their lot, because the poor little plutocrettes must pine away in luxury, longing vainly to get out in rough clothes and bare feet and be real children like the lucky poor.

Of course, poets can also write about the piteous condition of the poor gazing in at the rich, for poets can play either end against the other or the middle. But I had to scold Charles for this last poem and for pretending even for poetry's sweet sake that rich men's children do not get air and exercise. I reminded him of what he knew very well—that rich children get far better air and more exercise and fun than poor folks' children. It doesn't make as good poetry unless you're writing poor folks' poetry, but it makes better prose, especially if you're writing socialistic prose. One reason why people get rich, indeed, is in order that their children can have fun and good food and care.

But to get back: Charles is discouraged about the future of a world in which children prefer Mary Pickford to Miss Alcott's Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy—and he says, "Let us beware". He adds the frightful warning, "The child of today knows more than is good for it. Murder and arson are its daily food." This statement, whether true or not, is as venerable as the world. The child of today has always known too much and has always been a horrible and doomed creature, since the Today when Cain and Abel began the murder and arson business.

But I am amazed to see Mr. Towne speaking of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" with reverence. Or rather, I am not at all amazed—for it was inevitable that these woeful books should be spoken of with

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reverence, since they were spoken of with horror on their first appearance. Even Charles is old enough to remember that really nice people were properly revolted by the atrocious bad manners, dishonesty, and vulgarity of "Tom Sawyer". It was ruination to the carefully brought-up child. As for horror, I shall remember to my dying day the frightful tale of that man in the cave. I would give my left arm to write something as spine-freezing as that, and any movie-man who could equal the haunting effectiveness of it would be proud of his gift for what Huneker translated as "a new shudder". "Huckleberry Finn", as history knows, was barred from every respectable public library for its disgusting indecency, melodrama, and general impropriety. Its taste was as bad as the grammar of its two heroes, both of whom were models of "what nice boys never do".

I never heard "Little Lord Fauntleroy" rebuked for such qualities, but it probably caused more profanity and fisticuffs among the youth who were compelled to wear curls of a yankable length than any other evil influence in the history of the world. Harry Leon Wilson recently wrote a story about a boy whose mother forced him to wear Fauntleroy curls with horrible results. He became such a demon of bad temper and ferocity that the Germans wouldn't fight with him because he was so rough. The Alcott books were probably barred out of many Sunday School libraries as too hoydenish, but I have no record of that. In any case "Little Women" is now in the movies, and it made a successful play recently. As a boy I read it when it was too dark to go swimming or play baseball. My benighted youth had no such luxury as moving-picture shows, though I used to see nigger minstrels and small-town plays as often as they struck town.

But what on earth can one fear from the movies when one considers what the pre-movie children were brought up on? From time immemorial children have been threatened with ogres and witches that eat children alive or change them to toads. Grimm's fairy-tales and many others are too hideous to read to young children nowadays, when we have learned that abject terror is not the best pap for infants. "Jack the Giant Killer", "Jack and the Beanstalk", "Hop o' My Thumb" and other nursery pets describe cannibalistic orgies, the mastication of raw children, or the thrusting of them into ovens to make gingerbread. The old grandmother eaten alive by a wolf that tries to eat a little girl alive is classic pabulum for babes. What worse can the movies offer? In the story of the imprisoned girl who let her hair down from the tower for her young lover to climb up by, the old witch cut the luckless youth into small bits without the incidental humor and happy ending of the Bab ballad about "It was a robber's daughter and her name was Alice Brown". "Robinson Crusoe" is full of cannibals and murders and duels. So is "Ivanhoe"; so "The Scottish Chiefs". For nearly a hundred and fifty years the whole world has loved Fenimore Cooper for his stories of Indian atrocities, scalpings, torture-dances, and gun and tomahawk and arrow play.

Before that there were the religious stories, the books of martyrs, the histories of saints, plucked with red-hot pincers, and broken on wheels and fed to lions. The vivid pictures of hell-fire were always kept before the young. Little Marjorie Fleming lived in Scotland and never saw a movie, yet

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her diary is positively heartbreaking for its pictures of her fearful visions of the eternal torments she must undergo for little naughtinesses. She died young, the sweet delicious little soul, her innate gaiety frightened out of her. I think she was literally scared to death. The old English nurses cowed their babies with tales of the Black Wallace. Nurses of all times and climes have always painted pictures of demons to frighten their charges into submission. Few mothers have been above the use of that most terrible paregoric. In our later years the preachers and moralists continue to fill dark halls with demons for our discipline.

Little savage children who are not subjected to the depraving influence of dime novels, moving-pictures, roller-skates, soda-fountains, circuses, and other forms of early ruination, have had their own specific educations in murder, arson, and demonology. In the eighteenth century and before, children were excited by tales of highway robberies. They saw processions to the gallows. In yet earlier days they knew of legal and religious torture. The Romans, Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, and cave-people had their method of educating their babies into horror.

I am just reading Anatole France's latest book, "Le Petit Pierre", in which he describes, doubtless autobiographically, the terrors that flock about a little child's bed in the dark. May I not translate a bit?

> My existence in that epoch, was dual; natural and banal, occasionally tedious during the day, it became supernatural and terrible at night. Around the little bed, where my mother with her beautiful hands tucked me in, passed with a grotesque and savage gait, yet not without rhythm and measure, little personages deformed, hunchbacked, crooked.

One night when his parents were away from home, these beings attacked him and "frozen with terror, I screamed".

This must sound familiar to everybody that ever was a child in the dark. France describes also the theatre he made of his little hand, each finger a stock actor playing various rôles in the dramas he made up for his audience—himself. He tells of the dramas of persecutions, of captive princesses saved by valiant knights, of children stolen—and of Little Red Riding-Hood (played by the third finger) and the devouring wolf (played by the thumb). He ruined his theatre forever when he painted costumes and scenery on his hand; and any author who has experienced the shock of a dress rehearsal when the imagined costumes and scenes appear in all their stark realism, will sympathize with him.

Every child enters a world as full of terrors to him as it is to any bird or fox. He is a savage by inheritance, suspicious and cruel by nature. He tortures flies and sticks his fingers in mama's eyes and pulls papa's whiskers, just for love of pain. He inherits a salutary fear of everything, and peoples the dark with dreads. I have before me a little picture my mother has given me, showing a mother, interested in her book, pooh-poohing the bedroom fears of her child. She says:

"A great big boy like you shouldn't be afraid of the dark."

"I ain't afraid of the dark", he blubbers, "I'm afraid of the robbers and lions under the bed."

Considering what horrible experiences every boy and girl undergoes in the first few years at home, what possible danger can it meet in the dark movie-theatre that will be anything but tame by comparison? There are stupid, wicked, morbid, unwholesome moving-pictures, of course; for the

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moving-picture is a human institution. But it is no more dangerous to childhood than the printed page, the trusted nurse, the neighborhood companion, or the opportunities of solitude. Mothers cannot save their children's souls by any known device. If the mother should stay by her child all the time, both mother and child would go mad and commit suicide or mutual murder. Once the mother lets the child go, other sorts of risks begin, and it is hard to tell from the score whether evil influences build or corrupt good manners. Advice to look out for the children is always in order, but it is easier for preachers to give than for parents to follow.

Since Cain and Abel's day, children have pretty generally insisted on doing what they could to make their own futures, and parents who wish to be friends with their young and not be run away from, toddle along and let their children lead them.

As for the moving-picture, it is a business first, an art incidentally and occasionally. It is among the great staple industries of the world; the fifth largest among all industries, it is said. A great many persons are in a state of constant agitation and publication because the movies are not all of them always up to the highest standards of art. In the first place, no two people agree on the standards of high art; in fact no one person agrees on the standards for any two seasons in succession. One person bewails the fact that Shakespeare is not played in all the theatres in the world every night of the year; another assails Shakespeare as cheap fustian, and wants the Russian or the Ibsenian drama exclusively; another wants "Shore Acres" or Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" or something else again.

But it is as futile to criticize the inartistic quality of the average movie as it is to go into spasms because street-cars are not chariots of grace with Parthenonian friezes instead of advertisements; or to throw fits over railroad freight yards, or oatmeal containers; or to get excited because the daily comic pages of the evening papers employ inartistic and unoriginal themes. These things are far better than they might be; and the critic with his personal whims on art and the moralist with his personal schemes for keeping the world out of mischief, are like fussy old women chasing children along the beach. They cannot drive back the sea; no respectable child will obey them, and they simply get their shoes and other portions of their costume wet and the sea rolls on. The tide comes and goes. The critic who catches it on the ebb can drive it back with brilliant success; but the critic who tries to play Canute when it comes in, is doomed.

The moving-picture is under such legal censorship that actual murders and crimes are largely denatured. Beautiful educational pictures are included among the bad. As for Mary Pickford, I never saw her and neither did Charlie Towne ever see her, in a picture whose influence was less wholesome than any of Miss Alcott's books. The trouble with the movies, if anything, is that the moral standards of most of the heroes and heroines are too marshmallowy sweet and sticky for human guidance. Even the vampires are simply astonishing and impossible victims of wriggly indigestion, supposed to represent emotions which children of all ages regard with stupefaction and with no desire for doing likewise.

My only consolation in the case of Charlie Towne is the comforting

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knowledge that a few years from now he will be writing for THE BOOKMAN another terrifying "Let us beware". He will tell how he went out to the home of "some friends in the country" and asked the children to go to the moving-pictures with him; and how they declined with scorn because they had dates at an airship regatta over Long Island Sound. He will regret the beautiful days when saintly Mary Pickford won the gentle hearts of the little angels the children were in 1919, when they gave their parents no concern. And he will view with alarm the "perverted tastes" of children who would rather do the falling leaf and have sham battles in the clouds, than witness classic cowboys in chivalrous deeds of manly hippic exercise—or such a character-forming movie as Mr. Towne himself made out of the adventures of Theodore Roosevelt, a picture requiring no less than five assorted actors to play the title-rôle.

ON THE MANTELPIECE

BY AMY LOWELL

A thousand years went to her making,
A thousand years of experiments in pastes and glazes.
But now she stands
In all the glory of the finest porcelain and the most delicate paint,
A Dresden china shepherdess,
Flaunted before a tall mirror
On a high mantelpiece.

"Beautiful shepherdess,
I love the little pink rosettes on your shoes,
The angle of your hat sets my heart a-singing.
Drop me the purple rose you carry in your hand
That I may cherish it,
And that, at my death
Which I feel is not far off,
It may lie upon my bier."

So the shepherdess threw the purple rose over the mantelpiece,
But it splintered in fragments on the hearth.

Then from below there came a sound of weeping,
And the shepherdess beat her hands
And cried:
"My purple rose is broken,
It was the flower of my heart."
And she jumped off the mantelpiece
And was instantly shattered into seven hundred and twenty pieces.
But the little brown cricket who sang so sweetly
Scuttled away into a crevice of the marble
And went on warming his toes and chirping.

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CURRENTS IN CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LETTERS

BY MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

France is the land of the child-lover, and with the possible exception of Victor Hugo, no writer has written with more exquisite understanding and sympathy of children, and especially of little boys, than has Anatole France.

His new book, "Le Petit Pierre", is a return to his old tender manner, and is another proof, if proof were needed, that the war has not in any sense impaired his marvelous gift.

"I do not believe one can reconstitute the past", Anatole France once said to the present writer; "all one can hope to do is to give a kind of poetic vision of what perhaps happened." And then he went on to point out that apropos of realism nothing has been written in modern times which rivals in that sense the newly discovered "Mimes of Herondas". As he grows older he more and more desires to preach tolerance and charity. His brain has always been extraordinarily fertile, and all kinds of wonderful books which will never be written are locked away in his mind. Of these the one which posterity will most regret has the splendid title of "Autels de la Peur" (Altars of Fear). Now that fear and terror have come so near to every French heart, it is curious to think that this unwritten book was imagined, down to the last detail, long before the war.

Of course in a sense Anatole France is the apostle of doubt. He told me that as a young man he took as his device the haunting question "What is truth?", and in his philosophical novels may be found a perpetual note of interrogation.

He has never been a strong man, and he wrote what certain French critics considered the most astonishing of his historical novels, "La Reine Pédauque", when he was very ill. He is one of the very few great writers who regard journalism as the best apprenticeship for original work. He once asked with a smile, talking to me, whether Pascal's "Letters" were not journalism. He also considers that Chateaubriand was really very little more than a great journalist. He himself as a young man wrote for many of the Paris daily papers, and his critical work is a delight to all lovers of modern French literature. It is a curious fact, one probably known to but few people, that in his story called "Leslie Wood" he has drawn a close portrait of that strange and fascinating English seer, writer, and prophet, Laurence Oliphant.

I am told that Paul Bourget's new book, "Le Justicier", contains several short stories dealing with the war. Bourget's place in French literature is a curious one. At one time he seemed the most French of novelists, critics, and thinkers. His greatest interest—I mean as a novelist—was the passion of love, and, above all, illicit love. The book which reflected him most closely in those early days was that sombre and terrible picture of life, "Mensonges". In one sense Bourget was always a moralist—but then how can any close student of life be anything else? Still, he loved playing with for-

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bidden things. Those were the days when he was cruelly described as writing "Stendhalism and rose-water".

Then—one rather wonders why—he developed an extraordinary interest in other countries than France, and this curiously modified his whole outlook on human nature. His French critics shook their heads, and his famous story "Cosmopolis", though it was actually reviewed very favorably by Zola, was received with a chorus of ironic dispraise by his friends.

Of late years Bourget has become a practising Catholic, and the fact is reflected in many of his later stories. War, far more than misfortune, makes strange bedfellows, and since 1914 M. Bourget has been a pillar of "L'Union Sacrée". It will be interesting to see whether he will now develop a third literary and philosophic style.

What part Frenchwomen are going to play in the France of tomorrow is exciting and rendering anxious many distinguished French minds, and more than one book dealing with the question is now being written. The last work of Etienne Lamy was entitled "La Femme de Demain". Meanwhile certain well-known people have been giving their opinion on what the future holds with respect to feminism. On the whole they are all inclined to believe that the woman's vote will not make very much difference. It is certainly a curious thing that in France, where the wife and mother holds so great and preeminent a position, and where a woman can make it almost impossible for her son to marry—and that whatever be his age—, women should yet suffer from all sorts of legal disabilities. Yet so it is. These disabilities will certainly disappear when "Madame", and even more "Mademoiselle", have the vote.

With regard to literature, women writers have not in any special sense come to the front during the war. Marcelle Tinayre was easily first, with her wonderful and moving "Veillée des Armes", and Gyp, with her amusing and cynical "Un Cochon de Pessimiste", represented in her usual vein, the old guard. A good many years have gone by since a witty Englishman wrote a poem which began:

A countess lived in gay Paree,
And a quick little, *chic* little thing was she;
She could write with taste about "Her and Him",
She'd a gay little way—and a pseudonym.

In those days Gyp was the Rhoda Broughton of France. Her brilliant, witty, audacious pictures of both Paris society and château life, proved her an innovator. To the great surprise of those overserious folk who regarded her as of no account, Anatole France devoted to her work a long, critical article, which began: "Je tiens Gyp pour un grand philosophe"; and he went on to explain that he did not mean this at all in a paradoxical sense, and that he regarded her, in very truth, as a brilliant student of overcivilized humanity. The fact that Gyp is a great-niece of Mirabeau should make her interesting apart from her special gifts. She is a painter as well as a writer; and long before sport became the fashion in France she was one of the best living horsewomen. It is characteristic of the woman that she regards Maupassant as the finest French novelist, and declares the most sympathetic figure in French fiction to be his "Boule de Suif"!

Anatole France has always been generous to his fellow writers, and he has just written a preface to "La Danseuse de Shamakha". Though called a novel, and written by Armèn Ohan-

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ian, it is really a passage in the life of a dancer who enchanted pre-war Paris, and it is thought to contain a wonderful picture of the eastern woman, especially of the eastern woman introduced to western civilization.

Apropos of the East and the West, how strangely eastern the French remain in some of their customs! When a British or American author brings out a book it is almost a matter of honor with him not to mention the fact to any critic he happens to know, still less must he make the slightest effort to secure "a good notice". The French author goes to work in a very different fashion. If he be a young man he calls, in person, with a copy of his book, on every well-known critic. He also presents his book to all the more distinguished people of his acquaintance, and especially to members of the learned professions. Then comes the turn of his fellow writers. Every one of them receives a copy. I remember once calling on Alphonse Daudet at a time when he was really very ill, so ill indeed that he was dictating a story—thus breaking a lifelong writing habit. With a tired, kindly smile, he pointed to a pile of about twenty yellow volumes heaped up on his desk and observed: "These came yesterday and today. I must manage to write a line to each of the authors, and in two or three cases I must also manage to glance at the book, and to say something nice about it!" An English author gives away very few books, and those he does give away he has sent direct from his publisher, with a slip containing the words "With the Author's Compliments". The Frenchman writes in every copy a most elaborate dedication. Zola used to spend two working days of eight hours each at his publishers, writing out these "dedicaces", as they are called, for his friends.

Perhaps the war will have done both French and English authors good if it keeps up the price of books. It was a great misfortune for the French writer when the price of novels was lowered to three francs, fifty centimes. It often happens that a French book attains world-wide fame without giving the author of it a quarter of the sum he would have obtained in England or in America. That is the real reason why the shrewder French novelists always turn their attention to the theatre, and it is also the reason why the writer who requires to make a living out of his gift tries to write such novels as will meet with favor in serial form. Most French provincial towns have at least one daily newspaper, and each newspaper, whatever be its politics or interests, publishes a serial. The price of a serial differs according to the position the author has won in the serial market. For something like twenty years the most popular serial writer was Ohnet, best known outside France for his popular play "The Iron Master". Zola at the height of his fame could only get his novels serialized in Paris papers, and even then heavily censored. The French newspaper reader likes a simple, sentimental story, or else a good thriller of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room" type. He has no use for human nature in the raw.

It is pleasant to see a return to the fascinating memoirs which have always formed so very important and characteristic a section of French literature. As most people acquainted with the Gallic temperament are well aware, though it is a secret from those who know not France in an intimate sense, there is something extraordinarily secretive and reserved about the average Frenchman. Thus whereas

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amusing books of reminiscences dealing with people who are still alive—and it may be added very much alive—pour out in an incessant stream from London publishing houses, a Frenchman, if he keep any kind of diary, generally leaves directions that it is not to be published for, say, fifty years after his death. This characteristic attitude holds good even with regard to historical books. Only lately, only in fact since the present century has dawned, have we begun to have really intimate documents concerning the private history of the last three kings of France. This lends all the more interest to a book which has just appeared entitled "Un Projet de Mariage du Duc d'Orléans". The book contains many curious letters from the clever, cunning sovereign whom Queen Victoria always called "beloved Uncle Leopold"—that enigmatic Leopold of Coburg, who, after being the husband of Princess Charlotte of England, became the first King of the Belgians and son-in-law to Louis Philippe. King Leopold was very fond of acting as matchmaker. He arranged the marriage of Queen Victoria and he was always trying to put Coburg princes and princesses on the thrones of Europe.

Books on the Revolution are also beginning to appear again. Thus M. Beaunier announces "Joseph Joubert et la Révolution", and M. Lenôtre is sure to go back to his first love in "Gens de la Vieille France".

Few people are aware that M. Lenôtre owed his first great interest in what may be called the personal and human side of history to Sardou. The great dramatist had but one real hobby outside the theatre—this was history, and especially the history of Paris. From every point of view it is a great pity that Sardou never had time to write the memoirs of which he was always talking. When he was born many people around him remembered the great Revolution as vividly as those among us who live into old age will remember the events of the Great War in say thirty or forty years' time. Even as a child he was keenly interested in the human mysteries of the Revolution. He used to wander about Paris as a little boy looking up historic houses and historic places. He helped to found "L'Intermédiaire", a fascinating little publication composed entirely of the seekers and the finders of curious and out of the way facts. Till his death he was a constant contributor to "L'Intermédiaire" (never under his own name) and he once told the present writer that through questions inserted in this sometimes very Gallic "Notes and Queries" he had obtained an amazing amount of authentic information concerning the family histories and the romantic adventures of both famous and obscure Revolutionary characters.

Lovers of books which are at once charmingly produced and most carefully edited, will find much to fascinate them in the publications of the Bibliophiles François. This society has lost no time since the signing of the armistice, a new volume just issued by its members being the quaintly named "Lettres de la Main de Louis XIII". The old Kings of France were great letter writers, and also readers of other people's letters. Both Louis XIV and Louis XV used to have the love-letters of their courtiers and friends intercepted in the post. After having read and chuckled over them, they would sometimes have careful copies made, and some of these copies have been found quite recently in the French Archives. A case in point was

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the love correspondence of the Duke of Orleans—Philippe Egalité—and of Madame de Genlis. The result of this curious find was a most interesting book—interesting from a human as well as an historical point of view—"Le Roman d'un Gouverneur". Madame de Genlis was made "Governor" of the young Princess of Orleans, a post which had never before been given to a woman. Her relations with the Duke had always been suspected, but to the very end of her life she always declared that as a young woman she had been a true and loyal friend to his Duchess. The discovery of these letters proved that she was not only a prude, but also a hypocrite of a very noisome type.

Apropos of royal letters, I hear that a remarkable correspondence between the late Tsar and the Ex-German Emperor has been brought back from Petrograd by a French diplomat, who bought the collection for a mere song. This correspondence will probably see the light next year.

I am told that many American soldiers have been astonished at finding what a very great part religion plays in French life. They expected to find something very different. The great Catholic revival is owing in a measure to the way in which the younger members of the French clergy have distinguished themselves as active combatants. Many years ago, when it was first decided by a then very anti-Christian government, that the priests of France should no longer be exempt from military service, Cardinal Manning observed that this was a good, and not an evil, thing. I remember being very much impressed by what he said, for it was in direct contradiction to the feeling of the French hierarchy. He went on: "What is a vocation to the priesthood worth if it can be affected by a short term of barrack life?" The Great War has proved him right.

This religious revival is to a certain extent reflected in contemporary literature and lends special interest to the poet Francis Jammes's novel "Monsieur le Curé d'Ozeron". Francis Jammes, who is a poet first, and a prose writer afterward, always writes with a beautiful and direct simplicity. The foreign reader of French novels will find his story almost too simple. It is a delicate study of life in a little village near the Pyrenees; and perhaps because it is in such sharp contrast to the horrors that have been filling men's minds for over four years, it has already become popular in France and is making the name of the author known to a much wider circle than was the case before.

Paris has been very much amused and rather critical over Sacha Guitry's womanless play "Pasteur". France, unlike England, has a suspicion of the freak play. It may, however, be questioned whether "Pasteur", in the ordinary sense of the word, is a play at all. It is more a glorification of the great scientist and an attempt to prove that there are much worse things in the world than war. The key-note is struck (in the first act) in the words supposed to have been uttered by Pasteur on the day war was declared in 1870: "There are worse foes than the Germans. Foes more cruel and more dangerous. Those foes are called—microbes!" Young Guitry—he is still quite young—only makes one concession to popular taste. In Act III there is a pathetic scene where a child who has been bitten by a mad dog is brought to Pasteur as a last hope. Rather to the disappointment of the audience the actual operation on the child takes

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place off the stage. Sacha Guitry is very lucky in having so great an actor as his own father to take the title-rôle of his play. Lucien Guitry manages to hold the audience for three hours and on the First Night he made a great innovation. He made a speech at the end of the play, and then—but this was not an innovation—when the author of "Pasteur" came forward to make his bow, father and son fell into each other's arms and affectionately embraced! During the last few years there has been at least one brilliant English play in which there was no woman, and it will be remembered that in "Old Heidelberg" there is but one feminine part.

Under the general title of "Mystiques et Réalistes Anglo-Saxons", M. Michaud deals with writers and thinkers differing as widely as Emerson and Jack London, Walter Pater and Upton Sinclair, Walt Whitman and Bernard Shaw. M. Michaud is already an authority on Emerson, and in this new book he makes an honest effort to interpret to his French reader the mind and the philosophy of a number of thinkers and writers who are typically un-French in their outlook on life and on what is usually called morality.

I welcome an attempt to revive the fame of J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. The author of the "Diaboliques" was a very great writer, some might call him the Edgar Allan Poe of France. He had an extraordinary imagination and a unique power of dealing with the horrible and with the strange, and he has now taken his place among French critics as one of the "illustrations" of modern French literature.

TRELAWNEY LIES BY SHELLEY

(In the Protestant Cemetery, Rome)

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL
Chaplain 332nd Infantry, A. E. F., Italy

Trelawney lies by Shelley, and one bed
Of violets covers Keats and Severn, so
The friends who went life's way together know
No parting of the ways now they are dead.
Young Shelley, like a spirit, spoke and fled,
And Keats, before his youth began to blow;
Trelawney counted eighty winters' snow,
And eighty winters fell on Severn's head.

Yet here they lie, like poppies at one stroke
Cut by the selfsame blade in the summer sun;
The poets, and the friends who heard their song,
Believed and waited till the morning broke,
Then told their candle that the night was done;
When Friendship rested in the daytide strong.

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THE FIRST BOOKS OF A JAPANESE CHILD

BY ETSU INAGAKI SUGIMOTO

One of my pleasantest first recollections connected with books is of a day when my father returned from a journey to Tokyo with gifts for all the family. I can see my mother's face now, and hear her gentle voice as she said:

"Daughters, are you all ready to greet the honorable father? It was well, Suiko, to put on the stork hairpin of congratulation for the welcome. Oh, careless Tachiko, the white on your face is too thin. Only tea-house girls powder to look natural. And your pale lips are ill luck. Hasten to your nurse and tell her to dress your face properly. Haruko, it is not graceful to laugh unsuppressed. You will have to learn more repose of manner. And little Etsu—oh, my daughter, again you must have Ishi fasten back those ugly, curly strands of hair."

And when at last we were together again, all sitting in a prim row on the matting, she gravely admonished us to cultivate the proper spirit of dignity and subdued joy for the honorable welcome. Of course we were only too glad to obey carefully every instruction, for oh, how important those homecomings were to us children!

My father was one of the conservative type of *Samurai* who buried all political ambition with the fall of feudalism. Retiring to an estate which he turned into a very *un*paying farm, tilled mostly by his old, faithful and wholly inexperienced retainers, he devoted his life to reading, to memories and to introducing unwelcome ideas of progressive reform to his neighbors.

Although my father prided himself on having leveled his rank to the class of farmer, he retained one extravagance which was unlike ordinary farmers. The formal, every-two-year journey to the Capital, which before the Restoration, law had required of men of his position, was now merged into an informal annual trip which he laughingly called "the Window toward Growing Days". The name was most appropriate, for these trips of my father gave his whole household a distant view of progressing Japan. Besides the wonderful word pictures, he also brought us gifts of strange, unknown things—trinkets for the servants, toys for the children, useful home articles for mother, and often rare imported things for the much honored grandmother.

I being the youngest, and the favorite of my father, generally fared the best of all. Perhaps it was because of this that I was always the most impatient one of the waiting group. I vividly remember even now —though three decades have passed since then—how on this particular day I watched the slow-lengthening shadows of the garden trees. I had placed my high, wooden clogs on a stepping-stone just at the edge of the longest shadow, and as the sun crept farther I moved them from stone to stone, following the sunshine. I think I must have had a vague feeling that I could thus hasten the slanting shadow into the long straight

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line which would mean sunset—and my mother had said that father would arrive at "the close of day".

At last—at last—and before the shadow had quite straightened, I hurriedly snatched up the clogs and clattered across the stones, for I had heard the jinrikisha man's cry of "Okaeri!" just outside the gate. I could scarcely bear my joy, and I have a bit of guilt in my heart yet when I recall how crookedly I pushed those clogs into the neat box of shelves in the "shoe-off" alcove of the vestibule.

The next moment the men, perspiring and laughing, came trotting up to the door where we, servants and all, were gathered, our heads bowed to the floor, all in a quiver of excitement and delight, but of course everybody gravely saying the proper words of greeting. Then, my duty done, I was caught up in my father's arms and we went to honorable grandmother, who was the only one of the household who might wait in her room for the coming of the master of the house.

That day was one of the "memory stones" of my life, for among all the wonderful and beautiful things which were taken from the willow-wood boxes straddled over the shoulders of the servants was a set of books for me. I can see them now. Ten small volumes of tough Japanese paper, tied together with silk cord, and marked, "Tales of the Western Seas". They were translations, compiled from various sources, and only recently published by one of the progressive book houses of Tokyo. There were extracts from "Peter Parley's World History", "National Reader", "Wilson's Readers" and probably other books that would be familiar to me now if I could remember.

The charm of delight that rare things give came to me during days and weeks—even months and years—from those books. I can recite whole pages of them now. There was a most interesting story of Christopher Columbus. It was not translated literally, but adapted so the Japanese mind would readily grasp the thought without being buried in a puzzling mass of strange customs. All facts of the wonderful discovery were stated truthfully, but Columbus was pictured as a fisher lad, and somewhere in the story there figured a lacquered bowl and a pair of chopsticks.

One musical little poem I committed to memory, all unknowing that years after I would teach it, clothed in strange, foreign words, to my own little girl. It was,—

Ware ima inentosu.
Waga Kami waga tamashii wo mamoritamae.
Moshi ware mesamezushite shinaba,
Shu yo! waga tamashii wo sukuetamae.
Kore, ware Shu no nani yorite negotokoro nari.

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my sou. to take.
This I ask for Jesus's sake.

These books were not only the first shaft of light which opened to my eager eyes the wonders of the western world, but they drew still closer the loving bond that had always existed between my father and myself. The contents were new to him also, and he took much interest in reading them to me. It was a wonderful thing in those days for a little girl to read books with her father and talk of them to him, for books were considered almost sacred, and were never spoken of carelessly. I even yet do not know why the "Tales of the Western Seas" seemed so different to us, but it was certainly true that no feeling of formality was associated with those

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books. My father and I enjoyed them as if they and we were companions of the same age.

Until then, all the books I had read had been a few old-fashioned novels and the books on Confucian Ethics, which I had learned to recite without knowing their meaning. I must explain that my education from babyhood had been different from that of my sisters. I was supposed to be destined for a priestess, as I had been born with the navel cord looped around the neck like a priest's rosary. It was a common superstition in those days that this was a direct command from Buddha, and it was sincerely believed by my mother and grandmother. In a Japanese home the ruling of the house and children is generally left to the women members, so my father, who I now know was a very broad-minded man, quietly bowed to the earnest wish of my grandmother to have me educated as a priestess. He, however, selected for my tutor a priest whom he knew—a very scholarly man, who spent very little time in teaching me the forms of temple worship, but who most conscientiously instructed me in the doctrines of Confucius. This was considered the foundation of all literary culture and was believed by my father to be the highest moral teaching of the time.

So my mental education was much more like that of a boy than a girl, but of course I also learned all the domestic accomplishments taught my sisters—sewing, weaving, embroidery, cooking, flower arranging and the complicated etiquette of ceremonial tea.

My teacher always came on the days of threes and sevens—that is, the 3rd, 7th, 13th, 17th, 23rd and 27th. This was in accordance with our Moon calendar custom of dividing days into groups of tens instead of sevens, as is done by the Sun calendar. I enjoyed my lessons very much. The stateliness of my teacher's appearance, the ceremony of his manner, and the rigid obedience and submission required of me appealed to my dramatic instinct. Then the surroundings were most impressive to my childish mind. The room was always prepared with especial care the day of my lessons, and when I entered I invariably saw the same sight. I close my eyes now and all is as clear as if it were an hour ago.

The room was wide and light, separated from the garden porch by a row of sliding paper doors crossed with slender bars of wood. The black-bordered straw mats were cream-colored with time, but immaculate in their dustlessness. Books and desk were there, and in the sacred alcove hung a roll-picture of Confucius. Before this was a little teakwood stand from which rose a curling mist of incense. On one side sat my teacher, his flowing grey robes lying in straight, dignified lines about his folded knees, a band of gold brocade across his shoulder and a crystal rosary around his left wrist. His face was always pale, and his deep, earnest eyes beneath the priestly cap looked like wells of soft velvet. He was the gentlest and saintliest man I ever saw. Years after he proved that a holy heart and a progressive mind can climb together, for he was excommunicated from the Orthodox Temple for advocating a reform doctrine that combined the beliefs of Buddhism and Christianity. Whether through accident or design, this broad-minded priest was the teacher chosen for me by my broad-minded, though conservative father.

As it may be interesting to know the first books studied by a Japanese child

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of six years, I will give a list—but it must be remembered that these were the books for boys. It was very unusual for a girl to study Chinese classics. My first lessons were from the "Four Books of Confucius". These are: Daigaku—"Great Learning", which teaches that the wise use of knowledge leads to virtue; Chuyo—"The Unchanging Center", which treats of the unalterableness of universal law; Rongo and Moshi—which consist of the autobiography, anecdotes and sayings of Confucius, gathered by his disciples.

Of course I got not one idea from this heavy reading. My mind was filled with many words in which were hidden grand thoughts, but they meant nothing to me then. Sometimes I would feel curious at some half-caught idea and ask my teacher the meaning. His reply invariably was:

"Meditation will untangle thoughts from words", or "A hundred times reading reveals the meaning"; once he said to me, "You are too young to comprehend the profoundly deep books of Confucius".

This was undoubtedly true, but there was a certain rhythmic cadence in the meaningless words that was like music and I learned readily page after page, until I knew perfectly every word of the four books, and could recite them as a child rattles off the senseless jingle of a counting-out game. In the years since, the splendid thoughts of the grand old philosopher have dawned upon me gradually, sometimes flashing like a sudden ray of sunshine, when some well-remembered passage has come into my mind.

My priest-teacher taught these books with the same reverence that he taught his religion—that is, with absence of bodily comfort and with all thought of the world put away. During my lesson he was obliged, despite his own wish, to sit on the thick, silk cushion the servant brought to him, for cushions were our chairs, and the position of instructor was too greatly revered to allow him to sit on a level with his pupil; but, during the two-hour lesson, he never moved the slightest fraction of an inch except with his hands and his lips. And I sat before him on the matting in an equally correct and unchanging position.

Once I moved. I remember with deep humiliation that careless act. It was in the midst of a lesson. For some reason I was restless and swayed my body slightly, allowing my folded knee to stray a trifle from the proper angle. The faintest shade of surprise crossed my instructor's face, then very quietly he closed his book, saying gently, but with a stern air:

"Little Miss, it is evident that your mental attitude today is not suited for study. You should retire to your own room and meditate."

My little heart was almost killed with shame. There was nothing I could do. I humbly bowed to the picture of Confucius, then to my teacher, and backing respectfully to the door, I went slowly to my father to report, as I always did, at the close of my lesson. Father was surprised, as the time was not yet up, and his unconscious remark, "How quickly you have done your work this day!" was like a death knell. The memory of that moment hurts like a bruise to this very day.

As absence of bodily comfort was the custom for priests and teachers while studying, of course all lesser people grew to feel that hardship of body meant inspiration of mind. For this reason, although my home was in a province where the winters were very severe, no one ever dreamed of having a charcoal blaze for warmth

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where I studied. Also my studies were purposely arranged so that the hardest lessons and longest hours came during the thirty days of midwinter, which the calendar calls the coldest of the year. The ninth day is considered the most severe. I well remember one "ninth day" morning when my nurse wakened me with the first gleam of sunrise. It was a bitter day and my kind Ishi helped me in every way she could, without actually doing the work for me. The snow was deep everywhere. I remember how the bamboo grove looked with its feathery tops so snow-laden that they were like wide-spread umbrellas. Once or twice a sharp crack and a great, soft fluff of spurting snow against the grey sky told that a trunk had snapped under its too heavy burden. Ishi took me on her back, and in straw snow-boots slowly waded to where I could reach the low branch of a tree, from which I gathered perfectly pure, untouched snow, just from the sky. This I melted to mix ink for my penmanship study. The reverence for learning is so strong in Japan that not only books, but even the tools we use in writing are kept as free from contamination as possible. Japanese penmanship is more than mere writing. The shading energy of pen-brush strokes so accurately expresses the writer's condition of mind that nothing can be better training in mental control. Practising Japanese penmanship has the intense fascination of painting pictures, but it is careful and slow work, and of course I wrote in a room without fire. As Japanese houses are tropical in their architecture, the absence of the little charcoal firebox brought the temperature about equal to that outside. I froze my fingers that morning without knowing it, until I looked back and saw my good nurse softly crying as she watched my purple hand.

Of course the absolute necessity of this rigid discipline was never questioned by anyone, but because I was a delicate child, I think it sometimes caused uneasiness to the family. I do not remember ever feeling especially cold, but I well recall how promptly Ishi always appeared at the close of my lessons with a big, padded kimono all warmed, ready to wrap around me, and how I was hurried into grandmother's room where, beside her glowing firebox, there was always something hot for me to drink. Even my trusting mother, who felt that the priest studies were essential in carrying out the plan of the holy Buddha, once said to my father:

"Honorable husband, I am sometimes so bold as to wonder if the studies are too hard for our little girl."

My father, gently stroking my head, replied:

"The lioness pushes her young over the rock to the valley hundreds of feet below. Her heart is breaking, but she sternly watches while the little creature is climbing back to her. So only can it gain strength for its life-work."

But my brain life was not all work. Like all children, I often slipped away into the realm of fairyland. All the servants had a wonderful fund of folk-tales, but Ishi had the best memory and the readiest tongue of them all, and I don't remember ever going to sleep without stories. They were mostly simple old legends and priest-tales or the odd jingles that every country has in store for its children, and had all come down by word of mouth from past generations. At that time there were no books written in the language the people used in conversation. Only the stilted, ceremonious style of the classics was considered proper for literature. I could

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read when quite young, and found a good deal of pleasure in the long, tedious recitals of the weeping ladies who are invariably the heroines of old Japanese novels, but I enjoyed still more having my grandmother tell the stories to me in conversational language. She was a great reader, and during the shut-in evenings of the long, snowy winters, we children gathered around the firebox and listened to grandmother talk. In this way I became familiar, when very young, with our mythology, with the lives of Japan's greatest historical personages, and with the outline stories of many of our best novels. Also, I learned much of the old classic dramas from the lips of my grandmother. These were always of intense interest to me, and I spent many happy hours sitting on the mat before my grandmother's cushion—but Ishi's tales were different! Those I listened to, all warm and comfortable, snuggled up crookedly in the soft cushions of my bed, giggling and interrupting, and then begging for "just one more" before I said good night and stretched myself into the "kinoji", which was the necessary position for a *Samurai* girl's sleep.

The "Tales of the Western Seas" I enjoyed in the same informal way that I did Ishi's fairy stories. Japanese books I always treated with great respect, handling them carefully and sitting properly when I read them, but there was no known rule regarding foreign books, and reading these with my father had given me a feeling of close friendliness for them. I would even sit on a cushion when reading one, or let it lie on the mat beside me, or carry it about folded in my sleeve, just for the pleasure of having it close to me.

I do not know whose idea it was to translate and publish those ten little paper volumes, but whoever it was holds my lasting gratitude, for through them I was introduced to countless other friends and companions who, in the years since that "memory stone" day, have brought to me such a wealth of knowledge and happiness that I cannot think what life would have been without them.

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THE LATE CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

I never knew his name, but Chinatown loafers called him Charlie the Chink. The tourist guides found a more picturesque name for him, pointing him out to their staring flocks as "the white Chinaman". At first Charlie was inclined to resent this, but when he found it brought him a slender harvest in small silver pieces, he courted rather than shunned the distinction. If he ever had any pride it was long years behind him, before the opium pipe claimed him body and soul.—*Quoted from the first paragraph of the first fiction story, "The Street of the Whispering Shadows" (Scrap Book, November,* 1909), *from the pen of the late Charles E. Van Loan, who died in Philadelphia, March,* 1919.

In the history of American literature those years between 1909 and 1919, inclusive, mark a decade in which one man at least made a singular and lasting impression in the field of fiction. That it was the writer's lot to come in contact with him at the beginning of his career is a mere coincidence founded upon an accident, having its origin beside a prize-ring in Philadelphia. Briefly, in the exuberance of the moment when the late Stanley Ketchell was plucking the pugilistic laurels from the beetling brow of Mr. Jack O'Brien and placing them upon his own, Van Loan and I became acquainted. In fact we returned to New York that night from Philadelphia on a milk-train. When we separated in the grey dawn of the morning, he informed me that he had concealed in his grip three letters of introduction to me.

"I thought something", said he, "of tackling the magazine game, having done newspaper work for several years. Is there any chance for a modest young man in the fiction field?"

He had been a sporting editor in California where he took up journalism in 1904, coming to New York in 1906, having acquired a nation-wide reputation as a writer on sporting topics from every conceivable angle. He possessed the peculiar gift of characterization developed to a high degree and could cover a baseball game, a horse-race, a prize-fight, or any sporting event with fine grace and distinction. In his hands the brawn of life, the animated, playful mob, the lusty-throated fans, the vikings of the diamond, became personalities in literature.

"Have you written any fiction?" I inquired.

"No, but I kin try. In fact I have a story all ready to hurl at you."

"Very well, leave the letters of introduction in your grip and bring in the story."

He had a way of speaking in the argot of the sporting world.

"Listen, Bo!" said he, punctuating his conversation by tapping me on the breast rather violently, "I don't know whether I can come through with this or not. There is a lot of stuff that ought to be written in the form of fiction about every American outdoor game. Somebody's got to do it."

A milk-cart rattled by; daylight was breaking.

"Come here, boy! I may never see you again." He seized my coat lapel, and held me back against a strong inclination for what one of his own characters would have termed "the hay". "What time will you be at your office in the morning?"

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"About nine, if you will let me go home for two hours", I replied.

"All right, beat it! If I send my card in at five minutes past nine, kin I see you?"

"You kin", I said, dashing for an uptown car.

The next morning bright and fair, he presented himself and offered a manuscript. I don't think I shall ever forget the expression on his face. His eyes were very blue, the eyebrows so blond as to be almost invisible at a certain angle; a strong, protruding lower jaw, with a tremendous physical vitality marking his every movement. When he sat down at my desk he completely surrounded it. Under the ritual of certain editorial prerogatives I tossed the manuscript into a drawer and told him that I would read it in a day or two.

"Nothing like that", said he, "read it *now*. I have been waiting three years to get an opinion on that story and I can't wait any longer."

I tried to swerve him from literature by rehearsing the Ketchell-O'Brien affair, but he wouldn't have it. Again the middle finger of the right hand crossed the barrier and fell upon me.

"Right now, Bo! Right now! Don't forget those three letters of introduction from your best friends. You have got to make good with *them*."

There was no possible way to postpone the matter. I read the manuscript and accepted it, with the understanding that certain corrections were to be made at his leisure. He wished also to make an extra copy for his file.

From the story of his own life, contributed by Van Loan to "The American Magazine" nine years afterwards, I quote the following paragraph:

> I wrote a cheerful little story on seventeen pages of yellow foolscap, and it was full of Chinamen, detectives, gambling hells, opium joints, love's young dream, comedy relief, and sudden death. I was unusually well stocked up with sudden death. There are three murders in that story, and one suicide. . . . The first two victims were shot six times. I would have shot them more extensively but the sort of gun I was using accommodated only six cartridges. . . . I had to save the last shell so that the hero would have something with which to blow out his brains in the final paragraph.

In its original form, "The Street of the Whispering Shadows" probably did contain the saturnalian record which Van Loan refers to, but he had so carefully amended, revised, and rearranged its vital statistics before it came to my desk that it developed finally into a dramatic love story in which "the white Chinaman" paid with his life the bill he had contracted in the pungent oriental alleys, concluding with a scene in which "Charlie the Chink" made good with tradition. Even in that story, written at the very beginning of his career, one could not help but observe the beauty of style, the meticulous charm that comes to men who write with thorough understanding. If that story were republished in one of Van Loan's books today, it would be difficult for any critic to segregate it as the product of an unpractised hand.

In the interests of chronological accuracy, "The Drugstore Derby", a racing story, the first piece of fiction he actually sold, was bought on June 15, 1909, for "The All-Story Weekly", and appeared in the issue for January, 1910.

His first baseball story was "The Golden Ball of the Argonauts", bought the next day, June 16, 1909, and published in the "Munsey" for September of the same year. These stories were both written while he was revising "The Street of the Whispering

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Shadows", otherwise his first-born, which turned up July 27, 1909, revised, by which time this new writer was on the wing.

Steadily thereafter he turned out a stream of fiction. Many of his manuscripts were in longhand, in the beautiful, flowing style of a telegrapher, carefully punctuated and paragraphed, suggesting an original Arnold Bennett manuscript, the which, having once seen, none can ever forget. When he had access to a typewriter, the copy looked as though designed to take a prize in a stenographers' competition. He seemed to have the delusion that a manuscript must *look* good to *be* good.

During 1909, 1910, and 1911 he published ten short stories and one novelette, "The Message to Buckshot John", in the "Munsey". He contributed also many special articles on sporting themes to various Munsey publications. During the summer of 1911 he began to cast longing eyes away from Park Row toward the entrance to Grub Street.

"Do you think I could make a good living if I tossed this newspaper job?" he asked.

"I don't think you can make a good living until you *do* toss it", was my advice.

Nevertheless, being a married man with a wife and two children, the regular salary idea rather appealed to Van. I deliberately sowed the seeds of unrest in his somewhat receptive mind, suggesting that he retire immediately from daily journalism and bend his pen to fiction.

"Have you got the nerve to say that in the presence of my wife?" he asked somewhat defiantly.

We both looked upon the mission as hopeless, but decided to announce the plan at the dinner table. Van Loan, in extremely good humor, ate heartily and was very buoyant. After the dessert, our scenario called for cigars, coffee, and a casual reference to literature as a means of livelihood, with special application to young Mr. Van Loan as a possible luminary in American belles-lettres. I deplore the anticlimax, but when I stated the case, Mrs. Van Loan very briefly expressed her regret that he "hadn't done so before. I am so glad he intends to now." Van tossed his hands heavenward with the air of a man who had thrown away an entire meal in an unnecessary experiment.

In September of that year, Van Loan joined the staff of the Munsey Company as a special writer, but the deliberate occupation of writing for a monthly instead of a daily got on his nerves. He paced up and down the cage like a captive panther. Finally he put it into speech:

"I used to write from fifteen hundred to three thousand words a day—thirty articles a month—and now I am writing one or two. Give me air!"

At the close of the year—on December 30th, to be exact—he shook the dust of the desk from his elbows and became free. From that time he applied himself earnestly to fiction and special material, without regard to office hours, and began contributing to "The Popular", "The Metropolitan", "Collier's" and finally to "The Saturday Evening Post", to which publication he attached himself as an associate editor a few months before his death.

During the years between 1909 and 1919 he had made himself the *prose* laureate of the golf-course, the prize-ring, the diamond, and the race-track. No writer before Van Loan was more familiar with the characteristics,

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foibles, strength, and adorable weaknesses of those about whom he wrote. The motion-picture game was like an open book to him. From the front office to the back lot of the film business Van was at home. He could walk into a league park with Honus Wagner, or Frank Chance, or Johnny Evers, or Christy Mathewson and split the honors. When he lumbered into a boxing carnival, the referee bowed to him with more reverence than to the principals. On the golf-course even the caddies approached him with bated breath.

In 1912 he brought out his first volume "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm", followed in 1913 by "Inside the Ropes" and "The Lucky Seventh". The titles of these books suggest their contents. In 1915 he published "Buck Parvin and the Movies"; in 1917, "Old Man Curry"; in 1918, "Fore!"; in 1919, "Score by Innings". A posthumous volume entitled "Taking the Count" will appear in May of the present year.

There are numerous opinions as to the sporting theme in which Van Loan excelled. Mr. Jack Lait of Chicago holds that the bed-rock of his fame and popularity is the racing story. Every member of the big and the bush leaguers considers that his baseball fiction exceeds in importance anything found in the Talmud or the Koran. There are a hundred thousand golfers in the United States who would rather miss a twelve-inch putt than a Van Loan golf story. Time was when fight managers used to send Christmas presents of a copy of "Inside the Ropes" to the boxing commission.

It is difficult to classify Van Loan's relation to his readers. He came into the field of literature with a highly developed reportorial equipment, photographic in its accuracy. A big feature story to him was no more important than a local item. It merely meant five columns instead of two sticks, and ten hours of work instead of ten minutes. The same precise care and attention to fact and detail permeated everything from his pen. His manuscript could be sent to the composing room without passing over the copy-reader's desk. He made no mistakes in his interviews. He saw things as they actually were.

When he turned his attention to fiction he drew many of his characters from his own experience; tucked away somewhere in the story was an actual fact of real life. Suddenly he began to create. Presto! He had opened the gates and was soon able to visualize those persons as flesh and blood. One gets the best illustration of the effect of this practice in his volume "Inside the Ropes", which he wrote in 1913 early in his career. Instead of being mere pugilistic pawns when they stepped into the ring, they seemed like real boxers, renamed. He wrote those tales with two lobes of his brain, fact and fancy, working harmoniously.

In his golf book "Fore!" published in 1918, we find imagination taking its full fling, due no doubt to the fact that Van Loan had become a very enthusiastic golfer. He lived it, played it, and dreamed it; in consequence of which a romantic touch crept into his literature, and those bald facts which lack the transcendental splendor of fiction were richened through the influence of the greater imaginative impulse.

Near San Bernardino in 1914, Van Loan while driving an automobile was piled up on the roadside and rendered unconscious. His skull was fractured. Several ribs were broken. The left wrist received a compound fracture,

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from which he never wholly recovered, although several attempts were made to reset the limb and graft a new bone into place. During all the time he lay in the hospital, his one hope was to get out on the golf course and tackle the game one-handed. On that subject he wrote me:

The only thing to do was to stretch those muscles and tendons and the only way to do that was by main strength. So while the surgeon held the bones in place, his three understudies laid hold above and below the breaks and bent and pulled. Oh, boy! If ever a guy wanted to quit and resign immediately, I was he. That lasted twenty minutes and when it was over I was through completely—limp as a rag and soaked to the skin. If I do get a straight arm out of the mess, which seems likely from the next X-rays, I suppose I will say it was worth while, but believe me, it was at a price. That arm hasn't quit aching since and it will be days and weeks before it does quit.

Otherwise, I am fine.

Everybody is fine.

When I can walk I am going to have a harness built to support my plaster cast and see what golf can be played with a barrel of cement in place of a left arm. Ought to help a fellow to keep his head down, what?

VAN.

And yet with his left arm entirely helpless, he mastered the game with his good right arm and played many an eighteen-hole score in the eighties. After that automobile accident he suffered considerably, in fact he never wholly recovered from a series of operations which he insisted should be made. None of his friends ever knew exactly how much pain he endured. While in the hospital he carried on his literary work, contributing steadily to several magazines. An interesting light is shed on his character in a letter dated November 12, 1916, when his boy Richard was in the hands of the doctors, threatened with mastoiditis:

The poor little kid had another awfully close call but to-day everything points to an early recovery. He slumped badly on Thursday last and there was a consultation to decide whether to operate again or not, but he fooled 'em and rallied on his own, and the temperature began to go down. To-day it's normal and he's thin and hollow-eyed and gosh, how hungry! He mentions roast beef in the tones of one uttering a prayer, and jaws the nurses because "he don't never get nothing to eat what he can bite".

The wife is a total wreck, nervously speaking, and still the happiest woman on earth. And as for me—well, I'm only his *father*. I don't count, maybe.

CHAS.

Van Loan's books, his popularity, the fame he has left behind him are incontestable evidence of his fitness. He lived a full life and made the most of every opportunity. He was a man's man and believed in the man's game. Physically he was a remarkable specimen, standing over six feet in height, strong as an ox, and willing at any moment to engage in the roughest recreation; always in good humor. While these few notes are intended to deal with his literary career, I cannot refrain from recording an incident which admirably illustrates his love for the strenuous life, and his sense of humor.

We were bass fishing on a lake in the Croton water-shed and had put up for the night at a little inn, Westchester way. Among the guests was a celebrated strong man who was recuperating from a hard summer tour along the vaudeville circuit. At the supper table he entertained us by bending dimes with his fingers and tearing full decks of cards in twain, after which he went out on the lawn and juggled flagstones while Van held a flash-light on him. He made such a tremendous hit with both of us that he insisted upon a program that would last up to midnight. Enough is too much, so we both retired and went to sleep. About ten o'clock we were awakened by strange noises on the outer stairway.

"Is that bird coming up to enter-

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tain us?" said Van, getting out of bed and opening the door.

On the stairway, Samson the Second, in the full glare of a tin reflector shining from a lamp hung on the wall, was disclosed in the act of walking upstairs on his hands. It was perfectly plain that he intended to come into our room. Van softly closed the door, leaving me in total darkness. The next moment I heard a tremendous commotion, the deep breathing of strong men in conflict, the heave of colossal bodies (every little movement had a meaning all its own) and then a wild snort of agony, a moment of silence, followed by the shock of an overfed monstrosity hitting the bottom of the staircase after having pulled all the banisters and some of the steps down to the ground floor with him. Softly the door opened on a scene of total darkness, Van slipped back into the room, and, as Samuel Pepys would say, "to bed again".

"What happened, Charlie?" I made bold to inquire.

"Well, first I turned the light out", he replied, "then I threw him downstairs. I had some difficulty snatching him from the banisters on the way down. He has got more claws than a fiddler-crab; but finally he went."

"You took a big chance", I observed.

"No, Robert, no chance whatever. When you turn the lights out on a vaudeville actor, the show is over. He cannot perform in the dark."

The next morning at the breakfast table, Hercules, after seeing Van Loan bend a quarter double, and tear in twain with his naked hands a two-hundred-page Aqueduct report, apologized for calling on us after ten P. M.

Pardon this digression; it is not literature, it is art.

TO MY DAUGHTER—THREE DAYS OLD

BY NANCY BARR MAVITY

Your eyes look out unquestioning, unafraid,
On an alien world.
Your ears are crinkled, half-unfolded leaf-buds;
Your hands are fluttering moths at twilight;
You have supped on the white milk of my love—
You have never tasted the salt of tears.

Little unawakened heart!
When your eyes have grown dark with pain,
When your ears have heard the rhythm
Of your own sobbing in the night,
When your weary hands have lifted the burden of sorrow,
And your lips have forgotten my breast,
This other drink I bring you—
The strong red wine of courage,
Distilled from the slow drops of my suffering heart.

Then shall your eyes look out
Unquestioning, unafraid,
On an alien world.

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THE LONDONER

LONDON.

I remember once having to explain to a very wise and innocent person the meaning of a phrase which had puzzled her. It was in connection with the memoir of Rupert Brooke, and it had reference to the delay in publishing the volume of Brooke's poems which was to contain this memoir. The exact phrase I forget, but it was to the effect that Brooke's family objected to a few passages. The questioner said: "Why should they object?" My answer was: "Supposing I were to die, and some sort of memoir were being published as a preface to a posthumous collection of things I had written, the memoir would probably be submitted to you. Very likely there would be some statements about me which you would think untrue, or as tending to put me in a poor light. Or in fact, you might say: this is not the Simon I knew. There would inevitably be friction. The book would be delayed either until the passages had been deleted or until they had been modified, or until you had been persuaded that they did not bear the interpretation you supposed. You would be awfully sensitive about anything written about me after death."

Now this, I admit, was a very long-winded way of answering the poor lady's question; but indeed the whole business of memoir-writing is fraught with perils and divergences of opinion. It is bad enough when the subject of a biography has been dead for a time sufficiently long to allow of the death of his immediate relatives and friends. Even when that is the case, there are bound to be some people alive who think they know better than the biographer what the great man looked like, or thought, or said: the people who always know better than others upon all subjects are legion. I am one of their number. If a friend of mine were to die in circumstances which necessitated the publication of a biography, I am quite sure that I should find the biography singularly inadequate. How could it be otherwise? We have all more or less fixed ideas of what our friends are, and if those friends have been public men our scrutiny of their characters has probably been more avid and more unreasonable than is the case with our less distinguished intimates. So few of us can suspend judgment upon the character of a friend, that a person of any depth and variety of character is constantly bringing the more superficial of us up with a jerk of astonishment. We say in stupefaction: "I didn't know you would have done that or thought that!" And yet one more skilled in the reading of character would have avoided this pitfall of definite assumption. He would have suspended judgment all the time, gradually enlarging his conception so as to allow for the free development and revelation of personality, never, as it were, "closing down" his mental picture of the reality which grows and changes every day.

It is a wonderful business, this reading of character. And relatives are such bad judges. For one thing they are bigoted. For another they are so accustomed to seeing the object of their affection solely as he appears to

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themselves that they cannot conceive of his having had any other life than the one with which they are familiar. Nor is this all: they refuse to believe in the judgment of others even upon matters of which they, the relatives, have absolutely no information. It is never realized that to make a biography desirable at all a man must have been so exceptional that his interests, his "contacts" with all sorts of things beyond the range of the ordinary mind, must have rendered him a being apart. There is in general no need to write biographies of the relatives of distinguished men. They have had their little hour or two in his company, and it is over when he is dead. Nothing but affectionate—but generally uncritical—memory can perpetuate that domestic association. His life apart from them is no more their business than it is yours or mine. You may say it is nobody's business, and that therefore it should not be written in full for ghouls to feed upon. But suppose the curiosity aroused in this man has nothing whatever to do with the mere sensationalism of the vulgar? Is there not a clear case for giving us the man as he really was—not adorned, and not colored with the affectionate and misleading glow of the private view?

The answer is of course that the ordinary private citizen who keeps out of the law courts retires from life surrounded in a charitable assumption of virtue. That is quite true. But we are dealing with the case of men who have in a sense become public property. They have deliberately sought public applause for their work during life; the fame that has been theirs has been given in response to the appeal; and such men are no longer private citizens. To argue that the sins of public men should be concealed upon grounds of "the general good" is prudish. We are not really such owls as to think better of our undistinguished friends than they deserve. And why mislead those who are to come after as to the real character of our great men? Either the men are great enough to survive revelation not alone of peccadilloes but of characteristic meannesses or eccentricities, or we are rendering them false homage in supposing them free from ordinary human weakness. That is not the way to get reality into the curriculum of life. And it is reality that is most needed in the education of the future. We have during the war had quite enough of expediency, of policy, and suppression. It is now our task to be open, to "come forth into the light of things" as Wordsworth said. Let us make quite sure that we do not pursue the practice of moral censorship until in time to come it dominates the world and makes all sin secret and vicious.

* * *

I have been led to moralize upon this subject because of several rather curious episodes in the literary life of London. There have been two publications recently issued which have caused great searching of heart. One of them is a book of miscellaneous tittle-tattle by a pseudonymous writer entitled "Set Down in Malice". The second is a biography of George Meredith written by the novelist's cousin, S. M. Ellis. The former book, in trying to be very daring, succeeded only in being impertinent, largely because the author had no sufficient acquaintance with the people he lampooned; the latter has been—at any rate, temporarily — suppressed. The reason given for the complaint against Mr. Ellis's book is that it quotes so freely from Meredith's own work as to be a

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violation of copyright. The latter book I shall deal with later on. Of "Set Down in Malice" it should be said here that the author, who calls himself "Gerald Cumberland", is in reality a journalist named C. F. Kenyon, who, in pursuit of his calling, set out from time to time to obtain interviews from various celebrated persons. The tone of most of the references to these unhappy people suggests that an interviewer for a Labor newspaper should take his own personality less seriously than Mr. Cumberland has done. Several of my own friends appear in the book, and I am not so genial a reader as to have denied myself any malicious joy that was to be had from the revelation of the foibles of these notable ones. But never a laugh did I get from the references to anybody I knew! I could have told much funnier stories of them myself! Of all of them! Perhaps I shall do so at some future time. The only amusement I got from the book related to those whose acquaintance I do not enjoy and do not want to enjoy. For the rest, my comment, if spoken, would have been that of Charley's Aunt when she heard what is supposed to be the feminine notion of a joke. He (I mean "She") said indignantly: "A d——d silly story!" And, as far as my observant acquaintance with these celebrities goes, a very misleading story. I do not wish to suppress or to prohibit Mr. Cumberland's book; but I must admit that I should have welcomed a more perceptive volume upon these same lines. The "malice" of the title is not the thing that is the matter with the book: what is wrong is that the author, in seeing his subjects as a rule for a short time only, has been unable to seize their true and truly amusing characteristics. A lampoon, to be really effective, must contain skilful portraiture as well as sharp satire.

* * *

Before dealing with the "Life" of Meredith, I may perhaps be allowed to mention that I first met Mr. Thomas Seccombe (the author of the "Life" which appears in the Dictionary of National Biography) at the time when he was engaged in writing this piece of work. Not extraordinarily, the passages which did not appear in the final version were more interesting and amusing than anything which was printed. After dinner, Seccombe read us some of the unpublished matter. I wish I could repeat it here. What I really hope is that he may one day be induced to publish this unused material as a separate book. It would be a good book; not a cruel book (for Seccombe is incapable of cruelty, his nature being one of light and leading), but a very salutary one.

The first time I ever met Arnold Bennett our conversation also turned upon Meredith. Bennett was extraordinarily anxious to know how Meredith had gained his acquaintance with the manners of the well-born. It was not until the meeting with Seccombe that I could have satisfied him; but the story is sufficiently amusing. Unfortunately I made my first blunder with Bennett over this subject. Either I was very nervous, or I was deaf, or my host was (I am sure he would never admit it) not quite clear in his inquiry. At any rate, I thought he was talking about another author about whom I knew a little. So I went on dilating upon the details of this other man's life, and Bennett went on getting more and more intrigued, until, to my horror (which followed, I am sure, swiftly upon his), I was interrupted with a wild cry. "What", roared Bennett, "are you talking

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about?" I don't remember what I answered. I was so startled that I am sure I shouted back. And so Bennett never knew whether I had any information to impart about Meredith or not.

* * *

J. M. Barrie told me the other day that Meredith used to write down his notes for pieces of incident, or of striking phrases for either poetry or prose, in ordinary penny notebooks. The notes were in pencil; and in the books that survive, the pencil unblurred, are some of the most famous phrases in the whole run of Meredith's distinctly phrase-making talent, including that one in which the novelist asserted that woman would be the last thing to be civilized by man.

Mr. S. M. Ellis, being, as it were, of the Meredith family, has had a tremendous fund of material to draw from. Not only that, he is also a writer of the utmost diligence and candor. Accordingly it must not be supposed for one moment that the remarks I made earlier, regarding the habits of relatives, had any application to "George Meredith: his Life and Friends in relation to his Work". Far from it; I wish all biographers were as diligent and as honest-dealing as Mr. Ellis. We should have in that case more public spirit in our biographies of the great; and this would do us all good. The real, terrible truth about Meredith as a man is that he was rather a snob, with a definite sense of his own interest, just as other great men have been snobs, with a definite sense of their own interest; and that he treated his first wife and her son, Arthur, with a considerable amount of cruelty. It does his literary reputation no harm to have this matter, long known to people with a nose for private details concerning literary lights, made public. Why, I have heard many things about living writers of a far more dispiriting character. The point of much greater importance is that Meredith's reputation as a writer is seriously diminished. It would not be true to say that he has no readers. A far more notable thing is that he has no imitators. He is out of the fashion. Ten years ago novels were being published which showed his influence. Today they are not even being written. Only the other day I met a young soldier who had revisited Oxford for the first time since the beginning of the war. He was full of violent contempt for the intellectual stagnation of his university. Among other things he deplored the prevailing archaism of Oxford's attitude to the fiction of our own day. He found his onetime colleagues, many of them back in a state of sublime self-satisfaction after playing inconspicuous parts in the World War, ignorant of all the good fiction of the time. They did not recognize the distinction of those who are everywhere else acknowledged as leaders. "Why", he said, angrily; "one man said to me: 'There is no fiction later than Meredith'!" From my friend's tone it was clear that the man might just as well have said "George Eliot". Even that could not have been more damning of Oxford's literary judgment. My friend is by no means an iconoclast. He has, in fact, closely studied Meredith's work as both novelist and poet. The truth is, that Meredith belongs to the Victorian era, and he is not yet old enough to be examined with curiosity as a relic of an age of smaller giants.

I was speaking just now of Meredith as a poet and novelist; and that reminds me of two things. The first is, that Arthur Symons, a very delicate critic at his best, long ago caused

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Meredith acute discomfort by pointing out how superior were the author's poems to his mannered novels. The other thing was, that nowadays few writers combine the rôles of poet and novelist. One such, Miss Irene Rutherford McLeod, has recently issued her first novel, called "Graduation". It is an extraordinary work, by which I must not be understood as indicating praise of the said work. It is written with a humorless intensity which would make it a joy to the ribald. A merry party could spend an enjoyable week-end with the book. But it is absurd because the author has genuinely tried to supply an authentic record of a young, impressionable girl's progress from youth to the married state. The description of the married state spares us almost nothing. It is not pornographic; but it is detailed, and gets nearer to a kind of sentimentalized truth than any novel I remember to have read. Miss McLeod is, like Meredith, a better poet than novelist. The writing of lyric verse does not demand a strong sense of humor; the writing of novels almost certainly does.

* * *

A writer who shows distinction in both forms of art is (Major) Francis Brett Young, whose novel, "The Crescent Moon", is being published in the United States this spring. Brett Young is in my opinion one of the few genuine talents among the newer writers. I shall be surprised if he does not make good in America, for his work is both beautiful and convincing in a realistic sense. He went all through the East African campaign in the medical service, and his account of the campaign, entitled "Marching on Tanga", drew attention to gifts previously not sufficiently recognized. "The Crescent Moon" is a novel dealing with East Africa, and by many critics here it was likened to Mr. Conrad's greatest story, "The Heart of Darkness". To look at Brett Young one would hardly expect to find his work so notably romantic; and yet he is among all the younger novelists the one who is most unmistakably a romantic. He is a little above the middle height, and his general appearance is that of a shrewd man of—I was going to say, business. His conversation is practical. He is a Midlander, coming from Birmingham, the place where they make the screws and our Chancellors of the Exchequer. There is no doubt of that practical side to Brett Young's character which one would expect from the place of his birth; but it is an aspect which one finds in so many modern literary men. In his case it is unobtrusive, and he is in no sense a self-advertiser. I should say he was very modest. Of his great talent I think there can be absolutely no question.

* * *

I see that there is being issued in America a book by Dorothy Richardson. This writer is an experimentalist in form, and her work produces in me the queerest sensations. It is in a kind of Morse-code of dots and ejaculations. Some people here admire it tremendously, and I hear that the book is full of "portraits" of people known to me, not very flatteringly drawn. Miss Richardson's memory is so minute, or her diary so detailed, that she goes the length of describing the actual costumes worn by her victims upon specific occasions. But I am told that there are minor errors, relating to material, in the case of her feminine models. The book is bound to make a certain stir here, on account of the portraits. Whether it will do as much in America, where the au-

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thor's method must stand alone, is another matter. I should be interested to know. Miss Richardson was a schoolfellow of Mrs. H. G. Wells, and has recently married a young artist of original, if bizarre, talent, named Alan Odle. I do not know if his work is at all known in the United States.

* * *

In an American list I notice a novel by a friend of mine, Viola Meynell. I should be very glad to hear that this book, published in England last year, had appealed to American readers. Miss Meynell is, of course, a daughter of Wilfred and Alice Meynell, and of all the women novelists I know she is the most charming. She, like Meredith (how singular!), employs notebooks for her work, and writes in pencil. But although you would never guess it from the result, Viola Meynell's writing is done amid extraordinary difficulties. It is sandwiched between tasks that would drive crazy the sensitive male author. Often it is written—and this is the most difficult way of all, because I also have done it in my time—with other people in the room, and other people who are talking. And in spite of all this, it would be hard to find a novelist with a more scrupulous sense of language than Viola Meynell. Her work, although sometimes lacking in the power that can come only from life intensely lived, has a refinement and a distinction all its own. It has been aptly likened to painting upon ivory, and naturally, when critics have used that figure, they recall another woman novelist who claimed as much, but deprecatingly, for her own work. I mean, of course, England's greatest woman novelist—the only great one, in my opinion, that we have ever had —Jane Austen.

* * *

I wish, by the way, that somebody would make a new and satisfactory collection of Jane Austen's letters. It is always said, by those who do not know, that these letters are tedious. I do not agree. To me they are delightful. Yet there is actually no current edition, and as Jane's centenary has come and gone, it looks as though we might have to wait another thirty-odd years before my wish is realized. By that time I expect to be dead. In 1915, dreaming of the centenary, I begged E. V. Lucas to remedy the lack of a good edition; but although he replied very amiably he would not undertake the task. I don't even know whether it attracted him. The reason he urged was that copyright difficulties stood in the way. Lucas is the man for the job, because he has shown how excellently he can do things of this kind. I cannot immediately call to mind anybody who would edit these letters as well.

* * *

It is a curious thing how one gets into one's head a notion that a certain man could do a particular thing better than another; but I am prepared to assert that in such matters I have an instinct as strong as the instinct of a woman for her true mate is supposed to be. And I have never admitted the infallibility of the vaunted feminine instinct. The other day I was asked to name the man who ought to introduce a certain book to the English public. I named him. I undertook to put the matter before him. I overruled his objections. Just suppose I was wrong all the time! After all, there have been unhappy marriages, however sure the instinct that prompted them. You shall hear all about the book and its preface in another letter.

SIMON PURE

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THE MOTION-PICTURE SURGEON

Second Paper

BY A SCENARIO EDITOR

When the motion-picture rights to a book have been purchased, the first doctor into whose hands it is passed is the continuity writer. This person is familiar by name, yet I will venture to assert that the actual nature of his product is unknown to the average author who has suffered at his hands. There are very few members of this profession who have raised their peculiar work to the point of an art: it requires, at its poorest, a considerable degree of mechanical skill and the process is absolutely indispensable to the making of a picture.

As a rule the continuity writer is a person of fair imagination, coupled with the requisite understanding of footage and sequence. He must know, first of all, the number of feet of film his method of presentation will require, and how to keep the story within bounds in accordance with instructions as to the general nature of the proposed picture. A comedy runs from 1,000 to 3,000 feet, and other pictures from 3,000 up to, in the case of big features, as high as 12,000 feet. The average programme picture is about 6,000 feet long. Each reel contains 1,000 feet or under.

Editor's Note: The author of these articles is a well-known writer, represented by several published volumes and numerous magazine stories and articles. The statements made here are based on several months' experience as scenario editor for a large picture corporation and on the observations of the author, extending over a period of years, upon the methods of motion-picture production generally.

When one considers that the titles or sentences screened run a foot to a word, and that a certain number of them must be included, together with a proper and judicious selection of close-ups, medium close-ups, medium shots, and long shots, arranged in such sequence as will most effectively tell the story, one easily sees that a special technical knowledge is required of the continuity writer—to say nothing of a dramatic sense, a story sense, and most of the qualities which go to make up the natural story-teller plus a technique which is wholly new under the sun. Yet it is not so new but that a certain tradition of procedure has already grown up around it. The continuity writer has a distinct sense of the proper order of "shots" which should comprise a well-considered sequence: just such a feeling as the poet has toward the fourteen lines of the sonnet—although it would be difficult to say who might be considered the Shakespeare of the motion-picture. And when a semi-genius like Griffith breaks the usual sequence by suddenly projecting a picture of tame rabbits or swans, leaving, let us say, a battlefield for the moment to show it, he is supposed to have made a break almost as radical as an Amy Lowell poem seems to the academic poet.

The average continuity writer aims at a straight-line story: in other words, one in which the sequence develops steadily and uninterruptedly from opening to *dénouement*. And

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as it is seldom indeed that an author sets forth his tale in this clean-cut fashion, it is the usually thankless task of the continuity man to show the author's events in a straight-line manner. A familiar device among authors is the closing of a chapter at a moment of suspense, and the opening of the chapter which follows with a return to some relevant but disconnected incident beginning "in the meantime". This is an old and well-tried method of creating literary suspense, but on the screen it creates only confusion. The use of such a device, called a cut-back, is almost always a source of annoyance and is a distinct pantomimic weakness—and of course pictures are primarily pantomime. The use of long titles is as bad, if not worse. In the most modern pictures the words projected in explanation are reduced to the minimum. In the traditional continuity writing there was, and is, an accepted average of so many titles a reel.

It will at once be perceived what a tremendous responsibility rests upon this first of the surgeons into whose hands a book is given to picturize. Much depends upon the angle from which he decides to write it: whether it is to be doctored so as to accentuate the feminine or the masculine character; whether "love interest" must be added. The receipt usually calls for a side-line of humor, pathos, or drama, each to be applied in just proportion, although the original author may have laid his emphasis in some particular place for reasons good and sufficient to him—but it is not "good screen stuff".

Once this reconstruction man has decided what "slant" he will tell the story from, he proceeds to establish his atmosphere through some scene of his own inventing. Indeed, fully three-quarters of the scenes in the average film story are necessarily of the continuity man's inventing, even if he has read the book as well as the scenario. For the average novel offers scenes actually enacted to a footage of perhaps 3,000 feet at the very best—and remember that a feature must be 5,000 to 7,000 feet long.

Perhaps a sample page of finished continuity will be both interesting and enlightening. Here, for example, is a very fair average:

SCENE I: Exterior of house, day.
long shot
Mary approaches down steps and through garden.

SCENE II: Exterior of house, day.
medium close up
Mary picks rose and registers memories.

SCENE III: Exterior of house, day.
full close up
A tear on Mary's face.

SCENE IV: Exterior house, day.
medium long shot
John approaching hurriedly. She turns and sees him, registers surprise.

SCENE V: Exterior of house, day.
medium close up
John and Mary greet each other with warmth.

And so on. The first line is essential to the camera man and the director, because, although a picture is always numbered and written in sequence, it is never photographed in sequence: weather, sets, stages, locations, are never available in sequence, and it does not in the least matter if one takes Scene XLV first or Scene I. It all goes on the roll of film at the convenient moment and the cutter in the laboratory puts it in numerical sequence later.

A simple device takes care of this. The assistant to the camera man has a little blackboard with three divisions. At the side is the name of the director "Smith" in permanent letters. Below is an abbreviation of the title of the picture, say "Hearts of",

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and then a larger blank space on which he marks the number of the scene about to be taken, and holds it in front of the camera for a few minutes before the scene itself is taken. Thus the cutter has the proper number and does his assembling numerically, of course removing these inserts.

Now when the continuity writer has completed his revision of the author's book, and inserted what are called working or temporary titles, he may very possibly go over it with the scenario editor. Theoretically at least, it must receive this official's O.K. and also that of the studio manager, because of course the latter must be sure that the likely estimate of the cost has not been exceeded in the method of presentation chosen in the continuity. But once officially stamped, about twelve copies of this lengthy document are typewritten at an average cost of twelve dollars each, and distributed—one to the star, one to the director, one each to the assistant, the camera man, the art director, and the casting director, and one goes in the office files. At least that is the theoretical distribution. However, many companies consider that a cast sheet containing no synopsis or description is enough for the casting director, the man who picks out and hires the actors and chooses the "types". He has not read the story, but some such sheet as this is a guide which he generally accepts without comment:

CAST FOR "THE FATAL WIFE"

Helen Holmes—the wife: young girl, society type (the star's name covers this character).

John Thomas—wealthy young business fellow, juvenile lead.

Mrs. Thomas—his mother, society matron.

Cyril Le Barge—the heavy (meaning any villain over forty; there are "light heavies" meaning villains under forty).

And so forth. Do you wonder, dear author, that your characters, as you see them on the screen, so seldom look as you had visualized them?

Then again there are many directors who do not believe in allowing either the star or any of the other actors to know what the story is about. They think that better results are obtained by shouting directions of individual scenes which the actors, unprepared and uninstructed except as regard to their make-up, follow blindly, having no idea what the scene is about.

Then again, other directors believe in taking the star and the other leads into their confidence, to the extent of telling them the story but of keeping the extra people in darkness. It is a common experience among motion-picture actors to make an entire film with only the vaguest notion as to what they are doing, and actually not to know the plot until they see the finished picture "run".

On the other hand, one or two very advanced companies have instituted the practice of calling a reading of the synopsis to the entire company, including the mechanical departments, before starting work. But even on the lots where this is being tried it is steadily opposed by the more conservative elements, and it must be admitted that a great many pretty good pictures have been produced by the "blind" method. However, they were not much like the stories from which they were supposedly taken.

But even if the casting director and the art director do receive manuscripts of the continuity, the chance of its being read by them is very small. "What's it about, Jack?" they ask of the director, and on his brief answer their action is taken. I have been on a set prepared for one of my own

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stories where the art director had got an idea that a Southern family were about to sit down to supper. So far, correct. But the table was laden with silver and groaning with food, whereas my people were so poor that they were about to make a terrible sacrifice through sheer hunger. The art director's excuse for a blunder which, if not caught in time, would have cost several hundred feet of wasted film, was that he had not read the continuity and that the director had not described the scene correctly. The director's misconception of my Southern home is not surprising, since he was an ex-express man who had never been out of the state. The pity of it is that these errors are seldom caught in time, or even recognized as such at the first projections of the film, while it is still in what is called rough continuity.

So much for the script, or continuity proper. When it has passed editor and studio manager and is at length simultaneously in the hands of the next group, the director takes a hand at revamping the material, coloring, rearranging, and generally remodeling it in accordance with his taste. Furthermore, the difficulty of visualizing the descriptions which the continuity writer has supplied are almost insuperable, partly because of their brevity, and partly because of the dissimilarity of everybody's visualization. Often the continuity man has great difficulty in recognizing his own work on the screen, once the director gets hold of it.

And when this gentleman has done his best—or worst as the case may be—changing the sequences, the plot, introducing "atmospheric bits" of his own, or eliminating others, we have still to reckon with the cutter.

The latitude permitted the film cutter constitutes perhaps the most individually remarkable condition in a studio. This man is not a writer by any means, nor is he a stage manager. He is merely a technical operator on a small salary; someone who has "been on the lot", has learned cutting—a very simple process mechanically speaking—and has probably been taken on in the laboratory through the friendliness of someone with a pull: the usual procedure in all departments, by no means excluding the actors. Then to this person is entrusted the delicate task of arranging the sequence of the picture. He makes first what is called a rough continuity, which is simply the elimination of the numbers as before described. The picture is then run in the laboratory projecting room, and some one of the heads—usually the studio manager or the editor—takes a look at it, calling out suggested changes which the cutter notes. Whole pieces are taken on and re-inserted at different points: if necessary, retakes are made and the new footage added. It is a very simple matter entirely to alter the significance of a plot, to say nothing of ruining or bettering the atmosphere of a story by these changes.

One of the chief dangers at this point lies in the degree of confidence which the cutter inspires in the heads. As a rule, they trust him far too greatly, with the result that the rough continuity has usually been marvelously and wonderfully doctored before they even see it for the first time. Good material may have been thrown into the discard, the worst may have been left, and the editor be unaware of the fact. And if the result is poor he will blame the director, who will blame the continuity writer, who will blame the cutter, the star, the editor, and the director, and all will blame the

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studio manager—perhaps because of some petty economy about the production. Indeed, what they call "passing the buck" is one of the favorite—and most strenuous—pastimes of the motion-picture world. Another favorite which runs a close second is "alibi-ing on titles". The director makes a failure of his picture and then he puts the burden of saving the film on the editorial shoulders: "It will be all right when you give it the final titles", he says—and sometimes with truth.

For many a dull—almost hopelessly dull—story has been saved by brilliant and clear titling. Here again practically the whole character of the story can be altered by the words which are spoken: by the insertion of descriptive titles, covering time-lapses, telegrams, or other objects. I, for one, have seen a war picture transformed into a business story by this same method. In this particular instance the original film had to be cut from 9,000 to 5,000 feet but the change, with rearrangement and new titles, made a salable property out of scrap-heap material.

Now perhaps the author who has marveled at the difference between his screened story and his written one, will perceive some of the reasons for that disturbing difference. The motion-picture magnate and all his staff seem convinced that a story is of some granite quality which will remain despite the handling to which it is submitted; that, provided the bones of the plot are left or some part of them, the motion-picture, visualized on the screen, will be the tale which they enjoyed in the reading. To the professional writer with his stock fact about three plots and thirty situations, this appears absurd. For the professional writer knows that it is quality, style, and method of presentation which make the story—which make the pleasure, humor, or pathos of his tale. He knows that every detail which completes his visualization of place, persons, and emotions, was at once consciously and intuitively considered, and that without the equivalent of his carefully chosen words, any presentation of his story must fail. And at present the motion-picture concern which offers the author the opportunity of becoming his own medium, is almost as rare as is the author willing to try it. In other words, I see no way of overcoming the existing difficulties except for the authors who are interested in writing for the screen to become willing and able to learn the technique of picture making, exactly as they learned to read, write, dictate, or typewrite, proof-read, and construct.

When such a writer arises—one who can get his story accepted and write his own continuity, and who, first having learned the camera and the laboratory, then sits in with the casting, works hand in glove with the director, titles and cuts his finished product—only then shall we begin to get literary quality on the screen.

And it is the humble opinion of the scribe that literary quality is what the motion-picture lacks, plus the modicum of dramatics which every plotted story needs. And the achievement of this quality can only come when a single mind dominates the story from its inception to its release. Managers will come to realize this in time, and eventually be as horrified at interference with the author's procedure as a publisher would be if stenographer, type-setter, and proof-reader were permitted to doctor the manuscript of a novel.

But writing for the movies is a separate profession: make no mistake.

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it cannot be done as a side-line. And until the conception of it as a cheap and easy money-maker is eliminated from the minds of authors as well as managers, no real progress toward betterment will be made.

POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY IN CANADA

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY

One of the most fascinating literary forms is biography. It shares the movement of the drama, the historical interest of the epic, the seductiveness of the novel. As a human document, it makes its appeal, be the subject merely Abbot Samson set amid the commonplace details of a mediæval monastery, or a Lincoln or a Gladstone moving in that high world where the gods of nations hammer out state destinies or laugh in celestial humor over little mortals and their lesser ways. For a biography is a mirror of life. From its pages we catch something of that inspiration which belongs to any phase of human activity, and from which none of us are alienated, to which none of us are strangers. This, of course, of great biography. Alas, there are in library cold-storage many "lives" as dead as those whom they would fain have immortalized in the world of thought. Ponderous tomes —inanimate with the immensity of dullness.

Here, then, is a distinction and a difference. A great biography is a work of art. It is not a mere photography, well printed, well touched up. There belongs to it something of that creative genius which lifts truth out of the realms of science and preserves it in the realms of the imagination. A great biographer is no mere chronicler moving in the arid world of facts. He is no mere conscientious reporter recording the sequence of character activities. He is no mere editor arranging the years as a tale that is told. He is all these, but he is something more. He must possess that historical insight which sees behind the rounded fact and can trace causes upon causes. He must record activities in vital and interpretative relationship with the spirit of the age. He must take the material on which he works and sift it in such a way that he will present in his work a picture complete and adequate, in which details will not destroy the unit of the conception, and the whole does not, on the other hand, overshadow anything essential. The great biographer is rare: the mediocre is common: the bad flourishes like weeds in the garden of the sluggard.

Of the many varieties of biography, perhaps that which is loosely named "political" has the widest audience. Except for those peoples who have inherited the apathy born of paternalism, politics is the widest of human interests outside the immediate personal circle. The modern world is certainly the city-state writ large, and the life of a great political figure has in it, in addition to the other appeals made by biography in general, an appeal to all that we call citizenship, love of country, national pride, hero-worship, or, more subtle still,

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to that instinct which made Carlyle conceive of history as the lives of great men. Political biography, if it is to be great, requires not merely all those qualifications which belong to biographical writing as a whole, but almost all those which characterize the great historian. The poet's intuition, the novelist's sense of romance, the dramatist's sense of spectacular movement—these, and the historian's insight, his judicial-mindedness, his skill in evidence, that objectivity which can steer safely between the anæmic coldness of an iceberg and the red-blooded heat of a partisan. In addition, there must be a power to seize essentials in contemporary public opinion, to interpret the undercurrents of national and often international life, to distinguish the man and his age—the man making his age—the age making the man.

Now it is obvious that the great political biographer is the product of a highly developed society. National development, however successful in its evolution and however pregnant its stages, does not necessarily provide the creative conditions. Time, experience in political institutions, economic expansion sufficiently achieved, leisure, national culture, wide education are all necessary for "the world of circumstances" in which the true writer of political biography is developed. A self-conscious society is fatal for his production. A society in which there is little of that greatest elixir in politics—self-criticism—is not the nursery of great political biography. Of course there are brilliant exceptions—even literary criticism cannot claim a divine right in universals—but, on the whole, a new country, in which the economic is liable to outrun the political, in which the materialistic overshadows the idealistic, cannot produce the highest and best political biography, while, on the other hand it will produce *much*. In a new country the makers of national life will stand head and shoulders over their contemporaries, and the self-conscious pride of successful experiment in nationality will call for a large biographical literature. That same pride, however, is liable to idealize the outstanding and creative men. It is liable to slur defects, and to emphasize success as the standard of judgment. There is the all-prevalent danger that the political biographies will lack perspective, while the very impatience of material failure will rob of critical examination the individual achievement of national heroes.

In turning, then, to examine Canadian political biography it is necessary to recall these facts. Canada has crushed into little over a century a marvelous political and economic development. This very intensity has given an increase of stature to her political leaders, while at the same time it has emphasized those limitations in self-criticism which belong to the national development of a new people. The great period is, of course, the period of Federation—before and after 1867. The names of Joseph Howe, John Macdonald, George Etienne Cartier, Charles Tupper, Richard Cartwright loom up before and after that date, while for a generation and more Wilfrid Laurier was the champion of Liberalism and the Moses to his French-Canadian fellow countrymen. It is an interesting study to examine some of the "lives"—official and otherwise—of these political figures, and we are fortunate in possessing two or more "lives" of recent date of some of these men, which provide comparative material

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in the development of biographical literature.

First, there is Joseph Howe, the champion of responsible government in Nova Scotia. A man of magnetic personality, of native oratory, of political insight. A leader of the people, the idol of his fellow countrymen—yet petty and overbearing to his opponents, and small enough to risk the real good of his province for the bauble of political party. Mr. Longley's "Joseph Howe" is in many respects good. It is clear, well written, and has a sense of proportion. On the other hand, it lacks that *nescio quid* of biography which sets the man in clear-cut vision before the reader. There is none of the insight which makes for greatness, and much of the smallness which is too meticulous in its balances, and too honest to be entirely sincere—it doth protest too much. Howe was an egoist who could turn his native charm into repulsiveness and his native oratory into channels of virulent and poisonous invective. Mr. Longley just fails to be judicial—through overanxiety, it would seem—and fails to grasp the whole in trying to dissect the parts.

Several years later appeared "The Tribune of Nova Scotia" by Principal W. L. Grant of Upper Canada College. The advance in method is very pronounced. Mr. Grant had the training of a scientific historian and wide experience as a writer, which Mr. Longley had not, but there is something more. He makes Howe live. We really know the man, who is the greatest contributor to the literature of political thought yet produced in the British Dominions, yet who was on occasions the veriest demagogue. Mr. Grant understands Howe, Mr. Longley never does. Howe could turn his rapier into a bludgeon, his generalship into mob magnetism, his golden oratory into vitriolic billingsgate. Mr. Grant can interpret character. In addition, whereas Mr. Longley writes average practical prose, Mr. Grant has a distinct literary style. Full of his subject, widely read not merely in the literature of Howe, but in contemporary history, he gives us the finished portrait, where neither studios, sittings, nor the mixing of colors protrude. We watch the picture develop, but we are all the time unconscious of the artist's methods.

Howe's personal vanity robbed him —perhaps fortunately—of being one of the active Fathers of Canadian Federation, among whom two figures stand out in interest—George Etienne Cartier, the champion of French Canada, and John Macdonald, the greatest figure in Canadian political history. Mr. De Celle's life of Cartier is colorless. It is almost a mere record. Events follow one another, but we never get very far behind them. Yet Cartier was a romantic and fascinating figure. He had been "out" with the rebels of 1837 against the government. The years brought wisdom, but he watched by the cradle of the Dominion, never forgetting or letting others forget that the child could not thrive if French Canada did not help to provide sustenance. In other words, while he saw the vision, he was not blinded by it to what he considered were the claims of his race, religion, and province. He drove his bargain because he knew the price must be paid. The swashbuckler, however, of '37 had given place to the courteous knight, armed cap-a-pie for a fray if necessary, but always ready to build up rather than to risk the loss of a greater Canada in the mêlée of racial and religious strife. He steered the ship of Federation through the

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shoals of parochialism, fanaticism, and "state rights", away down the river of her earliest trip, where the ghosts of rebellion flitted over the doubtful stream and the shadows of lost causes lurked along the ambiguous shores—out into the full ocean of national life. Cartier may not be a big figure in the history of the world, but Canadians owe him much.

Here indeed was a fine subject for a biography—not indeed brilliant, but one where there was room for much intimate and revealing work, for tender probing, for interpretative realism, for romantic settings. Neither of his biographers has succeeded. Mr. De Celles is passionately commonplace. Mr. Boyd is heavy and dull. Neither writer has a just perspective. Each tells his tale, but it lacks sincerity; it does not charm as Cartier charmed in real life. Mr. Boyd is more judicial than Mr. De Celles, but we feel that he has acquired this quality as a *tour de force*, that it is not the native genius of a man of letters and a trained historian. He rather sums up to a tribunal—fair, balanced, in which nothing is set down in malice, in anger, or in passion either for or against Cartier; but it is all too cold for the subject, too placid for a full-length biographical study. It follows the lines of the Dictionary of National Biography rather than of Boswell or Froude. It would please Sir Sidney Lee; it fails to grip that body to whom Boswell and Froude are inspirations. It is as drab as the average background of Canadian life.

When we approach John Macdonald, it must be said at once that Dr. Parkin's biography is much more successful than Sir Joseph Pope's volumes. There is a distinct advance. Macdonald soars above every figure in Canadian political history. He could lead men as no one in Canada before nor since. He had a marvelous insight into motives, could make national destinies turn on trifles, and could interpret crowd psychology in a way approaching magic. Big in Federation, he lent it all the driving force of his own personality, and stamped it with features which it has never lost. Big in the years which followed, he overshadowed every contemporary till his death. Adroit in negotiation, watchful as a cat with a mouse, psychologically insensitive to public criticism, which he could twist to his own ends, he was a veritable Saul in his generation. Not above suspicion, his hands were not free from "the accursed thing"; but there he stands, a complex personality—hard to interpret, hard to understand, hard to analyze, hard to sum up.

Sir Joseph Pope's "lives" may be called official, and official biographies have, by divine right, inherent limitations. A Morley can succeed—the lesser man fails miserably. Pope's volumes are intrinsically poor things. They are unworthy of their subject. There is no application of criticism. The darker places in Macdonald's life are made still more sinister by omission or excuse. There is too much hero-worship. "I have sat at the feet of Gamaliel" seems written on every page. It is, of course, impossible to believe that the writer has deliberately catered to a Canadian public which, be it Tory or not, still idolizes "the old chief" of Conservation. The effect, however, is the same. The lives have been successful, but this success has been bought at a terrible price. Behind them lies plenty of spade-work, plenty of sifting, a personal knowledge, extending over years, which no one else possessed; yet we feel that there has been rather wilful

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selection, rather the lover's desire to bind the spell than the truth-seeker's aim to present the man whole and entire in scorn of consequences. Scarcely any modern political biographies in Canada have, in the ideal sense, been greater failures. Dr. Parkin, writing with none of Sir Joseph Pope's advantage, has produced a worthier book. It is weakest where Pope, by his opportunities, ought to have been strongest, but it has a dignity, a polish, a balance, and an insight which overwhelm its predecessors. Dr. Parkin's culture, however, is cosmopolitan, not merely Canadian.

Perhaps Sir John Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier" is the greatest biography in Canadian biographical literature. Laurier was a spellbinder; that epithet, indeed, explains much of his success and of his failure. When the spell worked there was always brilliant performance, when it failed there was a splutter of ineffective fire, the anti-climax of tottering witchcraft. Yet no Canadian had a more world-wide fame. Born in French Canada, a child of the older ideals, of the older civilization, and of the older religion, trained in the *cénacle* of Antoine Dorion, the brilliant French-Canadian opponent of Federation, he took up the reins of Liberal leadership as they fell from the hands of Edward Blake —most honest, most learned, most sincere of Canadian politicians; too kindly for the rough and tumble of party, too sensitive for the fierce impact of public life. A Roman Catholic at a moment in Canadian life when religious passions were fanned to a white heat, Laurier could accept a challenge from his own church and fight as no one else has fought the battle of Liberalism in the widest sense in his native province of Quebec. A romantic figure, too, he impressed the British Empire as premier of a great sister nation who derived his culture largely from a foreign tradition, and who owed the development of his natural abilities to an atmosphere almost entirely un-British.

Like Sir Joseph Pope, Sir John Willison had singular opportunities of knowing the man whose life he has attempted to portray; and writing at the height of Laurier's fame and influence he had all the occasions of biographical sin ready at hand. As yet there had been no failure to interpret the national pulse, no reliance on mere spellbinding in an agonizing moment in the world's history, no fatal shadow of inexplicable shortcoming over the years of service. Sir John Willison brought to his work careful training as a journalist in the best days of Canadian journalism. He had an intimate knowledge of public life, of the party machine, of political inside history. Possessing himself something of Laurier's personal charm, he has developed a distinction in style which gives his volumes literary grace. Though Laurier was his political chief at the time of writing, there is little adulation. National criticism, judicious pronouncements, balanced judgments abound. The narrative moves along with fascination, because the author takes the reader into his confidence. We can almost hear him tell the story; we can almost hear him think; we can almost watch the care with which the words are weighed, episodes valued, movements interpreted, and praise and blame distributed. It is not too much to say that Willison's "Laurier" belongs to the same class as Morley's "Gladstone". Of course, the scale is less, the events never so momentous, the stage and figures very small in

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comparison, but from the point of view of the history of modern Canada, the work is indispensable.

There are undoubtedly severe limitations. Laurier was still alive, and even though his power had largely narrowed down to the limits of his own province, yet "the old warhorse" had much of the old spell and the old vitality; though perhaps the fire and harness were those of a world that died in the agonies of the Great War. Thus, it is hard to say what the judicial hand of time will write on Laurier when the final winnowing of his history has been made. One thing, however, is certain: Willison's work will not be idly thrown aside. It represents the greatest advance in Canadian biographical literature. If there is a note of rhetoric here and there that grates on the ear of the fastidious critic, and a "jerkiness" at places which seems to protrude in the general purity of form, yet we feel that Canada possesses a prose writer who can lighten up a political subject with literary color and literary distinction.

Finally, it may not be amiss to close on the personal note. There has been a distinct advance in biographical literature during the last few years in Canada; but there is still too much self-consciousness and too little self-criticism in Canadian life to give any assurance of anything like uniform success. Sir Charles Tupper's "Recollections" and Sir Richard Cartwright's "Reminiscences" illustrate this point from the angle of personal character. Tupper and Cartwright were two of the lesser men who watched in those pregnant autumn days of the Quebec Conference when faith in Federation struggled with the hard facts of political deadlock. It is a platitude to say that autobiography is exceedingly difficult. The Benvenuto Cellinis and the Benjamin Franklins are few, and even Homer—in Lord Morley's "Recollections"—sometimes nods. If biography has external difficulties, autobiography has countless internal problems to solve before it can be successful.

These two books may be said to be the pioneers of literary autobiography in Canada; perhaps they are worthy of that place. The more interesting is Tupper's. He was a bigger figure than Cartwright, and he stood forward at the end of his life as the champion of the closer federation of the British Empire. The common chord through all the pages is unbounded optimism. No cloud seems to have crossed Tupper's horizon, and he had infinite confidence in himself, and his causes are divine in potential and ultimate success. The note throughout is ponderous. There is nothing naïve, nothing piquant—and this from a man whose whole life was spent in the world of politics, who was Premier of Canada. Never a touch of liveliness, not a word of political philosophy, not a glimmer of insight in these heavy and confused pages. The spirit of self-confidence is never brought face to face with the spirit of self-criticism. The book only approaches literature: it will finally be classified as historical material—without introduction and explanatory notes—compiled by a man who can complacently call himself "the grand old statesman".

Like Tupper, Cartwright spent his life in politics. His note is more intimate, but he was a violent personal partisan. Flitting from one political camp to another, his personal judgments are one-sided, and hatred seems to have developed within him into a special vocation. His pronouncements, then, on political figures such

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as Macdonald and Blake are vindictive and unjust, and indicate as much a want of the sense of *comme il faut* as the blunder in form—a series of imaginary interviews with a newspaper reporter—indicates a lack of literary perception. In political questions, however, apart from personal, there is more insight than in Tupper's book. Cartwright labored under no delusions about the divinity of parties as Tupper did, and he can trace political tendencies, where Tupper only blunders along in optimistic assurance.

On the whole, neither book will live as autobiography. It is true that autobiography works from the inner to the external, that egoism is its *primum mobile*, and that its success is proportionate to the self-absorption of the writer. Its universal motto might be Benjamin Franklin's: "It would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life". Its keynote is lyrical. But, like the lyric, it needs discrimination. Neither Tupper nor Cartwright possesses this in any degree. Both books undoubtedly possess that *sine qua non* of autobiography—egoism; but there is an overdose—it is the egoism of egoism. Both men were moral egoists, not literary egoists, and as a result their books are failures as literature. Too much conscious and predominating subjectivity is as fatal to autobiography as to the lyric. The books can at least stand as finger-posts marked "danger" to those Canadians who contemplate writing in this literary form.

Joseph Howe. By J. W. Longley. Morang and Co.

The Tribune of Nova Scotia. By W. L. Grant. Glasgow: Brook and Co.

Cartier. By H. D. De Celles. Morang and Co.

Sir George Etienne Cartier. By J. Boyd. The Macmillan Co.

Sir John A. Macdonald. By G. R. Parkin. Morang and Co.

Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir John Alexander Macdonald. By Sir Joseph Pope. Durie.

The Day of Sir John Macdonald. By Sir Joseph Pope. Glasgow: Brook and Co.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier. By Sir J. S. Willison. 2 vols. Morang and Co.

Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada. By Sir Charles Tupper. Cassell and Co.

Reminiscences. By Sir Richard Cartwright. William Briggs.

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COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

Freudian America

I do not know anything about Freud; in fact, to make a clean breast of it from the start, until fairly recently I suffered from a tendency to confuse psychology with physiology or even philology, and to class all three in my mind as among the words I must use with caution, being incurably ignorant of their meaning.

English people, as a rule, are not, like Americans, really alive to the exciting fact that they are alive. They live crudely on until they die, they fall in love, they fight wars, they go to church, and never dream of forming clubs and of meeting once a week to explain these phenomena to each other. Deliberate discussion on a given subject at a given moment is very rare in England. The Englishman, I am sorry to say, seldom goes to his neighbor's house except in search of a meal. During the meal possibly such subjects as love, the league of nations, the moral law, or labor unrest may arise by mistake, as it were, but nobody ever arrives prepared for these contingencies. I have never even heard of anyone in my native country attending a Browning tea, or a reading of modern verse; and I tremble to think what would be the fate of a guest who arrived primed with a little paper to read to the company on Bolshevism in the Old Testament, or a comparison between Spinoza and John Ruskin—an event which, I understand, would cause no surprise in the United States. Anybody in England who thinks of a good thing to say and, while determined to say it, can never find an opening for it in his circle, may go and stand on a tub at Marble Arch. Unlimited tubs are at the disposal of the British public, and we are all at liberty to release our complexes thus. Only unfortunately we never know that we are doing so. To know exactly what you are doing is an American luxury.

English minds, I must suppose, work even as American minds do, but they work mechanically all by themselves; so to speak, they blush unseen, and their owners remain unaware of their processes. Even if we could discuss them, I think to do so would be branded as vulgar, as though we should call attention to our digestive organs.

Not only do talkers in America make dates on which to talk—a thing, I repeat, incomprehensible to the vague English mind—but they travel immense distances in order to meet other talkers on their special subjects. They spend their summers in colonies: there are whole villages full of writers, seashores black with artists, mountains encrusted with devotees of New Thought, camps specially built to the glory of Freud. Every American seems to know every other American with a kindred soul. No force on earth could keep asunder two admirers of one theory, though one be born in Portland, Maine, and the other in Portland, Oregon. Being pliable and intent on remaining inconspicuous, I also travel hopefully in the wake of

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hostesses to sit at the feet of prophets, and learn why, how, and whether I am alive. I have remained politely awake through so many discussions that, though I know nothing about psychology, I have learned something about psychologists, at any rate amateur psychologists.

I know the inevitable clamorer after definitions; I know the young man who, overrating his own courage, begins to read in a mixed company a paper on certain of Freud's theories, and, on reaching the salient points of the paper, balks, blushes, treads on his own toes for a few embarrassing moments, and then skips tamely to the safe conclusion. I know the people—ninety per cent of amateur psychologists belong to this class—who attend the discussion simply in order to illustrate it with complexes of their own, and who interrupt any impersonal debate with such questions as: "Say, can you account for the fact that whenever I hear the name of Senator Lodge my right toe twitches?", or "Do you know, I once had an aunt who unconsciously began to howl like a wolf whenever bananas appeared upon the table. Is there any precedent for this?" With my accustomed eye I can see these questions straining like greyhounds on the leash from the first, and when they are all let loose together at the first pause, the effect is most exciting and confusing. I know the person, generally a woman, who has a complex to release of such a very complicated character that she spends the whole evening in intermittently emitting disjointed words which fail to convey anything to anybody, although the whole company is anxious to help and instruct her at the first sign of coherence. I know the person who always insists on going backward into the remote history of every phrase and every word, and, after delivering an extempore lecture for thirty minutes, adds—"But perhaps I should make myself clearer if I read you a little paper which I wrote last night", and then spends the next thirty minutes in reading the lecture she has just delivered. I know the person—generally a man—who has a mania for summarizing; if he had his way every discussion would be a summary of the last discussion, a form of inbreeding, so to speak, which would eventually cause the whole enterprise to die of inanition. I know the person—always a man—who cannot make out what it is all about, but who wakes up now and then to ask a question which brings shame upon the earnest wife who brought him.

I think I may say that I have become an expert objective psychologist. I admit I still do not even know Freud's first name, but I flatter myself that I can now sit gracefully at the feet of any of his admirers. No complex, no repression, no release ever dawns on my horizon now without being wistfully encouraged by me—albeit without comprehension — and stored up for future use in order that I may show a spurious intelligence on suitable occasions. I keep a little stock of complicated and cultured dreams ready to my hand, and recite them to analyzers on request. I industriously examine even my most melancholy moods, and by this fascinating occupation prove the truth of that beautiful saying—(was it Ella Wheeler Wilcox's?)—that every cloud, if analytically turned inside out, can show a silver lining.

But it must be fun to be an American, and automatically know everything about one's self from birth.

—STELLA BENSON

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The Literary Row

There are two kinds of rows, but the one I mean is a fight—a beautiful, lovely, all-around fight, with no essential part missing; and that is what a literary row is.

There are other kinds of rows: the matrimonial row, which has its merits, although it generally lacks originality and is always built on the same old foundation. There is, in fact, never anything unexpected about the matrimonial row—you always know beforehand just what is going to happen. There are also good points about the family row, but it is generally a vulgar affair, and has about it a kind of indecency which does not enhance its attractiveness. The theatrical row is sometimes impressive, though generally too brutal and provocative of unpleasant atrocities. It lacks gentility; and the intense egotism and gross materialism of the parties involved, together with their evident desire to make money out of it by advertisement—all these things give the theatrical row an undoubted flavor of dullness. Indeed, it is usually nothing but a horrible knock-down and drag-out kind of business, frequently overalcoholic, and usually disgusting and undramatic.

But the literary row is a tragic joy. When it gets going properly it takes in everything; there is no element missing to make it a success. All the various ingredients are there: envy, hatred, malice, and a whole combination of other things which you wouldn't believe it was possible to bring together in such profusion if you didn't see the thing working before your eyes.

Naturally, there are always women in a literary row, and when, in the bargain, they are literary women, so much the more assured is the crowning success of the row. One genuine, simon-pure literary woman can plan and carry through almost any literary row to ultimate victory. If in addition to being a literary woman, she is also a woman editor (as sometimes happens) the nth power of the literary row is then assured. For this lady has imagination, experience, conceit, and an unbounded courage. That is to say, she has courage if she hasn't been an editor too long, and her spirit isn't broken.

Now I do not, for one moment, mean to imply that all literary rows are instigated by women, by literary women, or by women editors. I merely wish to say that no literary row is complete without one of these protagonists. As for the other actors, there is rarely any complaint about their number or variety. They are drawn from all walks of life. There is generally a publisher, a male author (although this species appears to be dying out), a futurist, an imagist or something of that sort, one or two philistines, an artist *au naturel*, several disinterested "friends", who usually act as witnesses and spend their time in lying about what has happened, and a literary agent. Of course literary rows can be pulled off without literary agents, but they are generally used when possible, as they lend an air of altruism to the whole affair and lift it above the sordid realm of the mere publisher.

The literary row is the only kind of row that can be classed as a work of genuine sanguinary art. For this reason you can always view it from various angles and from each angle it presents a different aspect. Another characteristic thing about it is that nobody ever quite knows where it

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started. One poor devil of an author may have stolen an idea from another and sold it to a publisher, but afterward it may easily be proved that the idea didn't belong to the one who claimed it anyway—the man who thought he owned it may have got it from someone else. Or a woman editor may reject a manuscript written by a beautiful young authoress who was taken home in a taxicab from a bohemian blowout by the husband of the woman editor. It would, however, be extremely unfair to give more than a hint of the great variety of motives and scenes which constitute the framework of every literary row. But if we approach it philosophically, we shall begin to see why it is so remarkable. All the characters in it—with the possible exception of the author and the publisher—have imagination, that is, creative ability. This enables them to visualize every possibility of mendacity, jealousy, and so on. And as they are adepts in morbid introspection, and additional misinformation about what has happened is always forthcoming, the possibilities are unlimited. As the row proceeds on its course, it drags in printers' devils, innocent cashiers and business managers, newspaper reporters, and one or two patrons of literature (those silent sufferers that nobody ever hears of, the gentlemen who pay the cost of printing some book which the hapless author cannot get before the world in any other way).

One of the reasons for the superiority of the literary row over all others lies in its destructive power. A matrimonial or family row generally means either that a wife or a certain piece of property is exchanged or adjusted. But a literary row leaves behind it a chain of blasted reputations, of broken bank accounts, of people out of a job, or men and women with careers ruined.

For example, one incidental result of past literary rows is the conventional idea now accepted by many ordinary minds that a man and a woman, if they both happen to be literary, cannot get along together when married; and that, in case they are so stupid as to commit this blunder, they must inevitably come to grief. The result of this is that all literary people who are so unfortunate as to fall in love with one another, start out with this preconceived obsession. The fact that they both like the same things spells ruin. The woman, having talent, must necessarily be disorderly and undomestic. The man, also having talent, must be morally irresponsible and eventually have to be put out of the house and chained to the woodshed, or put on a wire trolley. This stupid lie is actually and unconsciously accepted by large numbers of people with literary proclivities who dread to marry other literary people whom they have been so unlucky as to love, for fear they will shortly have to secure a divorce on the ground of compatibility. The truth is of course that it is possible to lead a decent life even if one is presumably intelligent, as literary people are presumed to be. I do not mean to imply that literary people are always intelligent. But when they are not, possibly their true literary qualities are not so genuine as they appear.

It is quite possible for two people to live together happily and to love each other enduringly and to have tastes that are quite in common. As a matter of fact, getting along together after marriage is an affair not so much of intelligence and mental proclivities, as it is of sensibility and character. People who pursue literary

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work, be they men or women, usually have to invade their own homes with their trade, and as they are from necessity obliged to cultivate a certain selfishness in order to get their work done, all this is likely to cause trouble unless the various parties acquire character and common sense. The proper business of literary people when they live together is to avoid talking shop, not to encroach overmuch on the time and labor of one another, to cultivate humility, and to realize that the commonest things of life are the most interesting. As for the literary row, it often sweeps off their feet and permanently wrecks two young people just starting out, who love each other and who have a right to a good expectation of continued happiness. It winds its venomous way through Bohemia; it penetrates the sanctum of the editor; it "grips" the publisher, it infuriates the landlord, and raises general hob with a whole company of people.

In nine times out of ten it is caused by the fact that literary people take themselves too seriously. They have an exaggerated idea of their own importance. They are often overselfish, and inasmuch as their writing does not put too great a strain upon their accuracy, in their hands the literary row takes on all the qualities of a masterpiece of fiction which, in common with most masterpieces, is great in proportion to the number of characters that are killed off.

—THOMAS L. MASSON

CONCERNING YARNS

BY BRIAN HOOKER

There are two ways of enjoying a story. One is the pleasure of artistic appreciation, which is a taste more or less cultivated and mature, the pleasure of testing the true portrayal of things we know, of noticing how truly the mirror has been held up to nature: the pleasure of assent. The other is the pleasure of wonder, the news interest as it were in things we personally know nothing about, the enjoyment of a story precisely because no such events have happened nor probably ever can happen to us in our lives. And this last is by all odds the more popular and universal pleasure of the two. The cultured reader at this point murmurs in his mind, "Ah, yes—realism and romance"; but it is not quite that, either. For the grimiest realism becomes thus darkly wonderful to those whose lives are lapped in lavender; and the wildest romance is thus enjoyed not with any sense of romantic art, but for the pleasure of vicarious adventure.

Now, this delight in a fiction beyond our own experience of fact, though it be nowise consciously artistic, is yet the oldest and the most natural pleasure art can give. It goes back to national childhood; for the legends of every race date long before its epics, and there is no photography in folklore. As for the individual child everywhere, he accepts with equal gusto the chronicles of another little boy who had his hair cut Dutch, or the most elvish fancies of fairyland. That is because to him facts them-

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selves are still fanciful. But go on with him a few years until, as the shades of the prison house begin to close, you shall find him turning from tales of school and home to read of Indians and cowboys and the gory pirates of the Spanish Main; while his little sister from the like impulse palpitates over exquisite love affairs beyond her age. And when at last the light of common day beats pitilessly into every corner, and all the horizon-lines are sharply drawn, the instinct for escape into imagination reaches a greater stature. Some of us may know something about art; but all of us know what we like, and what we like is the unknown. That is what sends the Tired Business Man to the girl-and-music show. The facts he may get, if he chooses, at the stage entrance; but the facts are unsatisfying. What he wants is to behold the unearthly feminine cavorting under a light that never was on sea or land. That is what makes matinée heroes heroic equally to maid and matron; for the one has never fully known a lover, and the other knows that John was never like this. It is the same instinct which has made the fame of Robert Chambers extend far beyond Fifth Avenue and the country houses of Long Island; the same which has made Sherlock Holmes a name to conjure with almost everywhere except among detectives and policemen. All the unknown appears magnificent; but most of all, that which the limitation of our actual life has made unknowable.

And it is almost wholly an affair of identifying ourselves with the chief person of the tale, and in that character living awhile more richly than our actual lives allow. It was a lady who said: "Je n'aime que des romans dont je puis être moi-même la héroine". But there is nothing particularly feminine in that feeling. We men, no less, love those romances best of which we can imagine ourselves the hero; and no man is a hero to his own experience. So we demand the simple hero and the striking plot; the personality in which we can array ourselves without having to make-believe too violently, and the adventure as remote from humdrum actualities as may be. The very title of "Alice in Wonderland" symbolizes the spirit of the whole matter: an ordinary little girl in an extraordinary world. We can all be Alice, if only it were given all of us to arrive in Wonderland. And the later adventure of the same young person points nicely the distinction between the artistic pleasure of the few readers and the personal enjoyment of the general. For those few delight, like the superior Hamlet, in seeing the mirror held up to nature; but we others care not to look into reflections however true, but rather to step with Alice through the looking-glass into that strange land upon the other side. I remember in college days a discussion of some new novel, and one who said in awestruck tones: "You know, I've got a brother who's engaged, and *he* says that reading those love scenes is just like being in love yourself".

If youth but knew! Or if age, knowing too many facts of this old world, could in some perilous land even yet uncharted put on again the divine astonishment of young eyes! As we live onward, each one settles more and more into his own familiar rut, long since grown humdrum; and whether his accustomed way be that of the lizard on the rock or the eagle mounting to the sun, matters never a straw—contempt still grows upon familiarity. Rosy and golden skies

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turn brass above us; be sure that the peacock and the tiger dress to their own sight in somber colors. So we make fiction our escape from fact, and in the person of hero or heroine taste of a richer life still iridescent with surprises, wherein danger and pain are strangely pleasant for the sake of the adventure they contain.

We do not explain this very clearly to ourselves; but then, we do not as a rule explain anything to ourselves very clearly. We say, popularly, that we do not like the sordid and the grievous in books: we get enough of that in life. And there is truth in this. But see how our leisurely and luxurious flock to the problem play, or devour the despairing novel. They say it is because they desire art; but it is not. It is because, like the rest of us, they desire the unfamiliar. We will all sup greedily upon horrors, if only they have a happy ending. That we indeed demand, because after the average reader has lived in the person of some character for three hundred pages, it gives him an unpleasant shock to have that character die or go to hell alive. Only a very strong and happy age can luxuriate in grief; and our own is naturally occupied with proclaiming its own grandeurs and glories: that is to say, with whistling to keep up courage. Nevertheless, we delight in the imagination of adversities which nothing would tempt us actually to undergo; probably from a flattering sense of huge endurance, as Tom Sawyer gloated over the dream of being a hermit in a cave. Our serious opinion as to the saint and the desperado alike is frankly that we would rather see than be one; but to be one in fancy and never count the cost—that lies very near the heart of secret longing. It is a truly dreadful reflection to consider what sort of literature would be popular among the inhabitants of a conventional heaven. Perhaps in the intervals of harp playing they all read "Paradise Lost". And doubtless the damned (if any such there be) find a romantic interest in the pages of Rabindranath Tagore.

That is the real secret of popularity in modern romantic fiction from the beginning: a triumph not of literary art, but of adventures delivered at the door, to be enjoyed in comfort by the fireside. That was what made the general appeal of Scott and Byron and Bulwer-Lytton; of Charlotte Brontë, glaring upon conventional society through a passion of cloistered innocence; of Dickens, filling gray London with stranger creatures than are dreamed of in all mythology. That is why people vaguely respect Stevenson for a mysterious something called style, but frankly love him for "Jekyll" and for "Treasure Island"; or prefer Mr. Kipling in his earlier work, not as the perfect artist he has since become, but as the discoverer of a new world in the orient. That is the strength of the excellent ferocities of Jack London—by no means the philosophy which he strove to preach, but that lure of the great northwest which is felt so keenly by down-easterners. That was what set us all reading war books for three years; precisely because we could not go to the war. And now that the war is over, the same human hunger turns back insatiate to its ordinary food of peaceful times, to tales of crime and mystery and adventure by land and sea, to whatever promises taking the reader out of his routine, and making him boylike the desperado of a dream, or the Odysseus of a leisure hour. I myself have just been reading within the compass of a month some fifty or sixty such tales, pretty well a whole

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season's output of yarns. If it had been art, I must have surfeited long since. But I was reading as he who runs may read, for adventure; and I came to the last story with as fresh an interest as to the first.

A full half of all our adventure stories have to do in one way or another with crime. This is natural; for crime, as our daily papers tell us, is ever in our midst. And yet it remains fascinatingly unknown and mysterious, the nearest borderland of the world of romance. Most of us never suffer nor commit any breach of the more exciting commandments, nor otherwise become involved in any web of mysterious misdoing. We should be excessively uncomfortable if we did. All the more is this darkly wild environment of real heroes and villains pleasurable upon the printed page. And it is easy upon the imagination too, since these desperate affairs take place amid familiar scenes. Aside from the detective stories, which are in a class by themselves, there are always plenty of moving mysteries where the hero whose being we borrow for the nonce becomes enmeshed, innocently or otherwise, in some criminal complication. Two books of this kind stand out well among the rest. One is "The Blind Man's Eyes", by William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer, a really original and unusual story of business wickedness and intrigue. Its strong point is its intelligence. But do not be frightened, it will not make the reader think too hard. The brain work is done by the persons of the story. The other, Gertrude Atherton's "Mrs. Balfame", has for heroine a club-woman and suburban social leader who, if she did not indeed murder her husband, at least honestly tried to do so. There is genuine literary value too; real people, and a veritable sense of things as they do actually happen. Mrs. Atherton likes to use one queer and far-fetched word to the half-dozen pages; and she simply cannot contain her spleen against the hateful men and the more hateful women who feel feminine about them. But this last is hardly a drawback nowadays. It should refresh all irritable wives; and for the others, there is a good sensational murder case, planned out with cleverness and skill, and very adequately written. Among others of the same general type, "Branded" by Francis Lynde has an unusual point of view. The hero is undeservedly imprisoned at the start; and the rest of the story deals with his efforts and adventures in shaking off that taint and digging a fortune out of the ground in the far west. "The Death Cry" by Darby Hauck involves a very genuine woman in a murder charge brought against the man who is her good friend and neighbor. "Suspense" by Isabel Ostrander, though it hardly suggests any sort of reality, yet makes a fair show of living up to its title. And "The White Rook" by J. B. Harris-Burland is such a tale as Henry Seton Merriman used to tell, though hardly told as he would tell it.

The pure type of detective story, which begins with a crime, develops through the unraveling of clues, and ends with solution and explanation, is really a sort of game between the author and the reader to see who shall first reach the true answer of the puzzle. It is thus different from other yarns, in that the reader remains more outside the story while he reads—concerned more as a spectator, less as an imaginative participant. And the fun of the thing depends almost entirely upon two points: the personality of the detective, and the cleverness and

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fairness with which the game of mental hide-and-seek is played. Sherlock Holmes was of course supreme in both: he was himself a genuine discovery; and the stories were interesting mysteries honestly worked out. The immortal Sherlock usually did some real thinking, based upon data of which the reader was fairly made aware; so the reader enjoyed being beaten at the game, and gave the hero full credit for analytical genius. And the course of detective fiction for the last several years has been for the most part a search for some worthy successor to the wizard of Baker Street. Thus far, his mantle has not anywhere conspicuously fallen; rather has the garment been parted in the struggle, with much waving of tattered fragments. Perhaps the authors would deny this, but it is no less true.

Pretty well all the detective stories of recent fiction, and certainly the best of them, are no more than degenerate Sherlocks in disguise. Christopher Quarles, in the two volumes of stories by Percy James Brebner, is as good as any. He produces an occasional effect of reasoning, and the stories themselves are well thought of. Then there is Craig Kennedy, Arthur B. Reeve's detective-scientist. "The Panama Plot" is his latest volume. Probably fame and fortune await the creator of the next really original and striking specialist in crime. But he will not be found easily, because original ideas do not come by prayer and fasting, nor always to those who can use them to good advantage. Meanwhile, we may be content with such as are good stories, though lacking an important hero. And indeed that is enough to ask. There is nothing easier to write than a detective story, if the mere writing were all: it does not need to be well written; and the trick of suspense upon which its structure depends is simply the most facile tool in every author's workshop. But to invent a good detective plot is very difficult indeed, and calls for more combined brains and honesty and willing labor than many authors can compass.

Henry Leverage in "Whispering Wires" has a good idea. "In the Night" by R. Gorell Barnes is logical and entertaining beyond the average. And the Baroness Orczy has turned her familiar skill in fiction of the cloak-and-sword order to making a series of historical detective stories called "The Man in Grey", whose scene is laid in France in the time of the Chouans, those patriot-criminals of the Empire. But by all odds the best new book of the type is "Uncle Abner" by Melville Davisson Post. The setting, among the Virginia Hills a generation before the Civil War, is interesting in itself as an unfamiliar bit of our own history. The stories are admirably reasoned out, and written with a grim sententious flavor of the Old Testament style at once unusual and effective. Mr. Post is always intelligent; but this is the best sheer writing he has done. And Uncle Abner himself, the puritan pioneer who is a sort of amateur detective to the countryside, is a genuine character and an original one. He is not a new Sherlock Holmes, because he is not (as fiction) sufficiently modern and universal; but he is something more than well worth while.

In the domain of pure adventure, the sea stories take first place. All that should rightfully belong to piracy and the Spanish Main, color and thrills and gory throat-slitting and a captive maiden and a plague-ship manned by the pestilential dead, go to the making of Randall Parrish's "Wolves of the Sea": a comfortably orthodox tale of

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its type, wherein no natural expectation shall be disappointed. "The Oilskin Packet", by Reginald Berkeley and James Dixon, pleasantly surprises one by being a good honest piece of workmanship. For it is nothing in the world but "Treasure Island" retold. You would expect so frank a copy to be carelessly done; or else that people who could tell a tale so well would take the trouble to invent one of their own. There is another story of buried treasure, Richard Le Gallienne's "Pieces of Eight": a modern one, with the pirates left out and replaced by a villain more or less perfunctory. Mr. Le Gallienne waxes very luscious over his heroine; and there are rosy dreams a plenty, kept carefully within the literal proprieties —a book for boys and virgins, by all means. Harold MacGrath finds a good title, "The Girl in His House", and lives up to the expectations it implies. She is a nice girl, and the circumstances of her domicile in the hero's home are sufficiently entertaining.

Finally there are some half-dozen books which fall rather into a category by themselves because of their connection with the war. They are not war books, in the too familiar sense which we are promptly beginning to avoid; but stories of international intrigue, of diplomacy, or of the secret service, to which the war forms a more or less accidental background. And some of the best adventure stories of the year are of this kind. "The Man with the Club Foot", for instance, by Valentine Williams is a really admirable tale of the British secret service in Germany, vivid and well written and exciting, and affording a most satisfying loathsome vision of the Hun. You will not go to bed until you finish it. "The Unseen Hand" by Clarence Herbert New works out in wild and somewhat unconvincing improbability an excellent idea of a sort of super-secret service group of amateurs. A new and mildly amusing detective appears in the person of Inspector Dawson, with his combined human vanity and superhuman success. "The Lost Naval Papers" by Bennet Copplestone is the book in which the excellent Dawson has his being. E. Phillips Oppenheim presents two more exciting intrigues of his regular pattern, "The Pawns Count" and "The Zeppelin's Passenger". Neither is quite so good as "The Double Traitor" of three years ago, but they are up to his familiar standard. Talbot Mundy's "Hira Singh" is adventure of an entirely different sort, the tale of a Sikh regiment captured by the Germans and

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The Blind Man's Eyes. By William MacHarg and Edwin Balmer. Little, Brown and Co.

Mrs. Balfame. By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Branded. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Death Cry. By Darby Hauck. The Robert Shores Corporation.

Suspense. By Isabel Ostrander. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The White Rook. By J. B. Harris-Burland. Alfred A. Knopf.

The Master Detective. By Percy James Brebner. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Panama Plot. By Arthur B. Reeve. Harper and Bros.

Whispering Wires. By Henry Leverage. Moffat, Yard and Co.

In the Night. By R. Gorell Barnes. Longmans, Green and Co.

The Man in Grey. By Baroness Orczy. George H. Doran Company.

Uncle Abner. By Melville Davisson Post. D. Appleton and Co.

Wolves of the Sea. By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg and Co.

The Oilskin Packet. By Reginald Berkeley and James Dixon. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Pieces of Eight. By Richard Le Gallienne. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Girl in His House. By Harold MacGrath. Harper and Bros.

The Man with the Club Foot. By Valentine Williams. Robert M. McBride and Co.

The Unseen Hand. By Clarence Herbert New. Doubleday Page and Co.

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennet Copplestone. E. P. Dutton and Co.

The Pawns Count. The Zeppelin's Passenger. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown and Co.

Hira Singh. By Talbot Mundy. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Island Mystery. By G. A. Birmingham. George H. Doran Company.

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escaping across Asia Minor into Afghanistan, and so to India again. Here is as strange and stirring a story as one could wish, a modern Anabasis with all those qualities of humor and warfare and humanity which in our schoolboy days we missed in that most unappreciated classic. And to end the list, we have one delicious specimen of pure comedy, the farcical combination of a joyously disreputable minor king, an American millionaire, his daughter who buys an island so that she may be queen thereof, and a native girl who learns English from hearing the sailors curse; with a Hun, an M. P., and an estimable young man thrown in for good measure. The book has been called a comic opera in narrative; but it is really a good deal more like the lamented Frank Stockton at his whimsical best. Why Mr. Birmingham should have called it "The Island Mystery" is itself a trifle mysterious. For the only mystery about it is how anything coming out of Ireland in wartime could be such fun.

GENTLE READER

BY F. TENNYSON JESSE

"Can you show me something really good, please?"

"This is very good, madam, quite the latest. Everyone is having this."

"Oh, I'll have it then. You're sure I shall like it?"

The assistant is quite sure, and Madam departs—not with the latest thing in dress material, as you might imagine, but with the product of a human brain, of experience; with that complex thing, born of heaven knows what mixed impulses, from need of bread to the urge of creation, that we call "only a novel". When she returns, having kept it the number of days allowed, perhaps she endorses the opinion of the librarian—who in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is no more fitted to have an opinion on books than a cat is to have one on the Milky Way—and then the librarian registers automatically the fact in her mind that it *must* be a good book because another customer has said so. Or perhaps the librarian rashly recommended the book simply because it was new or had a striking cover or she liked the hero's name, or because she happened to open it at the page where it described the heroine as having the same colored hair as herself; but really in spite of these advantages, it is not a "nice" book at all, in which case the customer tells her so, with pain and some indignation. And straightway the librarian also is pained, and both have a feeling that someone has played a joke on them that is not in the best of taste. This is not an extreme picture—it is happening every day in every leading library in the world.

Or, again, you may see someone reading a book, once it is brought home in triumph from the library. The reader sits, perhaps, in a comfortable armchair, as every reader should —except the fortunate person who can take his book out-of-doors, puts up his feet and smokes. So far so good; these things should be part of the

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ritual. One should read a book as one should listen to music—with perfect ease of body and no other human being anywhere near to disrupt the mind. But how often does one find these conditions carried out in either case? At a concert where a great performer is playing the works of a greater composer, people sit in rows, perturbed by the endless movements of their fellow humans, who open vanity-bags, rustle programmes, and blow their noses. The reader sits surrounded by families and friends, who interrupt to ask when the last train goes, to demand an opinion on preferential tariffs, or to repeat what Mary said when asked why she had given notice just when she knew it was bound to be most inconvenient to her considerate employer. Even if he is not directly attacked himself, one ear is bound to be affected by the description of how many shots it took to get out of the bunker at the seventh hole, or what other people think of the books they are reading.

Now, let us consider the undoubted fact that no one would expect a lover to be content to make love surrounded by people all talking to him and to each other. He may be allowed to be a lover—that is to say, his mental attitude is accepted and the holding of a surreptitious hand not prescribed; but that, as all the world knows, is not the whole art of making love. Reading a book is, or should be, making love.

It is the wedding of two minds, the delicate and easily-scared approach of one human being to another, the interchange of thought, by which man lives. It is more fragile in nature than what is usually called making love, because it has no allure of eye or seduction of sense to gloss over whatever might be found unsatisfactory in the intercourse of the soul. Therefore, if anything, it requires even more carefully studied conditions than the wooing of a man and a maid, far more than the wooing of a man and a widow.

Yet—does a lover judge of the inner chances of his beloved by how she may treat him when all the old maids of the village are sitting round in a circle? No. But the reader finding his attention not held by a book which perhaps makes heavy demands on his mentality (which is only to say that the book is perhaps better than his brain unless he exerts the latter), finding that the chatter or the kindly-offered plate of cress sandwiches switches him off the track and breaks the atmosphere that the writer built up with heaven alone knows how much of care and pain—why, then, he finally drops the book and votes it rather dull. It is not, in his opinion, a "good book".

Does he ever pause to consider whether he is a good reader? Was anyone ever heard to ask him or herself that question? And has any human being not passed an opinion on books?

The truth is that the reading of books is like love-making for more reasons than those stated above. It is like love-making because it takes two. It is not enough for the author to give, the reader must know how to take, and not only how to take, but how to give also in his turn. Who ever thinks of that, or asks himself: "Am I a good reader? Have I given that book a fair chance? Have I read it as I should like a book of mine, supposing I wrote one, to be read?"

A reader is very like any average decent member of a municipal council. He takes an interest in the orphanage in his town and in child-welfare as exemplified there; he likes to think the

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poor little orphans have the best plain food, the best solid education, and the best stout boots suited to their station in life, but he does not say: "Is this where I should like to think of my own child being brought up?" For his own children he wants the other things of life—thin slippers, candy, dancing-lessons. Even thus is the author—for his child, too, he wants the finest flower of civilization; the plain fare necessary to maintain life does not satisfy him. The reader must bring the graces as well as the necessities which after all only consist of two eyes, in some cases supplemented by spectacles. It is what is brought into play behind the eyes that matters. It is sympathy, imagination, conscientiousness, and of these three the greatest is conscientiousness.

For without that, though he feel with the heart of men and of angels, it availeth him nothing. If he has "looked on", half—nay often very much more—of what the author has worked for is thrown away. What reader is there who can lay his hand on his heart and say he has never "looked on"?

To listen to outside things, and to "look on"—of these two sins is nearly every reader in the world guilty, to whichever of the two great classes of readers he belongs. For readers, even as writers, are divided into the two divisions of subjective and objective. Just as there is the author who writes to show his own soul and the author who writes to show the soul in some outside thing, so there is the reader who reads to get away from himself and he who reads to find himself. Between these two divisions it is not always easy to distinguish. In which, for instance, would you place the little scullery-maid who sits up in bed at night following the career of sweet Gwendoline, who begins as a crushed little nursery governess and ends by marrying a duke? Nothing could be more alien from her life than even a nursery governess's experience of ducal mansions, to say nothing of the feel of the coronet when it is achieved; and yet undoubtedly it is in the latter class she belongs. It is herself, incongruous to any eyes but hers as it may appear, whom she sees in the white satin and the priceless pearls that are the gift of the bridegroom.

Nevertheless, though it is herself and not Gwendoline that the little maid sees, she is a good reader. She doesn't look on, because she knows it *must* "end well"; she doesn't listen to anyone else because if the other servant girl tried to speak to her she would tell her to shut up and not spoil it. She brings sympathy, because everyone can pretend about himself; conscientiousness, because everyone can see justice done to himself.

Yet that is not to say that the subjective reader is necessarily the best, though he is almost always fairly good; but not because of what he owes to the author, rather because of what he pays to himself. It stands to reason, therefore, that when anyone can manage to be a good objective reader, he is still better, because it means that he is getting beyond himself instead of turning round and round and admiring the view within. The subjective reader is centripetal, the objective is centrifugal; the one works inward on himself, the other flows out toward life. There are readers whose keenest delight is to say: "How true that is. I've often noticed that . . ." and there are others, though very much fewer, who like to be able to say: "I never thought of that . . . but I believe it's true". Both these can be good readers, though the latter is the

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better, but most readers are only happy if they feel that nothing in the book was true at all, but only as they wish the truth could be.

It may be objected that the little scullery-maid is in the last-named class, although I have called her a good reader, but that would be a false conclusion. For her the miraculous career of Gwendoline could be true, and true of her, if only her circumstances were the same. She sees no inherent disability in herself or in life, only in the particular fate which made her work in a boarding-house. She is not the perfect reader, because she is subjective, but she is very high in the second class.

How many of the subscribers to the libraries can say as much? Or even think there is any necessity to say it? Lo, the poor author . . . defenseless, he lies at the mercy of every tired business man or idle woman, and he has no redress.

The past generation of scribes had a habit of interpolating remarks to the reader, cringingly calling him "gentle" in the midst of the narrative. Is it not possible that this arose from the instinctive feeling on the author's part that all was not well with his reader, that he needed not only propitiating, but recalling at intervals to the story by means of being recalled to himself? In other words, was it not a recognition of the fact that the perfect objective reader is so rare as to be almost non-existent, and was it not an attempt frankly to make him subjective in the hope of, in that way, at least riveting his attention?

"But", the reader may exclaim here, trying to smother his uneasy conscience, "it can't be much of a book if it doesn't keep one's attention more than that . . ." Have you then been reading this article carelessly? My point is that a thoroughly bad reader can and does make what he is pleased to call a bad book. There are many books which no reading can make good—granted. The more careful the scrutiny given them the worse will they emerge from the ordeal, but that is only to say they are not worth reading at all. We all admit there are plenty of bad books, but who has given due thought to the bad readers? A book may not be worth looking at: but every book worth reading is worth reading well.

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LITERARY VISITING IN ENGLAND

BY ARUNDEL COVE

Well, I had my hair cut in one of those ladylike "hair-dressers' shops", with the luscious wax busts, the feminine combs and curls in the window, and started out.

I had put in an industrious and highly interesting day writing to people that I didn't know, that I had arrived. And that I should like to look at them. Being a man of letters myself in a humble way, that is, an obscure journalist in New York.

Now enough has been written about Mr. Chesterton, one would think. But little or nothing has been said about his house. And, regarded as a garment of his mind, a man's house certainly is as interesting as his nose, and as indicative of character.

The little parlor in which you find yourself at Beaconsfield has, first, a good deal of English chintz in it. You have doubtless put up at some of those neat, old-fashioned inns of the English countryside. In the parlors of those inns, you recall, were stuffed birds in glass cases, gaily flowered wall-paper, much brightly painted china, and a miniature tin house (such as you had not seen since you were a small child at home), the occupants of which, a little tin man and woman, foretold the pending weather by their position at the two little doors. I do not positively remember any of these identical things in Mr. Chesterton's parlor; nevertheless, the general effect as it remains in my mind was very like the gay, simple, little parlors of these quaint, old, very English inns.

Next I was shown the "studio", a clever contraption across the road. When the studio had been finished, I learned, it was not known what could be done with it, until it was discovered that it was a good place in which to give dances and amateur theatrical entertainments. "Do you believe in God?" Mr. Chesterton inquired at the gate; "for that is a very important thing", he said. "I do", I replied. "You must come to see me again", was then my parting word from the grand young man of England.

In one of the most delightful books in the world, by the way, the buoyant manner is at times something like this: "Now, I knew a man, and he did this and that. And I knew another man, and he was thus and so." "The Path to Rome" is the name of this book, and it was written by Hilaire Belloc. In it there is mention made of a very fine man. No reader could ever altogether forget the single paragraph about one very personable character. He was a large, laughing man (the author says), with tossing hair, who worked late at night, was very fond of the society of his friends, and talked continually. And that, without doubt, is the most inspired description that has ever been given of G. K. C.

As you continue on into the old village of Beaconsfield the first public house you enter is the "White Hart". "Mr. Chesterton lives in this village, I believe", you very likely say to the publican. "Oh, yes", this personage replies; "he comes in here every day or so. Yes, he doesn't care where he goes. Gets his ideas in here, he does.

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Sits over there on that bench in the evenings, smokes his cigar—very fond of cigars, he is—and laughs like fun at all the boys say. He may be in presently now." Some of the "boys" are there, several of the yokels from whom "Punch", too, gets many of its ideas.

At the "Plough", next public house on the way, the same conversation would occur.

Near to "Overroads", Mr. Chesterton's residence, in the village church " . . . Lies Interred All that was Mortal of the Rt. Honourable Edmund Burke", and in the churchyard is buried Edmund Waller. Disraeli, you remember, was earl hereabout. I did not have time the day I was there to visit "Milton's Cottage", in the vicinity. To a gentleman walking in the neighborhood of the railway station I made my remark concerning the prophet of this country, whom I had just seen. And I got quite a rise out of this gentleman. "Oh", he exclaimed, "he's a windbag. We don't reckon on him much round here. He can't reason logically." And he was very urgent that I should visit the ancient Penn church, not far away, in the churchyard of which William Penn is buried.

One of the pleasant peculiarities of London is that a place is said to be "in" a street which it is not on at all. Frequently this is a considerable convenience. For instance, you do not know where Essex Street is, but you know quite well how to get to the Strand. And the address of the "New Witness" is something or other Essex Street, Strand. It is in a very modern building. There is an old-fashioned lift here. Here, before the war, the late Cecil Chesterton lived, when at business, in a microscopic office which overlooks the Victoria Embankment Gardens and a bit of the Temple. "Yes, isn't it a jolly place?" he said. A roly-poly little man, with merry eyes and a grin, a wilted collar and a very imperfect shave. Evidently shy when in the presence of powerful and impressive persons. He stood over against his bookcase all the while, sucked at an empty pipe which he made repeated efforts to light, and cast about in his mind for something to say. A happy idea coming to him, he asked how Mr. Roosevelt was. He was evidently relieved when I took my departure, though he earnestly urged me to come again.

Among the people I ran across in "Who's Who" was Arthur Rackham. I thought I might as well go to see him. I'm glad I did. Mr. Rackham wrote to apologize for a delay of about twenty-four hours in replying to my letter. He lives in a delightful house tucked away in some kind of gardens in South Hampstead. He was eating dinner when I got there, and came in chewing, with his mouth full; supplied me with books, cigars, and cigarettes while he returned, as I insisted, to finish his meal. Very affable English gentleman. Did you know that his wife is an artist, too? Mr. Rackham is a knarled-looking person. He looks, in this respect, somewhat like one of his own imaginative conceptions of a tree, containing in its fibres the features of gnomes and goblins. Intensely interested in and sharply watchful of all the details in the reproduction of his pictures. Produced a letter from Mr. Heinemann as an exhibit in a discussion of the question: when is white paper white? Was more familiar with the publishing business in New York than any other person I saw in London. Most of them know no more about us over here than a goat. Said he never read criticisms of his work, or reviews or notices or

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whatever you call 'em, as, dealing with things he had done in the past, they only switched him off the problems before him. Read a letter from a young American lady, art student, who was coming to see him, apparently very much in the same way that I had. Came with me as far as his gate. Said gaily, "Some day I'll knock at your door in New York".

I met a man in London who declared that he had never tasted beer, so I had tea with him in his garden. He has a vivacious French wife, a house of æsthetic atmosphere with Dürer prints all about, two small children who recite impressionist verse, a grey cap and suit to match (with trousers frayed at the bottom), a reddish-brown beard which sweeps his chest, features of high refinement, a dignified presence, courteous manners, a mild eye, a soft voice, an intellectual mind, and the name of Sturge Moore. He looks, in short, just like the photographs of Mr. Rabindranath Tagore; and he turns his head very seriously whenever he looks at you.

As he lives just across the street from John Masefield, we went over there. Mr. Masefield had told me by post-card (quite a habit they have over there of writing on post-cards; they frequently put things on post-cards that you would secure in a registered letter) that he was off on a far journey (they are continually just off for somewhere, those English). So we could only look over his house, and a great deal of new Wedgwood china which was there. His house, in the pleasant and quiet residential district of Hampstead, is that of a gentleman in comfortable circumstances who makes considerable of a point, in his surroundings, of nice taste.

I did not see Mr. Shaw, because he did not reply to my letter concerning the matter.

At the Reform Club in Pall Mall, tall, august gentlemen, Englishmen every inch down to their grey spats, aristocratically stooped, presumably beneath the weight of government, pass before you as you wait in the spacious hall for the arrival of Mr. Belloc.

My grandfather, when I was a small boy in Indiana, used to wear boots made out of the same sort of leather that harness is made of. These were blacked with a kind of stove polish. He used to wear quite round cuffs with a high polish, fastened with big, dark stone cuff-buttons. His shirt was of the "boiled" variety, with a stiff, slick bosom. He wore a heavy, ready-made tie, stuffed with cotton. Now I do not say that the costume of Mr. Belloc, when I saw him, was identical with that of my grandfather. But in general effect his get-up was of that same period. As a writer, I think it will not be denied, he writes the best English now going in England. As a man he impressed me more, with his hearty, commanding character, than anyone I saw in that country.

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ADVENTURES AND RIDDLES

BY H. W. BOYNTON

Haughty souls who think that fairy-tales are at best a kind of pretty nonsense, and that mystery stories are at best a kind of vulgar dream, need not bother with this article. Nor is it for those queer persons who speak respectfully of "The May Queen" and "Treasure Island" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", but have two blind eyes and an upturned nose for any new attempts at the same sort of thing. It is for the other people, and luckily there are a good many of them. I mean the people who like a good yarn just as they like anything else that is good, and are glad of a hint as to where, among the rubbish, it may be found. The stories I have grubbed up here (out of a sizable mountain of rubbish) seem to fall into three groups: yarns of atmospheric or spookish mystery, of secret service adventure, and of crime detection.

I have more than once advanced the theory (or let slip the notion) that literary quality is a secondary virtue in this general order of fiction—that, at all events, it is more or less wasted on the audience this fiction gets, and I have used the term "mechanical romance" to cover a kind of writing in which plot's the thing, so patently the thing that the reader no more cares about the style than the intelligent spectator of an expert chess game cares about the personal manners of the champion. But however true, or nearly true, this may be of the detective story proper (and I am going to question this presently), it is certainly untrue of the atmospheric tale of mystery—of Stevenson's "The Merry Men", for instance, or of Mr. Hergesheimer's "Wild Oranges", or of the "Blue Aloes" of Cynthia Stockley. In South Africa the author of "The Claw", and "Poppy", and now of the four longish tales collected under the title of the first, has the advantage of a romantic atmosphere not untried, but hitherto unmastered, by any story-teller. She makes South Africa a place real and unique and her own in somewhat the same way, if not to the same degree, that the young Kipling set his seal on India. "Blue Aloes", the most striking among these present tales, has a strong dramatic situation rather than an elaborate plot.

It is effective not because of its structure in the mechanical sense, but because of its form in the artistic sense, its build and style and atmosphere. The land is strange, but as a physical presence it is quickly our own: what troubles and excites us is its secret menace, the half-felt evil lurking under the blue aloes of the old Karoo farm, and within the heavily barred shutters of its farmhouse. From the moment when, with a whispered warning (. . . "it was an hour when strange tree-creatures cry with the voices of human beings, and stealthy velvet-footed things prowl through places forbidden by day . . .") the tale begins, the note of horror steadily deepens—until the moment of predestined relief and elucidation.

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"Sinister House" represents an almost equally successful and in a way more difficult feat. For the author has the advantage of no exotic atmosphere. He has set his little stage of terror as close as possible to the world of every day. It is at commuter's distance from the big city (say New York), up the famous river (say the Hudson), a neighbor's walk from "Forsby"—that snug, leveled, concrete-built suburb produced for the good of the race by a Common Sense Realty Company, and peopled by honest young couples with lawn-mowers and Fords and baby-carriages and very decent prospects of moving on in due time to more spacious quarters and methods elsewhere. The stage itself is "a broken-down old wooden house, all squat and dark, on the edge of a precipice down to the river one way, and shut off from the sun and the rest of the world by a bunch of damp and half-rotten old evergreens the other". It has been a house of ill odor in the neighborhood, and deserted for years till a young wife takes an odd fancy to it and persuades her husband, who happens to own it, to settle down there. The pair are devoted to each other, but a strange cloud of horror and mystery hangs between them. The drama that ensues we watch through the eyes of a Forsby neighbor and friend. The weak point about the story is the narrator's wavering between a bookish and rather sophisticated style, and the blunt colloquialism proper to him as a "man in the street". But it is one of the best ghost stories of recent years.

The publishers of "Gregg" describe it, not unsuggestively, as "a psychological mystery story". It is a mystery not of plot but of character. The element of horror is supplied by the fairly terrifying egotism of Gregg, an egotism hardly conscious of itself and therefore all the more menacing to others. As in her earlier story, "Solitaire", the writer has taken an apparently simple and "average" fellow being and invested him with wonder by letting us, tentatively, into the secret of his ruling passion. Nature has "camouflaged" Gregg with his mother's charming smile, and an air of reserved force from some less determinable quarter. Though he does and says little, people give him credit for all kinds of things. He is able to be a dullard and a parasite and a slacker without reproach. Only two persons, his wife and the friend who tells the story, ever see what he is. Even the selfish and idle accident of his death takes on romantic meaning for the easy world at large. This is not a popular sort of mystery story, and its telling is deliberately "literary" and in the James-Howells-Wharton tradition. On the whole, I am obliged to feel that it is primarily a very good "stunt" in its sophisticated kind.

"Lady Larkspur" and "The Lady from Long Acre" are literary in a lighter sense of the term. They are delightfully written pieces of mystery-comedy-adventure, based on the classic situation of the princess in disguise and suitably adorned with intrigues and "rum starts" of various kinds. "Lady Larkspur" is one of those playful and daintily-wrought novelettes which we who like our Nicholson have had to make the most of, since the war began. "The Lady from Long Acre" is a longer and more exuberant divertissement which ignores the war, and reverts frankly and happily to the Zenda kind of thing—a little European kingdom, an errant princess, a rollicking Englishman, and all

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sorts of whimsical doings in London and "Livadia", with a cheerful if slightly nonchalant "kiss curtain". The performance is absurd from start to finish, but its absurdity is made delightful by the buoyant enjoyment of the story-teller, and by a quite uncommon illusion of characterization. "Tony", who is Sir Anthony Conway, Bart., is one of the most amusing irrepressibles in the modern gallery of romantic heroes.

Next to these tales in literary quality I should by all means place the group of secret service yarns, rather than the detective stories. "Tin Cowrie Dass" is a good link, since it is a story of a lost prince and also of the Anglo-Indian Secret Service. Mr. Rideout is an artist. Without ever having quite forgiven him for abandoning the vein of creative realism that I think he had only begun to work in "Beached Keels", I take up each of his romances with the comfortable assurance that here I shall find the thing done as it should be. "Tin Cowrie Dass" is a *nouvelle* of the length of "Lady Larkspur", a tale of mystery and adventure of a less whimsical and more dramatic type. Its exotic atmosphere has much to do with its effect, but the vivid, nervous style has more. "He was a lean, muscular young man, very neat, polite, with humorous black eyes, and cheeks tawny-brown like an old saddle." This is our first thumb-nail sketch of the punkah-wallah, the "dog's brother", who is to serve England perilously and so find a throne—and every step of this amazing transformation is passed swiftly, with a kind of smooth rush toward an end which the reader is permitted to foresee, and luxuriate in, while his surface nerves are agreeably played on by the menace of persons and events inimical to the desired event. If this be "dope", hand it to us, Brother, for it is of the celestial variety, and few hearts are too low, or brows too high, to profit by it on occasion.

If the supply of full-length secret service romances of the late war is bound to slacken soon, as some authorities assert, there is little sign of it yet,—unless it be a sign that Mr. Oppenheim recently wrote a story of a different kind. The present season has supplied a number of good examples of this kind of yarn. The notable thing about them as a whole is that they are distinctly "better written" than such fiction used to be, from which it is fair to infer that a more intelligent audience has been demanding them or, at least, has been exposed to them. Apparently there are readers who like an intricate plot without being willing to put up with a totally wooden personnel or a totally banal style. At all events, we need no longer regard the "thrill" as something to be enjoyed by main force, in spite not only of our common sense (which of course ought to be interned during a romantic campaign) but of most of our other senses—the æsthetic sense, certainly. I for one am quite willing and able to believe in fairies when romance asks it of me, but I can't bear them decked in verbal squalor.

Therefore when I take up a novel like "The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl", and am gently bespoken in the opening paragraph, I "yield to none" in my readiness to embark upon the (I hope) tolerably fantastic adventures arranged between its covers. The time is the end of 1914, with the war still young, and England groping. Already, however, the brother of the red-haired girl (whose home is near the great white horse carved long since on its Berkshire hill) has been

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for some time "missing". Word comes that he is alive and hidden in Belgium; whereupon our Peggy sets forth with an American passport to rescue him single-handed. What more can be asked as a prelude to international adventures? As for what those adventures are, no reviewer (I have been indignantly reminded more than once) ought to give such things away. Which seems, to be sure, to leave very little *to* say except that they fill the bill for this kind of thing. Perhaps it may be hinted that an American aviator in the French service is present when most of the real ice is cut.

"The Web" is the kind of international spy story in which the secret agents of several countries are pitted against each other and the devil duly takes the hindmost, who is of course a German. The central figure is a young American of German descent whose sister is wife of an official of the British Admiralty. He is approached by German agents with a proposal to use him for the fatherland at great profit to himself. His intimacy in the official's house makes it possible for him to get valuable information to Germany, some of which he is obliged to carry in person. Naturally his world is a tight place for him, and in the end he gets his deserts. If I seem to have given away too much this time, let me say that it is not so—and jeopardize my whole case by admitting that the action has "surprise finish".

"The Man from the Clouds" boasts a new idea, which is a priceless thing in mystery fiction. An observation balloon attached to a British cruiser parts its cable and is blown to eastward in a heavy fog. The chances are their gas will hold out till they have drifted over land—probably somewhere on the German coast. They have only guesswork and their parachutes to count on. The pilot leaps first, and is never heard of again. His passenger, a new man to the work, lands on a small unknown island which he supposes is German. He hides his parachute and makes off through the mist, meets a man and greets him in German and gets a reply in that language—followed by a caution to speak English. He discovers that he is on an English island, not far from an important naval base: the stranger is obviously a spy, but he at once disappears, and after that there is a lively action concerning these two and, needless to say, a certain lovely and wise damsel of our hero's own social rank (this being an English story) who happens to be at hand in that somewhat remote spot. It is just possible to guess the answer to the riddle of the disappearing spy before you get to it, but not probable.

"The Avalanche" is Mrs. Atherton's second attempt at a mystery story, and I cannot think that she makes a distinguished or "convincing" job of it. However, there are others who think differently, notably the publisher, who says that this novel "proves again her right to the title of greatest American novelist by its craftsmanship, human understanding, and dramatic power". This labored pother about a royal ruby from Burmah, and a young Californian wife with a mother who has a past, and high life and gambling and blackmail in the best circles, is as far as possible from any sort of reality; and the mystery connected with it is a pale thing. That would be a dull customer who could not make out the gist of it very early in the proceedings. I suppose my main quarrel with the story is that it is neither hay nor grass,

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doesn't really thrill as a mystery yarn, and is too crude in characterization and action to qualify as a serious novel.

Jewels and royal knickknacks play something more than their usual part in the current mystery tale. "Okewood of the Secret Service" has a star of Poland—a gem lost in the thirteenth century, and later found and treasured in the château of Sobieski near Warsaw. After the capture of Warsaw it is looted by a German officer and given to his Crown Prince. That amiable gentleman bestows it upon his mistress of the moment, a Polish girl who has been serving as a German secret service agent in Belgium. ("Donnerwetter!" said Willie, "it looks wonderful in your hair, Marcelle!") Later she is in England as a famous dancer of the halls, pursued by an emissary of the Crown Prince who has orders to get back the jewel at all costs—Injungiver! Between these two parties and our cheerful young friend Okewood, and a fair and very English Barbara whose destiny may be divined, and various others, a lively rumpus is presently in full swing. Readers of this story's predecessor, "The Man with the Club Foot", will know the kind of feats the brothers Okewood and their creator are capable of. There is no doubt about the kind of ingenious nonsense we are after here: and we get it, with nothing to jar us from the boy-scout mood which is in order.

"The Riddle of the Purple Emperor" is much the same kind of yarn, less skilfully spun. It has to do with the adventures in England of a sacred Indian stone looted from a temple in Benares at the time of the Indian mutiny. The Hindoos are after it, and they don't care what happens as long as they get it. You would not believe what dirty tricks they are capable of, if you did not read about them in the book. To run them to earth and give them what-for, takes a lot of doing even on the part of Cleek, the famous detective. Cleek is the kind of fellow who will look you in the eye and say, "Give me a moment and I'll be ready", and with a slight "writhing" of his features will turn them into somebody else's. The superiority of this method of disguise is patent. But Cleek isn't the only clever seemer in the book, for one of the Hindoo crowd begins the action by disguising himself as the lady he has just murdered, and passing himself off on her niece and others with excellent results—temporarily. I forgot to speak of the readiness with which Okewood transformed himself by means of a false beard and a fat gait into the similitude of a certain master-spy among the German forces in England.

It is plain that the standard of disguising is coming up all round. In "The Strange Case of Cavendish" and "The Fire Flingers" we have two murdered corpses disguised so as to deceive both near relatives and the police. In "The Fire Flingers" our hero accomplishes a double marvel by passing off on the widow the corpse as himself and himself as the husband: but he has had time to swap clothes and shave his beard, of course, while her back was turned. . . . To come back for the moment to our lost treasures. "The Black Stone" is nothing less than the Kaaba, the sacred stone of Islam. The real stone, as is generally known, has been missing for centuries. Strange chance has discovered it, and a diabolical German plot aims to stir up the whole Moslem world by means of it. The chief instrument in this machination is a high

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German officer who has been deep in the counsels of Bernstorff in America. The stone is secreted in the shop of a curio dealer in Gibraltar. Von What's-his-name gets passage thither in the private yacht of a young American millionaire, a wooden-headed slacker who doesn't see that the war is any of his business, though the girl of his heart has done her best to rouse him by precept and example, and has finally gone off to be a nurse. The millionaire lad is distinctly irritated when he discovers what his passenger is up to, becomes suddenly wise, zealous, and brave, and—most of the events that follow are far-fetched from Cairo and points east.

The detective story proper has a quite different formula from the story of mystery-adventure. It begins at the end and works backward. The real action is mental, the working out of a problem. Hence my label of "mechanical romance", and my tendency to believe that style and literary quality are of little consequence to this variety of fiction. The great men who notoriously like a detective yarn are not looking for an interpretation of life or character. They are looking for the explanation of a concrete fact. A crime has been committed. Who did it, and how? Let us have no literary graces, my fine story-teller, but a compact account of things, the more matter-of-fact the better. This will do for a theory, but it doesn't really conclude the matter. We are invited to watch a chess game, but a game in which the odds are carefully arranged. The best detective story makes the most skilful arrangement. It must seem simple and matter-of-fact in the very act of being complex and ingenious and fanciful. And any illusion of reality in character and atmosphere it can muster is so much "to the good". The detective stories that go down from one generation to another are works of literary art. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" owes its perfection more to its skill in the telling than to its ingenuity of conception.

Among the group of sleuth stories before me several are readable by people who can't quite prefer to bolt their mysteries raw. Apart from their clever machinery, I have always found the long stories of Anna Katharine Green rather ludicrous for their ponderous crudity of style. To my surprise, several of the shorter tales collected in "Room Number 3" are of incontestable merit, as pieces of writing. "Midnight in Beauchamp Row" and "The Little Steel Coils" are finely finished bits of work. Murder is the one sure take-off for a long detective story; hence our extreme intimacy, in the world of fancy, with that myth in real life, the coroner. It would be hard not to kick him if he is anything like his counterfeit presentment in fiction, so it may be as well that he is not known to us in the flesh. Here, at all events, are four novels which summon us, in the opening scene, to view the corpse of Cock Robin and defy us to guess who killed him.

"The Mystery of the 13th Floor" and "The Diamond Pin" set out, as it were, from below scratch since (1) apparently, under the conditions, nobody *can* have killed Cock Robin, and (2) if he could have done the deed, then he couldn't have got away. In both cases the true answer is successfully withheld till the story-teller chooses to let us have it. Here the resemblance ceases. "The Mystery of the 13th Floor" is more than tolerably well written, for this kind of thing, while "The Diamond Pin" from every possible literary aspect (its structure is purely mechan-

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ical) is a masterpiece of banality. In order to keep my reason, I am obliged to believe what I have suspected before—that whenever Miss Carolyn Wells (as was) writes a new detective story, she closes one eye, places her tongue in her cheek, and proceeds to experiment as to what further extremes of vulgar commonplace workmanship she can pass off on the public in the sacred name of "mystery". "Who was the perpetrator of the ghastly deed?" she inquires in anguish. Ha! all the indications "mean the desperate, speedy work of a double-dyed villain" . . . "I've always been told", remarks Detective Hughes (it is his first remark in the case), "that the more mysterious and insoluble a crime seems to be, the easier it is to solve it." As a burlesque of the popular detective yarn, this is to be treasured.

In plot "The Crimson Alibi" bears a family resemblance to these two tales—the rich old party mysteriously killed, the heir who is known to have been on bad terms with the departed, and so on. As for plausibility of characterization and decency of style, it is about on a par with "The Mystery of the 13th Floor"—that is to say, a good deal above the average performance. The clever thing about the plot is the impudent manner in which at the very outset we are induced to turn our backs upon the real door of exit from our quandary.

But the best of these stories from both mechanical and literary points of view is "The Twenty-Six Clues". The author is, I think, the best going in this line, among Americans at least. There have been a number of recent detective stories by her showing range as well as quality. "The Twenty-Six Clues" concerns another of those city mysteries which seem to be rather challenging the favorite old tragedy of the lonely country house or the unguarded by-road. Perhaps one reason why I think well of this story, apart from its very presentable style, is because I did for once hit the nigger on the head—guess the real murderer, I mean. But I have a sneaking suspicion that the story-teller meant me to do just that, by just that hair's-breadth!

Blue Aloes. By Cynthia Stockley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Sinister House. By Leland Hall. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Gregg. By Fleta Campbell Springer. Harper and Bros.
Lady Larkspur. By Meredith Nicholson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Lady from Long Acre. By Victor Bridges. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Tin Cowrie Dass. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield and Co.
The White Horse and the Red-Haired Girl. By Kenyon Gambier. George H. Doran Company.
The Web. By Frederic Arnold Kummer. The Century Co.
The Man from the Clouds. By J. Storer Clouston. George H. Doran Company.
The Avalanche. By Gertrude Atherton. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Okewood of the Secret Service. By Valentine Williams. Robert M. McBride and Co.
The Riddle of the Purple Emperor. By Thomas W. and Mary E. Hanshew. Doubleday, Page and Co.
The Strange Case of Cavendish. By Randall Parrish. George H. Doran Company.
The Fire Flingers. By William J. Neidig. Dodd, Mead and Co.
The Black Stone. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton and Co.
Room No. 3. By Anna Katharine Green. Dodd, Mead and Co.
The Mystery of the 13th Floor. By Lee Thayer. The Century Co.
The Diamond Pin. By Carolyn Wells. J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Crimson Alibi. By Octavus Roy Cohen. Dodd, Mead and Co.
The Twenty-Six Clues. By Isabel Ostrander. W. J. Watt and Co.

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JEREMY

BY HUGH WALPOLE

(Continued)

CHAPTER IX
To Cow Farm
§ 1

This next episode in Jeremy's year has, be it thoroughly understood, no plot nor climax to it—it is simply the chronicle of an odyssey. Nor can it be said to have been anything but a very ordinary odyssey to the outside observer who, if he be a parent, will tell you that going to the seaside with the family is the most bothering thing in the world; and if he is a bachelor or old maid will tell you that being in the same carriage with other people's children who are going to the sea is an abominable business, and the law ought to have something to say to it.

All through May, June, and July, Mrs. Cole slowly pulled back to something like her natural health. The new infant, Barbara by name, was as strong as a pony and kicked and screamed and roared so that the house was quite a new place. Her arrival had done a great deal for Helen, whose gaze had hitherto been concentrated entirely upon herself: now she suddenly discovered a new element in life and it was found that she was "ideal with a baby" and "a great help to Nurse". This made her more human and Barbara, realizing, as babies always do, who understands and who does not, would behave with Helen when she would behave with no one else. Mary could not be expected to transfer her allegiance from Jeremy, and then Barbara was frightened at her spectacles; Jeremy, having Hamlet, did not need a baby!

There came a fine hot morning toward the end of July, when Miss Jones said suddenly in the middle of the history lesson, "Saturday week we go to Rafiel". Jeremy choked, kicked Mary under the table, and was generally impossible during the rest of the morning. It was Miss Jones's fault; she should have chosen her occasion more carefully. Before the evening Jeremy was standing in the corner for drawing on his bedroom wall-paper enormous figures in the blackest of black lead. These were to mark the days that remained before Saturday week and it was, Jeremy maintained, a perfectly natural thing to do and didn't hurt the old wall-paper, which was dirty enough anyway — and mother had said, long ago, he should have a new one.

Meanwhile, impossible to describe what Jeremy felt about it. Each year Cow Farm and Rafiel had grown more wonderful; this was now the fifth that would welcome them there. At first the horizon had been limited by physical incapacity, then the third year had been rainy, and the fourth . . . ah! the fourth! There had been very little the matter with that! But this would be better yet. For one thing there had never been such a summer as this year was providing—a little rain at night, a little breeze at the hottest hour of the day—everything arranged on purpose for Jeremy's com-

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fort. And then, although he did not know it, this was to be truly the wonderful summer for him, because after this he would be a schoolboy and, as is well known, schoolboys believe in nothing save what they can see with their own eyes, and what they are told by other boys physically stronger than themselves.

Five or six days before the great departure, he began to worry himself about his box. Two years ago he had been given a little imitation green canvas luggage-box, exactly like his father's except that this one was light enough to carry in one's hand. Jeremy adored this box and would have taken it out with him, had he been permitted, on all his walks, but he had a way of filling it with heavy stones and then asking Miss Jones to carry it for him; it had, therefore, been forbidden.

But he would, of course, take it with him to Cow Farm, and it should contain all the things that he loved best. At first "all the things that he loved best" had not seemed so very numerous. There would, first of all, of course, be the Hottentot, a black and battered negro doll for whom he had long ceased to feel any affection, but he was compelled by an irritating sense of loyalty to include it in the party just as his mother might include some tiresome old maid "because she had nowhere to go to, poor thing". After the Hottentot there would be his paint-box, after the paint-box a blue writing-case, after the writing-case the family photographs (Father, Mother, Mary, and Helen), after the photographs a toy pistol, after the pistol Hamlet's ball (a worsted affair rendered by now shapeless and incoherent), after the ball "Alice in Wonderland" (Mary's copy, but she didn't know), after "Alice" "Herr Baby", after "Herr Baby" the prayer-book that Aunt Amy gave him last birthday, after the prayer-book some dried flowers which were to be presented to Mrs. Monk, the lady of Cow Farm (this might be called carrying coals to Newcastle), after the flowers a Bible, after the Bible four walnuts (very dry and hard ones), after the walnuts some transfer papers, after the transfer papers six marbles . . . the box was full and more than full, and he had not included the hammer and nails that Uncle Samuel had once given him, nor the cigarette-case (innocent now of cigarettes, and transformed first into a home for walking snails, second into a grave for dead butterflies, third into a mouse-trap), nor the butterfly net, nor "Struvelpeter", nor the picture of Queen Victoria cut from the chocolate box, nor —most impossible omission of all— the toy village. The toy village! What must he do about that? Obviously impossible to take it all—and yet some of it he must have. Mr. and Mrs. Noah and the church perhaps— or no, Mrs. Monk would want to see the garden; it would never do not to show her the orchard with the apple-trees—and then the youngest Miss Noah! She had always seemed to Jeremy so attractive with her straight blue gown and hard red cheeks. He must show *her* to Mrs. Monk. And the butcher's shop, and then the sheep, and the dogs and the cows!

He was truly in despair. He sat on the schoolroom floor with his possessions all around him. Only Helen was in the room and he knew it would be no use to appeal to her (she had become so much more conceited since Barbara's arrival); and yet he must appeal to somebody, so he said very politely:

"Please, Helen, I've got my box and so many things to put into it and it's

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nearly Saturday already—and I want to show the Noahs to Mrs. Monk."

This would have been a difficult sentence for the most clear-headed person to unravel and Helen was, at that moment, trying to write a letter to an aunt whom she had never seen and for whom she had no sort of affection, so she answered roughly:

"Oh, don't bother with your box, Jeremy. Don't you see I'm busy?"

"You may be busy", said Jeremy, rising indignantly to his feet, "but I'm busy, too, and my business is just as good as yours with your silly old letter."

"Oh, *don't bother!*" said Helen, whereupon Jeremy crept behind her and pinched her stocking. A battle followed too commonplace in its details to demand description here. It need only be said that Hamlet joined in it and ran away with Helen's letter which had blown to the ground during the struggle, and that he ate it, in his corner, with great satisfaction. Then, when they were at their angriest Helen suddenly began to laugh, which she did sometimes, to her own intense annoyance, when she terribly wanted to be enraged; then Jeremy laughed, too, and Hamlet yielded up fragments of the letter—so that all was well.

But the problem of the box was not solved—and, in the end, the only part of the toy village that Mrs. Monk ever saw was the youngest Miss Noah and one apple-tree for her to sit under.

§ 2

The ritual of the journey to Cow Farm was, by this time, of course, firmly established, and the first part of the ritual was that one should wake up at three in the morning. This year, however, for some strange, mysterious reason, Jeremy overslept himself and did not wake until eight o'clock, to find then that everyone was already busy packing and brushing and rushing about, and that all his own most sacred preparations must be squeezed into no time at all, if he were to be ready. Old Tom Collins's bus came along at twelve o'clock to catch the one-o'clock train, so that Jeremy might be considered to have the whole morning for his labors; but that was not going to be enough for him unless he was very careful. Grown-up people had such a way of suddenly catching onto you and washing your ears, or making you brush your teeth, or setting you down in a corner with a book, that circumnavigating them and outplotting them needed as much nerve and enterprise as tracking red Indians. When things were fined down to the most naked accuracy, he had apparently only two "jobs": one to accustom Hamlet to walking with a "lead", the other to close the green box; but, of course, Mary would want advice and there would, in all probability, be a dispute or two about property that would take up the time.

It was indeed an eventful morning. Trouble began with Mary suddenly discovering that she had lost her copy of "Alice in Wonderland" and rushing to Jeremy's box and upsetting all Jeremy's things to see whether it were there. Jeremy objected to this with an indignation that was scarcely in the sequel justified, because Mary found the book jammed against the paint-box and a dry walnut nestling in its center. She cried and protested and then suddenly, with the disgusting sentimentality that was so characteristic of her, abandoned her position altogether and said that Jeremy could have it, and then cried again because he said he didn't want it.

Then Jeremy had to put everything

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back into the box again, and in the middle of this Hamlet ran off with the red-cheeked Miss Noah between his teeth and began to lick the blue off her dress, looking up at the assembled company between every lick with a smile of the loveliest satisfaction. Then, when the box was almost closed, it was discovered by a shocked and virtuous Helen that Jeremy had left out his Bible.

"There'll be one there", said Jeremy in an angry, agitated whisper, hoping to escape the attention of Miss Jones.

"What's that, Jeremy dear?" said Miss Jones.

"Oh, fancy, Miss Jones!" said Helen. "He's taking all his dirty old toys and even his old nigger doll, and he's leaving out his Bible."

"I'm not!" cried Jeremy, taking it and trying to squeeze it down between three walnuts and the toy pistol.

"Oh Jeremy dear, that's not the way to treat your Bible . . . I'll give you some paper to wrap it up in and you'd better take the things out again and put it in at the bottom of the box. . . ." Yes, obviously he would not be ready in time.

The matter of Hamlet and the "lead" was also very exhausting. Hamlet had never, in all his days, been tied to anyone or anything. Of course no one could tell what had been his history before he came strolling onto the Cole horizon, and it may be that once as a very small puppy he *had* been tied onto something. On the whole that is probable, his protests on this occasion being of a kind so vehement as to argue some reminiscences behind them. Mrs. Cole had bought a beautiful "lead" of black leather; of course he had already a collar studded with little silver nails, and the point was very simply to fasten the "lead" onto the collar. Jeremy had been promised that he should conduct Hamlet and it had seemed, when the promise had been made, as though it would be a very simple thing to carry out. Hamlet no sooner saw the cord than he began his ingenious protests, sitting up and smiling at it, suddenly darting at the recumbent Miss Noah and rushing round the room with her, finally catching the "lead" itself in his teeth and hiding with it under Miss Jones's skirt.

The result was that Tom Collins's bus arrived when no one in the schoolroom was in the least prepared for it. Then what confusion there was! Mrs. Cole, looking strange in her hat and veil as though she were dressed up for a play, came urging them to hurry, "because Father was waiting"; then Hamlet tied himself and his "lead" round the leg of the table; then Mary said in her most tiresome manner, apropos of nothing at all, "You do love me, Jeremy, don't you?"—just at the moment when he was trying to unlace Hamlet—and her lip began to tremble when he said, "Oh, don't bother", so that he was compelled to add, "Of course I do"; then Father came running up the stairs with—"Really this is too disgraceful. We shall miss that train!" . . .

Then Uncle Samuel appeared, looking so queer that Jeremy was compelled to stare at him. Jeremy had seen very little of Uncle Samuel during these last months. He had hoped, after that wonderful adventure of the Christmas pantomime, that they were going to be friends, but it had not been so. He had been away somewhere, in some strange place, painting and then, on his return, he had hid himself and his odd affairs away in some corner of the house where no one saw him. He had had *his* life and Jeremy had had *his*.

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Nevertheless Jeremy was delighted to see him. It would be fun to have him at Cow Farm with his squashy brown hat, his fat cheeks, his blue painting-smock, and his short legs with huge boots. He was different, in some way, from all the rest of the world; and Jeremy, even at that early stage of his education, already perceived that he could learn more from Uncle Samuel than from any other member of the family.

Now he put his head through the door and said, "Well, you kids, aren't you ready? It's time!" Then, seeing Miss Jones, he said "Good morning" and bolted like a rabbit. Even then Jeremy noticed that he had paint on his fingers, and that two of his waistcoat buttons were unfastened.

Then down in the hall what confusion there was! Boxes—here, there, and everywhere—, Mother, Father, Aunt Amy, Uncle Samuel, and most interesting of all, Barbara and the new nurse. The new nurse was called Mrs. Patcham, and she was stout, red-cheeked, and smiling. The bundle in white called Barbara was, most happily, sleeping, but Hamlet barked at Mrs. Patcham and that woke Barbara who began to cry. Then Collins came in with his coat off and the muscles swelling on his shoulders, and handled the boxes as though they were paper. And the cook and Rose and William, the handy-boy, and old Jordan, the gardener, and Mrs. Preston, a lady from two doors down who sometimes came in to help—all began to bob and smile, and Father said, "Now, my dear", "Now, my dear". Hamlet wound himself and his "lead" round everything that he could see, and Helen fussed and said, "Now, Jeremy"; Miss Jones said, "Now, children"; and last of all Collins said, "Now, mum . . . Now, sir". And then they all were bundled into the bus, with the cart and the luggage coming along behind.

The drive through the streets was, of course, as lovely as it could be; not in the least because anyone could see anything—that was hindered by the fact that the windows of the bus were so old that they were crusted with a kind of glassy mildew, and no amount of rubbing on the window-panes provided one with a view—but because the inside of the bus was inevitably connected with adventure, partly through its motion, partly through its noise, and partly through its lovely smell. These were, of course, Jeremy's views and it can't definitely be asserted that all grown-up people shared them. But whenever Jeremy had ridden in that bus, he had always been on his way to something delightful. The motion therefore rejoiced his heart, although the violence of it was such that everyone was thrown against everyone else—so that Uncle Samuel was suddenly hurled against the bonnet of Miss Jones, and Helen struck Aunt Amy in the chest, and Jeremy himself dived into his sister Barbara. As to the smell, it was that lovely well-known one that has in it mice and straw, wet umbrellas and whisky, goloshes and candle grease, dust and green paint! Jeremy loved it, and sniffed on this occasion so often that Miss Jones told him to blow his nose.

As to the noise, who is there does not remember that rattle and clatter, that sudden deafening report as of the firing of a hundred firearms, the sudden pause when every bolt and bar and hinge sighs and moans like the wind or a stormy sea—and then that sudden scream of the clattering windows as though a frenzied cook, having received notice to leave, was breaking

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every scrap of china in the kitchen? Who does not know that last maddened roar as the vehicle stumbles across the last piece of cobbled road—a roar that drowns with a savage and determined triumph all those last directions not to forget this, that, and the other, all those inquiries as to whether this, that, and the other had been remembered? Cobbles are gone now and old busses sleep in deserted courts; and Collins, alas, is not. His youngest son has a motor garage and Polchester has asphalt—*sic transit gloria mundi*. . . .

Jeremy, clutching his green box with one hand and Hamlet's "lead" with the other, was in an ecstasy of happiness. The louder the noise, the greater the rocking motion, the stronger the smell, the better. "Isn't it lovely?" he murmured to Miss Jones during one of the pauses.

It was perhaps at this moment that Uncle Samuel finally made up his mind about Jeremy. In spite of his dislike, even hatred of children, he had been coming slowly, during the last two years, to an affection for, and an interest in, his nephew that was something quite new to his cynical, egoistic nature. It had leaped into activity at Christmas-time, then had died again. Now as—flung first into his sister's bony arms, then onto the terrified spectacles of his niece Mary—he tried to recover himself, he was caught and held by that picture of his small nephew, seated, solid and square in his blue sailor-suit, his bare knees swinging, his hand clutching his precious box with an energy that defied fate itself to take it from him, his mouth set, his eyes staring, radiant with joy, in front of him.

On arrival at the station it was found that the one-o'clock to Liskane was "just about due", so that there was no time to be lost. They had to rush along under the great iron dome, passing by the main-line, disregarding the tempestuous express from Truxe that drew up, as it were disdainfully, just as they passed, and finding the modest side-line to Liskane and St. Lowe. Here there was every kind of excitement for Jeremy. Anyone who has any kind of passion for observation must have discovered long ago that a side-line has ever so much more charm and appeal about it than a main-line. A main-line is scornful of the station in whose heart it consents for a moment to linger, its eyes are staring forward toward the vast cities who are impatiently awaiting it—but a side-line has its very home here; so much gossip passes from day to day above its rails (and gossip that has for its circumference five green fields, a country road, and a babbling brook) that it knows all its passengers by heart.

To the people who travel on a side-line the train itself is still something of a wonder. How much more was that true thirty years ago. On this especial line there were only two stations, Liskane and St. Lowe, and, of a certainty, these stations would not even now be in existence were it not that St. Lowe was a fishing center of very great importance. The little district that comprehended St. Lowe, Garth in Roselands, Stoep in Roselands, Lucent-Polwint, Rafiel, and all the smaller hamlets around them, was fed by this line but, even so, the little train was never crowded. Tourists did not, and even now do not, go to Polwint and St. Lowe because "they smell so fishy", nor to Rafiel "because it's too far from the railway"; nor to the Roseland valleys "because there's nothing to see there"—may these reasons hold good for many years to come!

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Today there were three farmers in brown leggings with pipes and thick, knotted walking-sticks, two or three women with baskets, a child or so, and an amiable absent-minded clergyman in a black cloth so faded that it was now green, reading the "Times" and shaking his head over it as he stumbled up and down the platform. One of the farmers had a large woolly sheep-dog who, of course, excited Hamlet to a frenzy. Jeremy, therefore, had his time fully occupied in checking this: but he had nevertheless the opportunity to observe how one of the farmers puffed the smoke out of his cheeks as though he were an engine; how one of the women, with a back as broad as a wall, had red stockings; and how the clergyman nearly fell onto the railway-line every time that he turned round, and only saved himself from disaster by a miracle. The train arrived at last; they all climbed into it, and then had to wait for a hot, grilling half-hour while the engine made up its mind that it was worth its while to take all the trouble to start off again.

"An hour late, upon my word", said Mr. Cole angrily, when at last with a snore and a heave and a grunt and a scream they started. "It's really too bad. I shall have to complain—" which, as everyone present knew, he had not the slightest intention of doing. In Jeremy's carriage there were his father, his mother, Uncle Samuel, himself, Mary, and of course Hamlet. Hamlet had never been in a train before and his terror at the way that the ground quivered under him was pitiful to see. He first lay under the seat trying to hold himself tightly together; then when that failed he made startled, frenzied leaps onto laps (the "lead" had been removed for the time); finally he cowered up into the corner behind Uncle Samuel, who seemed to understand his case and sympathized with it. Whenever the train stopped (which, being a Glebeshire train, it did continually), he recovered at once his *savoir-faire*, asserted his dignity, gazed through the windows at the fields and cows as though he owned them all, and barked with the friendly greeting of comrade to comrade whenever he saw another dog.

The next thing that occupied Jeremy's attention was lunch. Many people despise sandwiches and milk out of beer-bottles, and bananas and seed-cake. Jeremy, of course, did not. He loved anything eaten out of paper from the ice-cream sold by the Barney man in Polchester Square (only once did he secure some), down to the frills that are found round the tail of any self-respecting ham. But the paper on this journey to Rafiel! There was nothing in the world to touch it. In the first place you spread newspaper on your knees; then there was paper under the sandwiches (chicken), and more paper under the sandwiches (beef), and still more under the sandwiches (egg); there was paper round the seed-cake and, most wonderful of all, paper round the jam-puffs. Jam-puffs with strawberry jam eaten in the odor of ginger-beer and egg-shells! Is it possible for life at its very best to hold more? He kept his jam-puff so long as he could until, at last, Mr. Cole said: "Now, my boy! Finish it up—finish it up. Paper out of the window—all neat and tidy, that's right!" speaking in that voice which Jeremy hated because it was used, so especially, when cod-liver oil had to be taken. He swallowed his puff in a gulp and then gazed out of the window, lamenting its disappearance.

"Did you like it?" whispered Mary

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hoarsely, as the paper whirled away.

"You've got some jam on the side of your nose" said Jeremy.

He was sitting next to his father who had the corner seat, and he now devoted all his energies to prevent himself from falling asleep against his father's leg. But the ginger-beer, the glazed and shining fields beyond the window, the little blobs of sunlight that danced upon the floor of the carriage, the scents of food and flowers, and the hot breeze, the hum of the train and the dancing of the telegraph wires—all these things were against him. His head began to nod and then to jump back with a sudden terrible spring as though an evil demon pulled it with a rope from behind, the carriage swelled like a balloon, then dwindled into a thin straight line. The strangest things happened to his friends and relatives. His mother who was reading "The Church Family Newspaper" developed two faces and a nose like a post, and Uncle Samuel who had in harsh reality two chins, seemed to be all folds and creases like a balloon when it is shivering down into collapse. Jeremy fought with these fantasies—the lines on the newspaper doubled and redoubled, vanished and sprang to life again. He said, "I will not", and instantly, his head on the soft part of his father's thigh, was asleep. . . .

In his dreams he was riding on a cloud all pink and gold, and behind him came a row of shining white clouds, fluffy like bales of wool wrapped round lighted lanterns.

His cloud rose and fell, rose and fell, and a voice said in his ear: "All is well! All is well! You can go on like this forever. There will be jam-puffs soon and ice-cream and fish-cakes, and you can go to China this way whenever you like."

And he said: "Can't I take Hamlet with me?"

And the voice answered, "Hamlet is with you already", and there, behold, was Hamlet sitting on the pink cloud with a stiff gold collar round his neck, wagging his tail. And then the voice shouted so loudly that Jeremy jumped off the pink cloud in his astonishment —"Liskane! Liskane! Liskane!" and Jeremy jumped and fell and fell—right into his father's lap with someone crying in his ear: "Wake up, Jeremy! We're there! We're there!"

His first thought was for his green box which was, he found, safely and securely in his hand; then for Hamlet who was, he saw with horror, already upon the platform—the "lead" trailing behind him like a neglected conscience, his burning eyes piercing his hair in search of another dog whom he smelt but could not see.

Jeremy, rushing out of the train, seized the "lead", scolded his recovered property who wore an expression of injured and abandoned innocence, and then looked about him. Yes, this was Liskane—wonderful, marvelous, magical Liskane! To the bored and cynical adult, Liskane may easily appear to be one of the ugliest, most deserted stations in the whole of Europe, having nothing on either side of it save barren grey fields that never grow grass but only stones and bottles, with its single decoration a heavy iron bridge that crosses the rails and leads up to the higher road and the town of Liskane. Ugly enough, but to Jeremy on this summer afternoon the gate to a sure and certain paradise.

Although his family were fussing around him, Barbara crying, Mr. Cole saying, "Four, five, six . . . but where's the black box?—your black box, Amy . . . six, seven—but there should be eight . . . seven

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. . . "; and Mrs. Cole saying, "And there's my brown bag, the little one with the black handle"; and Helen saying, "Oo, was it adidums then? Nandy-pandy, Nandy-pandy . . ."; and Miss Jones, "Now Mary! Now Jeremy! Now Helen"—although this was going on just as it always had gone on, his eyes were searching for the wagonette. Ah, there it was! He could just see the top of it beyond the iron bridge; and Jim, the man from the farm, would be coming down to help with the boxes—yes, there he was crossing the bridge now, with his red face and broad shoulders and the cap on the side of his head just as he always wore it. Jeremy recognized him with a strange little choking sensation. It was "coming home" to him, all this was—the great event of his life—and as he looked at the others he realized, young as he was, that none of them felt it as he did; and the realization gave him a strange feeling, half of gratification, half of loneliness. He stood there, a little apart from the rest of them, clutching his box and holding onto Hamlet's "lead", feeling so deeply excited that his heart was like a hard cold stone jumping up and down, bump, bump, behind his waistcoat.

"That's Jim! That's Jim!" he whispered in a hoarse gasp to Miss Jones.

"Now mind, dear", she answered in her kindly, groping voice. "You'll be falling onto the rail if you aren't careful."

It strangely annoyed him that his father should greet Jim just as though he were some quite ordinary man in Polchester. He himself waited in a strange agitation until Jim should notice him. The man turned at last, bending down to pick up a box, saw him, touched his cap, smiling a long, crooked smile, and Jeremy blushed with happiness. It was the first recognition that he had had from the place.

They all moved up to the higher road. Uncle Samuel came on at the last in a dreamy, moody way, stopping on the bridge to look down at the railway-line, and then suddenly saying aloud:

"Their minds are full of the numbers of boxes, and whether they'll get tea, and who's to pay what, and 'How badly I want a wash!', and already tomorrow they'll be wondering whether they oughtn't to be getting home to Polchester. All sham! All sham!"

He wasn't speaking to Jeremy but to himself. However, Jeremy said: "Did you see Jim, Uncle?"

"No, I did not."

"He's fatter and redder than last year."

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Are you going to paint, Uncle?"

"I am."

"What?"

"Oh, just lines and circles."

Jeremy paused, standing for a moment and looking puzzled. Then he said:

"Do you like babies, Uncle Samuel?"

"No, I do not."

"Not even Barbara?"

"No . . . certainly not."

"I don't, too . . . Why don't you paint cows and houses like other people, Uncle Samuel? I heard father say once that he never knew what your pictures meant."

"That's why I paint them."

"Why?"

"So that your father sha'n't know what they mean—"

Although he did not understand this any more than he ever understood his uncle, Jeremy was pleased with this conversation. It had been, somehow, in tone with the place and the hour; it

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had conveyed to him in some strange fashion that his uncle cared for all of this rather as he himself cared. Oh! he liked Uncle Samuel!

He had hoped that he might have sat on the box next Jim, but that place was now piled up with luggage, so he was squeezed in between his mother and Mrs. Patcham with Hamlet very uncomfortable between his knees. They drove off down the high road to St. Lowe. The fine smell of dust and dried grass came to his nostrils, the sun blazed down upon them turning the path before them into gleaming steel, and the high Glebeshire hedges, covered with thin powder, rose on both sides above them, breaking once and again to show the folding valleys and the faint blue hills and the heavy dark trees with their thick black shadows staining the grass.

The cows were clustered sleeping, wherever they could find shadow; faintly sheep-bells tinkled in the distance, and now and then a stream, like broken glass, floated, cried, and was gone. They drove into a dark wood and the sun scattered through the trees in pieces of gold and shadowy streams of arrowed light. The birds were singing, and whenever the hoofs of the horses and the wheels turned onto soft moss or lines of grass, in the sudden silence the air was filled with birds' voices. That proved that it must now be turning to the evening of the day; the sun was not very high above the wood and the sea of blue was invaded by a high galleon of cloud that hovered with spreading sail catching gold into its heart as it moved.

They left the wood, crossed the river Garth, and came out onto moorland. Here for the first time Jeremy smelt the sea; the wind blew across the moor, with the smell of sea-pinks and sea-gulls in it. The grass was short and rough; the soil was sand. On the horizon was the grey, melancholy tower of a deserted mine. Some bird flew with swiftly driving wings, crying as it went. The smell of the moor was as fresh as though the foot of man had never crossed it—deserted but not alone, bare but not empty, silent but full of voices.

Jeremy's excitement grew: he knew how every line of the road would be. They left the moor and were on the road leading to Rafiel. These were the days before they built the road from Liskane wide enough for motor cars and other horrible inventions. Thirty years ago the way was so narrow that the briars and ferns brushed your face as you passed, and you could reach out your hand and pluck snapdragons and dandelions and foxgloves. Many roads twisted in and out upon one another; the corners were so sharp that sometimes the wagonette seemed to hang upon one wheel as it turned. Still no sight of the sea but the smell of it now was everywhere, and sometimes at a sudden bend there would come a faint beat, beat upon the ear with something rhyming and measured in it like the murmur of a sleeping giant.

They came to the bend where the hill suddenly dips at a fearful angle down into Rafiel. Here they turned to the right, deep between hedges again, then through a little copse, and then as though with a whisk of the finger, right on to Cow Farm itself.

It was an old square house, deep red brick with crooked chimneys and a stone court in front of it. To either side of the court there were barns. Behind the house thick trees, clouded with green, showed. In the middle of the court was a pump, and all about the flagged stones pigeons were delicately walking. As they drove up the

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pigeons rose in a wheeling flight against the sky now stained faintly with amber; dogs rushed barking from the barns, a hay-cart turned the corner, its wheels creaking and four little children perched high on the top of the hay. Then the hall door opened and behold, Mrs. Monk, Mr. Monk and, clustering shyly behind, the little Monks.

In the scene that followed Jeremy was forgotten. He did not know what it was that made him hang behind the others, but he stood beside the wagonette, bent down and released Hamlet, and then waited, hiding under the shadow of the cart. His happiness was almost intolerable; he could not speak, he could not move, and in the heart of his happiness there was a strange unhappiness that he had never known before. The loneliness that he had felt at Liskane station was intensified so that he felt like a stranger who was seeing his father, or his mother, or aunt, or sisters for the first time. Everything about him emphasized the loneliness—the slow evening light that was stealing into the sky, the sound of some machine in the farmhouse turning with a melancholy rhythmic whine, a voice calling in the fields, the rumble of the sea, the twittering of birds in the garden trees, the bark of a dog far, far away; and, through them all, the sense that the world was sinking down into silence and that all the sounds were slipping away, like visitors hurrying from the park before the gates are shut—he stood there listening, caught into a life that was utterly his own and had no share with any other. He looked around and saw that they were all going into the house, that Jim and Mr. Monk were busy with the boxes, and that no one was aware of him. He knew what he wanted.

He slipped across the court and dropped into the black cavernous hole of the farther barn. At first the darkness stopped him, but he knew his way, found the steps that led up to the loft, and was soon perched high behind a little square window that was now blue and gold against the velvety blackness behind him. This was his favorite spot in all the farm. Here all the year they stored the apples and the smell of the fruit was thick in the air, sweet and strong, clinging about every fibre of the place so that you could not disturb a strand nor a stone without sending some new drift of the scent up against your nostrils. All the first year Jeremy had been longing to smell that smell again, and now he knelt up against the window drinking it in. With his eyes he searched the horizon. From here you could see the garden with the sun-dial, the fields beyond, the sudden dip with the trees at the edge of it bent crossways by the wind, and there in such a cup as one's hands might form, the sea . . .

He stared as though his eyes would start from his head. Behind him was the cloudy smoke of the apple-scent; in front of him the sun was sinking toward the dark elms. Soon the trees would catch the sun and hide it; the galleon cloud that had been over them as they drove was now banked in red and gold across the horizon; birds slowly, lazily fled to their homes—

He heard someone call, "Jeremy! Jeremy!"—with a last gaze he saw the blue cap turn to gold, the sun reached the tops of the elms; the fields were lit with the glitter of shining glass; then, even as he watched, they were purple, then grey, then dim like smoke.

Again the voice called "Jeremy!" He slipped from the window, found the little stair, ran across the dusky court and entered the house.

(To be continued)

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A BOOK-SHELF FOR THE MONTH

DR. EGAN'S MESSAGE FROM DEEP EXPERIENCE

By David Jayne Hill

Long before Dr. Egan lapsed into the discreet silence of diplomacy, he was known as a charming and versatile writer. Now that he reappears as an author with a new message from a deep fountain of experience, his book will be doubly welcome; for we are assured beforehand that, unless the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark has allowed his right hand to forget its cunning in writing dispatches, we shall have wit, point, and piquancy presented in clear and elegant English.

As to substance as well as style we are not disappointed. The post at Copenhagen is well described as "the whispering gallery of Europe"; and a long residence there, covering the decade of years from 1907 to 1917, not only attuned the mind of the Minister to a distinction between idle gossip and significant indications but made him an excellent interpreter of European politics. Light and entertaining as his story at times seems—for the reader of memoirs likes a delicate touch—there is a very serious side to this book which fully justifies the subtitle, "A Retrospect and a Warning".

Dr. Egan's experience as a diplomatist has not made him a pessimist, but it is very far from having made him an optimist. He perfectly understands the hopeful idealism of the average good citizen in the United States, and he shares it as far as it is safe to do so; but he is deeply impressed with the difference between the American and the European points of view, and he knows that our simple faith in human goodness would be a damage to our national interests if it were not tempered by a disposition to keep out of other people's affairs as much as possible and lead our own life in an exemplary fashion.

> It would have been foolish if, in 1911, a serious man behind the scenes could have trusted any country in the European concert to act in any way that was not for its own national ends. A damaging confession this, but the truth is the truth.

To which may be added that it has not ceased to be the truth.

On the other hand, Europe had, Dr. Egan assures us, as little comprehension of the aims of America. "We all know", he says, "how amazed some statesmen were when President Roosevelt refused the Chinese spoil, when Cuba was restored, and promises to the Filipinos began to be kept by President Taft."

The immediate environment in which Dr. Egan lived was in part the cause of the opening of his mind to conditions which are not so evident at a distance. The first chapter of his handsome volume, "A Scrap of Paper and the Danes", centers about the crime of Prussia in the annexation of the Danish duchies, and the preparation for Germany's security by the construction of the Kiel canal; with much incidental reference to the dynastic connections of the Danish court—once the marriage mart of Europe—and the ineffectiveness of royal matrimonial alliances in preserving the little kingdom from outrage in

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its hour of extremity: an instructive commentary on the illusion that monarchy is a real safeguard of national interests.

It is in the close neighborhood of Denmark to Germany that Dr. Egan, as his choice of a title shows, finds the focal point of interest in his book. At the beginning of his mission the American Minister saw in the great empire to the south what every American at that time believed Germany to be, a wonderfully unified industrial country, highly efficient, immensely endowed with powers of future achievement, but sound at heart, capable of strong self-defense, on the whole friendly, especially toward the United States. Gradually the curtain was lifted upon a scene set for an imperial career at first quite unsuspected. The new light was shed in the first instance by what the Germans said of themselves. "My country", said Dr. Egan's German colleague, Count Henckel-Donnersmarck, "feels that it is being isolated. Since Algeria, in 1906, she stands against Europe, with Austria."

> "Stands against the United States?"
> "No, no; we shall always be at peace. Your country is full of our citizens."
> "*Your* citizens, Count?"
> "Ah, yes—in Brazil and Argentina, everywhere, a German citizen is like a Roman citizen, proud and unchanging; that is, the German citizen who understands the aims of modern Germany."

When Dr. Egan at Christmas went to Germany on a visit,—

> Christmas was a divine time in the old Germany! I found that Count Henckel was right. . . . There was an artificial rule of life. Even the lives of the boys and girls seemed to be ordered by some unseen law. You could breathe, but it was necessary not to consume too much oxygen at a time. That was *verboten;* and there were cannons on the Christmas trees!

One cannot read without sympathy the account of the perpetual fear existing in Denmark before the great war of an impending German occupation when the conflict with Russia, confidently looked forward to as a certainty, should be launched. As usual, two parties—one composed of valiant men ready to die in defense of their country's independence, the other made up of Socialists eager for peace and the preservation of whole skins at any price—divided the population. It was suspected, but it was not yet known, as it has since been revealed by the Willy-Nicky correspondence, that Denmark would simply pass into German control when the exigencies of German imperialism required it. What had happened to Slesvig would happen to the whole of Denmark. It would be "assumed".

"Geographically", says Dr. Egan, "Denmark is part of Germany." The peril of this propinquity was very great. Yet the Danes are a proud, virile, and ancient race, holding themselves above the mixed races of the German Empire. A kind of moral occupation of Denmark by Germany had already occurred, or at least had been presumed upon. All Scandinavia is Lutheran in religion; and Martin Luther and all his followers, in the mind of William II, are instruments and subjects of the Kaiser wherever they may be; for the German Emperor, notwithstanding that a third of his subjects were Catholic, esteemed himself the head of the Lutheran church.

The manner of exercising his spiritual primacy is vividly portrayed by Dr. Egan in the chapters of this book on "The Religious Propaganda" and "The Prussian Holy Ghost", which contain much new information and piquant writing. There were, moreover, other influences in the Scandinavian countries on which the Kaiser

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relied; and the Minister tells us he so far looked on the courts of Denmark and Stockholm as "dependencies" that he was "hurt" when any of the court circle seemed to forget this.

> In his eyes, a German princess, no matter whom she married, was to remain a German. But the present Queen of Denmark (Alexandria of Mecklenburg), the most discreet of princesses, never forgot that she was a Danish princess and would be in time a Danish Queen. . . . Every German princess was looked upon as a propagator of the views of the Kaiser; the Queen of the Belgians was a sore disappointment to him; but then she was not a Prussian princess. When one of the princesses joined the Catholic Church there was an explosion of rage in his heart.

With the progressive revelation of the spirit and purposes of German imperialism, in general, came little by little a perception by the American Minister of the danger to which America would be exposed if Germany should triumph in the war that she would some day have with Russia. The permanent occupation of Denmark would mean the German claim to the Danish Antilles—and the Virgin Islands were too intimately close to the Panama Canal to make German control of them agreeable to the United States. Here then was the vital interest of Dr. Egan's mission to Denmark.

No doubt this was a subject of conversation when Mr. Roosevelt paid his visit to Copenhagen in 1910, for both men were interested in it; but Dr. Egan is too good a diplomatist to report the confidences even of an ex-President. He is content to give us a brief but interesting account of the visit, and assures us that, "From the European point of view, which took no account of our home politics, ex-President. Roosevelt was not only the most important figure in America, but in the world, and the most picturesque"; and this is true. The trunks did not arrive in time, and he and Mrs. Roosevelt were obliged to wear their traveling clothes at a Court dinner. Their native sense was shown by the charming way in which they accepted the unpleasant accident, which had once occurred upon another gala occasion when the guest was Her Majesty the Queen of England. The impression left by the visitors was, as Dr. Egan tells us, that Mrs. Roosevelt was "adorable", and Mr. Roosevelt "a man". The Socialists were disappointed in his speech before the Municipal Council, for they had supposed Mr. Roosevelt was a Radical; but the Moderates were delighted. "Your Radicalism is our Conservatism", remarked Chamberlain Oxholm. "When Mr. Roosevelt left Denmark", writes Dr. Egan, "he left an impression of force, of vitality, of dignity, of honesty, that became a part of the history of the country."

The story of the purchase of the Virgin Islands at the price of $25,000,000—the chief diplomatic incident and triumph of Dr. Egan's mission—is told at length, but is too complicated for a summary here. It is a contribution to our diplomatic history which all who are interested in that subject will wish to possess and preserve.

The book of our Minister to Denmark does credit to his skill as a writer and to his qualities as a diplomat. His handling of the visit of Booker Washington, when he was entertained at dinner by Their Majesties, the King and Queen, exemplifies the tact and the prudence with which he met what to others might have proved very annoying situations. His friendliness, his sympathy with everything good, his hospitality, and above all his constant thought of the interests of his own country, stand out in

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these pages—not as studied self-revelations, but as unconscious manifestations of the life of a gentleman, in the sense of Sir Philip Sydney's definition of gentility: "High-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy."

Ten Years Near the German Frontier: A Retrospect and a Warning. By Maurice Francis Egan, former United States Minister to Denmark. George H. Doran Company.

MR. MACKAYE'S GEORGE WASHINGTON

By Walter Prichard Eaton

There has never been a successful play about the American revolution, unless we except Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple", which, of course, used the revolution merely as a peg. The writer has often speculated on the reason for this, without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. There was certainly dramatic contrast and struggle, there were picturesque and even heroic figures, and the events were not only of national but of world importance. Yet no real play has emerged, even after one hundred and fifty years. All that have come have seemed either crude or more often, perhaps, curiously thin and pallid. Now Percy Mackaye, writing what he calls a "ballad play" about Washington, once more attempts to make dramatic use of the revolution; and once more we have attenuation and pallidity.

Mackaye, to be sure, can take refuge behind the fact that he hasn't tried to make a play about the revolution, but about Washington; and that, furthermore, he isn't writing a play primarily for the accepted theatre standards, but for a new type of community presentation. However, Washington had a considerable bit to do with the revolution, and even community drama is the better for some drama, though it seldom gets it. So far as Mackaye set out to make Washington a human, appealing figure—especially in his devotion to farming and Mt. Vernon—and to take away the schoolbook aloofness and halo, he has admirably succeeded, and without taking away any essential dignity. So far, too, as his new scheme goes of having a picturesque ballad singer to sing ballads that serve to carry over one scene into the next, thus enabling him with a minimum of actual scene changes to present no less than sixteen episodes, Mackaye is on the track of something pretty valuable; he is making a real contribution to dramatic technique, and, we think, using his poetic talents to far more practical advantage than by writing a drama in Shakespearian blank verse. The machinery of his play, and the pageantry, while it is not entirely free from touches of mere prettiness, is on the whole delightful and suggestive. The progressive episodes of Washington's career, too, are individually well handled and have true historical atmosphere. But—there is no drama. What results is a kind of glorified modern "pageant" about George Washington. The spiraling story which winds up the spectator's interest and emotions to a point where the release of a solution is felt as a great relief—that is, the peculiar thrill of drama, is quite lacking. Mackaye speaks of his ballad transitions as restoring the free technique of Shakespeare, without the bareness of the Elizabethan stage. It might do so, with another theme. But it doesn't here. This play is a string of episodes. "Othello" is a spiral stairway leading relentlessly upward to an exceeding high place.

The drama about Washington and

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the American revolution is still unwritten.

Washington, the Man Who Made Us. By Percy Mackaye. Alfred A. Knopf.

SPRIGHTLY LETTERS OF A GENTLEWOMAN

By Constance Murray Greene

When it would seem churlish to criticize the personal letters of a deceased gentlewoman of character and charm, it is fortunate to be able to praise the four hundred and seventy-two page volume of the "Letters of Susan Hale". Naturally a mass of the pleasantly discursive and crisply penetrative comment will be of as vital interest to Miss Hale's own extensive social circle as it is of keen passing interest to us. We can imagine these pages turning eagerly in the delicate hands of elderly ladies on Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, and hear, now and then, furtive chuckles from Boston to Chicago at the frankness of certain (really harmless) disclosures.

Young persons of this day of spontaneous and frequently unlicensed expression may fail to understand that Miss Hale's chief claim to cleverness was her beguiling naturalness. It was a rare spirit in her day who could make of correspondence anything better than a heavy and righteous series of sermons. Even the unique and dazzling genius, Emily Dickinson, was as lead from the hands of her early moulders at fifteen, the age when Susan began this buoyant series, which is a tribute to the broader Unitarian culture of the Hales. The grave does not yawn in a single instance, nor does Satan lie in wait, felicitous omissions which may account for the fact that the happy recipients have saved some of the early letters for over seventy years.

We have resisted many quotable passages in order to give this from a letter devoted to "Why I Don't Like Germany", written in 1873:

> Early in the morning Elise begins. You'd think it was somebody falling off a house with a sewing-machine and a trunk, five stories into the street—but it's only Elise with my bathtub—a regular washtub, which by great persistence I have attained to, although all Weimar thinks me insane, and Mrs. Baier, wherever we go, tells that I wash myself all over in cold water every morning. "Yes", said an elderly lady last evening, "I used to wash myself once but I have got over it"—much as you'd speak of a person who, having acquired the fatal habit of smoking, is obliged to leave it off gradually and not of a sudden. I don't mean to say but what they are clean and neat enough—as a general thing I think they always wash their faces once a day and their hands, say, twice a week, when they are going to a party, but not so often with soap.

Letters of Susan Hale. Edited by Caroline P. Atkinson. Marshall Jones Co.

THE BRONTË MEMORIAL

By Margaret Ashmun

So much has been written of the Brontës, and of Charlotte in particular, that it is difficult to say anything new, though research has been diligent in these later years. For the most part, the volume in hand suggests the talk of loving relatives about a child deceased: they repeat to one another the story of his tarrying and his taking-off, unmindful of the charge of iteration.

The book carries the analogy a point further, in that it is pervaded by tenderness and regret. The true lover of Charlotte Brontë retains an aching sense of the anguish of her mortal existence—a mental agony which has probably not been exaggerated nor

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even comprehended. It is true that a woman who has toiled and suffered and loved, and written three great books, and married and found peace needs little of anybody's pity; her destiny has been fulfilled, and a few years more or less of freedom or luxury would be of small avail. Yet it is not unnatural that in the publications of the Brontë Society regarding their favorite, Charlotte, there should sound an underlying note of compensation, the idea that her long martyrdom ought somehow to be made up to her in whatever ways affection can devise.

And so the members of the Society have established a museum at Haworth, where they cherish her little cheap pink dresses, her rosewood work-box, her eye-glasses, her wedding shawl. They have collected bits of her handwriting, deploring the fact that American millionaires have snatched the choicest autographic prizes. They have rummaged in her haunts — pathetically few — and brought out data from which to compose their papers full of information, analysis, and praise. Now they have published a centenary volume to the greater glory of their Celtic lyricist, the heroine of her own novels, who wove her masterpieces out of the somber web of her soul.

The "Memorial", a symposium, will afford real pleasure to all those who sympathize with the Brontë cult. It is not mere adulation; it puts a determined emphasis on faults as well as virtues. It smooths no harshness, and glosses no defects. There is sufficient variety within it to make it stimulating. It is eminently well written by men and women who are acknowledged masters of modern English. It is scholarly and restrained, and at the same time emotionally replete. Above all it is delicate and dignified. In no spirit of idle curiosity are the secrets of Miss Brontë's inner life overhauled; with no ghoulishness are the poor little bones of her romance picked bare.

Sir Sidney Lee contributes an appreciative study of George Smith, of the Smith and Elder Company who brough out the novels by "Currer Bell". Mr. Smith, the prototype of "Dr. John" of "Villette", was one of the few men-of-the-world whom Charlotte Brontë knew. On several occasions he and his mother entertained her, for weeks together, at their home in London. He understood better than most others the beauty of the timid little lady's genius and the tragedy of her social failures. In the "Memorial" he is made to reveal both. G. K. Chesterton has a short but spirited essay on "Charlotte Brontë as a Romantic". Mrs. Humphry Ward dwells on the Irish element which put the transforming touch of imagination on all that Charlotte Brontë wrote. M. H. Spielmann adds some small newness to already existing data concerning the Pensionnat Heger in Brussels. A. C. Benson, Edmund Gosse, Richard Garnett, Halliwell Sutcliffe are other names which confer a luster upon the pages of the book.

A memorial of this sort is conspicuously fitting as a tribute from the Society whose object it is to preserve the fame of the Brontës. A more extensive and less formal memorial, however, remains to Charlotte Brontë in the hundreds of novels which have been written since her time, in which her influence can be traced,—where the passionate hearts of women misunderstood have been shown for what they are. And such a reminder, we think, is what she herself would have wished—this shy, fierce, seething-souled little spinster who made of love

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a thing so holy, a flame spiritualized, a burning bush in the desert.

Charlotte Brontë. 1816-1916. A Centenary Memorial. Prepared by the Brontë Society. Edited by Butler Wood. E. P. Dutton and Co.

TRANSLATING MORE IBÁÑEZ

By Georgiana Goddard King

If the works of Blasco Ibáñez are all to be translated, or most of them, into English, it is time to have a clear understanding about them and the author. They were done into the principal continental languages long ago: inside the front cover of "Los Muertos Mandan" may be counted six French, five German, two Dutch, four Portuguese, three Bohemian, one Italian, one Swedish, and six Russian translations. To these must be added two versions issued long since, six or eight years at the least, of "La Catedral", one in England and another in America; and one version of "Sangre y Arena" in Chicago, as appears from a note of "Dans les Orangers", which itself makes a seventh in the French count. This implies that the author has something important to say, or he would not get or keep so large an audience. The like has hardly happened since the great years when Turgenev and Tolstoi were discovered by the western world, and translations were passed from hand to hand. The parallel is just: Turgenev was a revolutionary and Tolstoi was a reformer: Blasco Ibáñez is both. The Russian translations were admirable—and I hasten to add indispensable, for Russian is harder to learn than Spanish. Conceivably it would be worth learning Spanish, which is easy, to read "Los Muertos Mandan".

For all these translations that have appeared within the past year are not altogether admirable. "In the Shadow of the Cathedral" was spotted with false renderings of the text, and with simple idioms misunderstood. Not so many are noticeable in "The Dead Command", though words like *deception, luxurious, college, infectious* occur, which are not correct translations of the Spanish they so resemble. The trouble is not so much ignorance as, rather, indifference to a general experience of the world, which should warn the translator that *Seo* is the name of a cathedral and not a city, *Egina* of a place and not a sculptor; which should supply plain English for *nacre,* and prefer *bedroom* and *going to bed* to *dormitory* and *retiring;* which should recognize that one would say *monastic seclusion* and *Mummy Antonia,* which would call the men in grey uniforms *civic* and not *civil* guards. When too many simple Spanish terms are left unrendered, without even italics to differentiate *señores* and *caballeros* from the articles about them, or dialect and colloquial phrases from the English in which they are embedded, it is a pity that *alpargatas* throughout should be called *sandals,* which they are not, being more like sneakers. The descriptions of what our ancestors called female beauty suffer likewise, not quite so much through the act of the translator. There are times when anyone who essays that craft feels that the English language must have been invented by prudes for the use of boarding-schools: still, there may be something else and something more moving to say at a dramatic meeting than this: "Against his bosom were pressed hidden curves of firm, elastic plumpness".

These, however, are all accidents due very likely to haste; and they do not seriously affect the real value of

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a close and careful version, trustworthy rather than picturesque, perhaps, but never stupid or silly. It was a mistake to give titles to the chapters, breaking up thereby the uninterrupted flow of brooding thought which is characteristic of the author; but that is the sort of subtlety that few translators perceive, and fewer publishers.

Yet a good translator can perceive all the subtleties, feel the ebb and flow of the action in Majorca or Iviza; render now the dry and rapid diction of Pablo Valls and again the interminable cogitation of Jaime Febrer, which passes from mere inventory and chronicle at the outset, through the oppressive pondering of indecision under stress of necessity, to the end—heavily charged with emotion—of dream and delirium. The hard thing to learn in speaking a foreign language is not the sound of the words but the cadence of the phrase; and for the actor or the public speaker, the rhythm of the paragraph. Yet the translator who does not master that fails to render the author. More than most, Ibáñez demands this, for his work is composed—this has been pointed out in these pages before—like a lyrical drama or a great speech, with systole and diastole, a movement like that of the tides and the seasons.

Blasco Ibáñez is not the greatest living novelist, for Thomas Hardy is not dead yet, nor Anatole France, nor Sudermann, to cite only the first names that rise in recollection. He is only half a novelist at the utmost. It is not primarily as novels that the pentecostal outpouring of thirty books befell, but as tracts. After "Sangre y Arena" no reader of moderately susceptible nerves could sleep, though clear of conscience and innocent of bull-fights,—so hideous and intolerable the obsession of blood, the sight and smell and feeling of it, like a complete taurobolium.

In "Los Muertos Mandan" (The Dead Command), which he wrote about ten years ago, the theme is as old as humanity. Whatever we may desire or undertake, our forebears yet determine our lives. There is something, however, older even than the ancestral ghosts, and that is nature; and the laws of nature that bring about a mating are stronger than pride or caste. Here the story ends. It would be easy for the novel-reader to say that Febrer goes off his head about a girl, like all his ancestors; that the only difference lies in his marrying her and that this was a mistake, that the story on the last page is just about to begin; but the novel-reader would find this hard to prove from the text. The objection was foreseen in earlier chapters, and provision made against the future. The pearl-white Margalida stands a better chance of happiness than most; and if the reader, like the present critic, falls somehow under the spell of her silent charm, that is a guaranty of her power no less than her creator's skill. She does not speak ten times in the book, but she dawns slowly upon it like a spring moonrise.

Febrer is a figure completely continental, and it would be valuable to know just what American readers really think about him. What we call his vices are not sentimentalized in the least—his gambling, what Mulvaney calls his "a-moors"; they are personal facts, like his shooting, his *alpargatas*, and his soft hat. We have another convention, another set of things that (in books at least) a nice man finds possible or impossible: but we shall have to take him or leave him.

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It will be one result of all these translations, so well advertised, so widely circulated, that the ordinary American—God bless him, and particularly her!—will learn to know some people mighty different from those at home. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished. We may take them or leave them, but we shall have to know them.

The Dead Command. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Duffield and Co.

TYL ULENSPIEGEL

By Walter A. Dyer

All the world loves a jolly and high-hearted vagabond, at least in literature. Those restless spirits of liberty, venturing forth to see the world and to live by their wits, from Ulysses down to our beloved Perigot, have always, I fancy, appealed strongly to the imagination of boyhood.

I can still recall the wonder and delight with which, as a boy, I followed the extraordinary adventures of one Tyll Owlglass. For some reason I associated this merry wight with Baron Munchausen and Robin Hood. I can still see that little, close-printed volume in which those adventures were narrated—much abbreviated and thoroughly expurgated, no doubt, with the owl and the mirror on the title-page. I did not know that the volume was rare and hard to come upon, or I might not have lost sight of it as I did. Nor did I know that I was reading one of the most popular of the ancient folk-lore tales of central Europe. In fact, it was only lately that I became informed.

Of all the ancient folk-lore of German origin, nothing, perhaps, ever obtained a wider circulation among the common people than these tales of Tyl Ulenspiegel, a strolling vagabond, the Gil Blas of German mediæval story. They were narratives of adventure, seldom of a refined nature, in which the hero invariably outwitted duller folk and not always honestly. It was the sort of thing to make the peasant roar with laughter, and yet there was not a little wisdom in the fooling. The witty Ulenspiegel was forever holding up his flashing mirror for the solemn wiseacres of the world to gaze into to their shame and discomfiture.

There was, very likely, at some time in the fourteenth century, an authentic and historical Ulenspiegel upon whose career these ingenious tales were based. One tradition has it that he was a frocked if not very pious monk, and another that he was a wandering jester in cap and bells. It is known that the Saxon name Eulenspiegel was not uncommon near Brunswick, the country which gave birth to the tales. This joking monk or wise fool traveled all over Westphalia and Saxony, and is supposed to have ventured even into Poland and to Rome, and he left behind him the legends of his pranks. He is said to have died in 1350, and his tomb is still pointed out at Möllen. The present gravestone, though very old, is probably not the original. Another Ulenspiegel gravestone is to be seen at Damme in Belgium, dated 1301, for the French, the Swiss, and the Flemish, as well as the Saxons, all claim Ulenspiegel as their own.

The tales of this practical joker and itinerant philosopher began as oral folk-stories in the Plattdeutsch dialect, and as unwritten legend they are still current in Switzerland, where they have always been most popular. In the original, the humor is nothing if not broad, often approaching obscenity, but, like that of Rabelais, it offers

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in its totality a keen satire on the life and customs of the time, not sparing church, state, and men of high degree.

The first printed edition is said to have been published in the lower Saxon dialect in 1483. The oldest extant edition, treasured at Augsburg, is dated 1540. About a century after Ulenspiegel's death, the tales were translated into High German by a Franciscan friar named Murner, who was born near Strasburg in 1475 and who gained fame as a doughty opponent of Martin Luther. Of this we may find mention in Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays". These early editions would doubtless seem very raw and vulgar to our modern tastes.

Translations subsequently appeared in various forms and editions in French, Flemish, Danish, Latin, and Holland Dutch. Mr. K. R. H. Mackenzie mentions 105 different editions that he was able to unearth. The first English translation appeared in black letter in 1528 or 1530, and a modified version was published in England in 1720.

I discovered two versions in English in the New York Public Library, both of which have been safely expurgated. The better of the two bears this title: "The Marvelous Adventures and Rare Conceits of Master Tyll Owlglass, newly collected, chronicled, and set forth, in our English tongue, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians, and adorned with many most diverting and cunning devices by Alfred Crowquill." The volume was published in 1860 by Ticknor and Fields of Boston. Mackenzie used as a basis for his translation a Low German edition of 1519, printed at Strasburg.

The other version appears in a collection of "The German Novelists", translated from the originals by Thomas Roscoe, and published by Frederick Warne and Company, London and New York, some time in the 'seventies. It differs entirely from the other in its wording, but most of the anecdotes are the same. I have yet to find another copy of the little volume that delighted me in my youth; I do not know its date, translator, or publisher.

Now upon this ancient legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel, Charles de Coster, a nineteenth-century Belgian who evidently accepted the tradition that Ulenspiegel was a Fleming of Damme, has based a most extraordinary work of imaginative literature. It is a prose epic, a bit strange in form to the provincial American, in which a poet, a patriot, and a mystic has cast the spell of a rare and fanciful charm over a narrative in which the Ulenspiegel legend and Flemish history of the time of the Spanish Inquisition and the beginnings of the Dutch Republic are wondrously intertwined.

De Coster's "Ulenspiegel" was written forty-odd years ago in the French language, and has now for the first time been presented to American readers in their own tongue. Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the able and sympathetic translator, calls it in his foreword "probably the most notable example of modern Belgian literature". It may well be that. It took de Coster ten years to write it and he received little recognition for his work till long afterward. But the day of his fame has dawned.

It is not easy to characterize this work in current terms. In it are combined elements of legend, history, allegory, and rhapsody. There is in it much of the antique quality of sixteenth-century romance—the quality, for example, of "Aucassin and Nicolette". The form of it, as well as the

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substance, will, I fancy, appear somewhat unfamiliar to American readers who are not conversant with continental literature of the past century, and who are accustomed to having their stories told for them in a straightforward manner from beginning to end. That the erudite critic will pronounce it a genuine work of genius I have no doubt, and I am inclined to think that even the uninitiated will find himself bound to read it through, though he may but faintly grasp the character of the fascination that lures him from page to page.

It would be even more futile to attempt to give a résumé of the narrative. It is a series of episodes rather than a connected story, and yet the development of the movement is sufficiently obvious. The Tyl of de Coster is a Flemish rebel at heart and in fact; eventually he allied himself with the historic revolutionaries of his oppressed country, the Beggarmen. His remarkable career forms the thread of the tale, upon which are strung also rare bits of poetic interpretation and illuminating episodes centering about fictitious and historic Flemish characters and the cruel King of Spain.

De Coster, in fact, presents his pictures with a certain wide freedom upon a broad sweep of canvas. He casts aside the stereotyped formulæ of his craft, and he gives us something stimulating and provocative that seems to demand an immediate second and more studious reading. And he leaves us, if we are not purblind, with the sense that we have been reading a poet's interpretation of the national life and the unquenchable love of liberty of the Flemish people.

Incidentally, the discriminating reader will not overlook the occasional brief descriptive passages of rare beauty; he will be impressed with the reality and variety of the characters portrayed; he will react to the recurring elements of mysticism, fantasy, and horror, even if he fails to recognize, in the first reading, just what the author is getting at.

One need hardly expect de Coster's work to achieve popularity with us; its form and substance lie too far outside the radius of the average reader's experience and standards. But that will in no wise condemn it in the eyes of the lover of genuine literature. The translator has called it "a book of vitality and passion". It is that and more; it is a distinctly impressive creation. And the American publishers deserve our thanks for spreading this table before us in the presence of so much that is commonplace and brassy.

At the end of the book there comes a flash of enlightenment. Thus spake Ulenspiegel:

> "Think you that they can be buried in the ground", he asked them, "Ulenspiegel and Nele? Nele that is the heart of our Mother Flanders, and Ulenspiegel that is her soul? She can sleep, too, forsooth, but die—never! Come, Nele."
>
> And they twain departed, Ulenspiegel singing his sixth song. But no man knoweth where he sang his last.

One may venture to suggest that the seventh song of the symbolic Ulenspiegel may have been sung not long since, at Liège and Louvain and among the sand dunes beyond Ostend.

The Legend of the Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegel in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere. By Charles de Coster. Translated from the French by Geoffrey Whitworth. With twenty woodcuts by Albert Delstanche. Robert M. McBride and Co.

A CREED FOR CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

By Charles Hanson Towne

Christopher Morley has personality. Anyone who has read his delightful

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"Shandygaff" does not need to be told that. No man can write essays like those unless he has in his heart and brain that indefinable something which we call, for lack of a better word, charm. When I finished reading the book I wanted straightway to write a creed beginning, "I believe in Christopher Morley". And here he is again, vindicating, happily, my judgment on his book of prose, with a volume of verse fit to follow his enchanting essays. Morley, in a word, seems to be able to do anything. He can meander, as a poet should, along a dusty highway, and extract a song from whatever he sees. He is the beloved vagabond of modern writers; yet behind his most whimsical fancy lies a profound pity for humanity; and he never seems happier than when he is interpreting the feelings of an inarticulate old woman standing in front of a bulletin board reading the news of peace. And of a commonplace telephone directory he can say this:

A million hearts here wait our call,
All naked to our distant speech—
I wish that I could ring them all
And have some welcome news for each!

A man will go far who can feel like that. Then there are the two (I wish there had been two dozen) "Sonnets in a Lodging House", with their almost uncanny perception of how one's landlady feels about her various lodgers. You think them humorous at first; then you sense the tragedy of the poor soul's life, and get a picture of her as vivid, in fourteen lines, as ten thousand words of Fanny Hurst or Edna Ferber at their best. It is little short of genius to accomplish this. "At a Movie Theatre" grips you strangely; and then you come upon the matchless free-verse stanzas called "Do You Ever Feel Like God?" and you gasp, so compelling is the picture drawn. Ibsen himself never removed one of the walls of a room more completely, revealing all one need to know of the lives of four people. The lines are so splendid that I cannot refrain from quoting them:

Across the court there rises the back wall
Of the Magna Carta Apartments.
The other evening the people in the apartment opposite
Had forgotten to draw their curtains.
I could see them dining: the well-blanched cloth,
The silver and glass, the crystal water-jug,
The meat and vegetables; and their clean pink hands
Outstretched in busy gesture.

It was pleasant to watch them, they were so human;
So gay, innocent, unconscious of scrutiny.
They were four: an elderly couple,
A young man, and a girl—with lovely shoulders
Mellow in the glow of the lamp.
They were sitting over coffee, and I could see their hands talking.

At last the older two left the room.
The boy and girl looked at each other. . . .
Like a flash, they leaned and kissed.

Good old human race that keeps on multiplying!
A little later I went down the street to the movies,
And there I saw all four, laughing and joking together.
And as I watched them I felt like God—
Benevolent, all-knowing, and tender.

Morley loves the city, you see; but he also loves gypsying on quiet trails, and home best of all. In the section headed "At Home" one finds a poignant note that is thoroughly masculine, but tender in the extreme. Here are found such favorites as we have seen already in various magazines—"Dedication for a Fireplace", "On Naming a House", and "The Crib", not forgetting "To a Very Young Gentleman", which will find its way into many an anthology. And Morley has that precious gift, humility about his own work, as witness the little prayer before a printing-press, that his songs

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may be worthy "of this great machine". There is some clever *vers de société;* but I wish Morley, who is no mean critic of other people's work, had been discriminating enough to omit about half a dozen light songs that were written, surely, under the pressure of his daily newspaper work. I mean such tawdry pieces as "The Night Before Pay Day", "John J. Harrison", with its foolish climax, and "Kith and Kin". And "breakfastless" is one of those awkward words that a poet of Morley's distinction should never, never use!

But what a good book it is! More than ever I say, "I believe in Christopher Morley".

The Rocking Horse. By Christopher Morley. George H. Doran Company.

WHAT IS HUMAN PROGRESS?

By Maurice Francis Egan

Mr. Philip Ainsworth Means offers us a book which can be read with real profit only by the analytical and intellectual person. It is the volume of a young man who has thought much, observed much, and studied hard; the only line of research which he seems to have neglected, is the careful use of English words. It is not often that he shows the result of this disregard of style, but when a Bostonian uses the word "riled" in a serious passage one demands with lifted hands to heaven that the vengeance of the spirits of the Back Bay shall be wreaked upon him.

It is not necessary to repeat the encomiums of distinguished scientists on the careful work Mr. Means has done in Peru: a layman can only listen to these with reverence; but on less strictly scientific matters the lay critic is entitled to his own opinion. Although Mr. Means seems to accept unreservedly Darwin's hypotheses as dogmas rather than scientific laws, he does not assume that evolution in any case means steady progress. The quotation from Ferrero which he places on a fly-leaf of his book shows that he has not, like most modern scientists, a hatred of the Middle Ages: "The Europe of 1317", he quotes from Ferrero, "was a paradise compared to the Europe of 1917; and this is the result of six centuries of progress—progress which surely gives the Chinese, Indians, and other peoples, to whom we are wont to consider ourselves so superior, every right to smile ironically—progress which fills the soul of many a European with deep distrust. Is this progress? we may well ask."

Ferrero is probably right, though the Europe of 1317 was anything but a paradise; and Mr. Means shows us unconsciously that neither the Chinese, nor the Indians look on our progress as ideal. In fact, so far as an attitude of superiority is concerned, the haughtiness seems—although they rarely show it—to be on the part of the Chinese. The Orientals condescend to use the rude weapons of the West in order to compete with us; but in soul and mind they still remain spiritually proud and condescending. In the limits of a brief review it is impossible to do justice to this very learned, very stimulating, and at times very irritating volume. It is so much worth while that one would like, not only to approve, but to combat some of Mr. Means's theories with violence. In analyzing what Mr. Means calls the culture of American aborigines, he accentuates certain facts which many of us have lost sight of in considering their lack of practical progress. For instance, he says very truly,—

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. . in all the western hemisphere not a wheel turned until Columbus arrived. The nearest approaches to wheels and wheeling movement are seen in the Alaskan region where some of the natives rolled the canoes into the sea on logs, and in Mexico where fire was ignited by means of a stick rapidly revolved between the palms of the hands while its point rested upon another bit of wood. Nevertheless, the ancient peoples of America were by no means lacking in mechanical devices. Litters were certainly used in Mexico and in Peru (and very likely in Yucatan) by great personages. The travois and sledge were used widely in the more northern parts of the continent.

Nearly as important as the matter of rotatory mechanism is that of domestic animals. With the exception of the comparatively useless dog there were none such in ancient America. Only the Andeans with their feeble, wilful, semi-subjected Llamas and the Eskimo with his specially developed sledge-dog had the slightest sign of an animal helpmate and burden beast. (Pages 123-124.)

Mr. Means defines culture as "the complex of conditions created by man and his psychological reaction to those conditions". It "has been shown to vary from place to place and from age to age". Mr. Means ardently desires the construction of a scaffold on which a better culture may rest—a world culture. This, he thinks, must be brought about by what he calls "race appreciation". He does not leave out religion in the process of reconstruction; but he does not tell us whether this religion is to be mystical or not so far as the religious revival among the Allies is concerned, and we are left in doubt as to whether religion among the various races of the world, not Christian, is decaying. It is interesting to trace the procession of paradoxes by which he unites paternalism with democracy. He compares the wretched condition of Persia to the improved condition of India, the latter owing to the grafting of a newer civilization on the older. It follows from most of his observations and arguments that the world cannot exist as a world worthy of respect and safe to live in, unless paternalism so conducts the people that they are able eventually to govern themselves; we must then accept the task of being *in loco parentis* to those nations which, according to Mr. Means, are not really inferior, but only undeveloped. He is too sane not to see that democracy at present needs to be protected from itself in many countries; but he seems to make the mistake of imagining that democracy can only exist under a republican form of government — a mistake common among even the most intelligent of our fellow countrymen. He believes earnestly that human nature is perfectible, and that, after tremendous scientific thought and effort and struggle, the world will reach that "divine event to which the whole creation tends". It is a hopeful book, and yet not a book which indulges in the illusions of hope more fully than one expects from a young man who looks on life sincerely, if not with entire clarity.

Racial Factors in Democracy. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Marshall Jones Co.

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SOME LIBRARY GAINS FROM THE WAR

BY WILLIAM WARNER BISHOP
President of the American Library Association

The libraries of America through the library war service of the American Library Association have done fine work during the war in providing books in camps, in hospitals abroad and at home; on ships, in lookout stations, and all manner of places in which units of the army and navy have been stationed. They have done far more than provide books and magazines—they have given personal service in directing and furthering their use, a service voluntary for the most part, and so wide in extent and in numbers as practically to cover the whole body of librarians in the country. Few are there in our American libraries who have not participated heartily and actively in some part of the library war service. Some have raised money, others have served in the camps or hospitals, still others have gone to France, and a devoted band has labored at Headquarters at the Library of Congress in Washington. What are the resulting gains to libraries and incidentally to librarians?

A tremendous impetus has without doubt been given to the library work of the country by the mere fact that hundreds of thousands of young men have come into active personal contact with books administered in an organized and effective way. Literally thousands of men have read in camp libraries who never in their lives had seen more than a few dozen books on a shelf or two, and to whom the camp library of some twenty or thirty thousand volumes was a revelation. Those young fellows were not all from remote country districts by any means. They came from hard toil in shops and factories, from exacting labor out of doors in New York or Detroit; they had never seen the inside of the public libraries in their home towns. One of the commonest experiences of the camp librarian was this fact that the very existence of libraries was a revelation. The army (and to a less degree the navy) men now know that there are libraries. They will not forget it when they get home. They will not all become at once active readers in their home libraries. But they will know what libraries are and why they are.

Most men not compelled to use books in earning their daily bread have had a vague idea that libraries were mainly composed of the sort of books women and children like to read in their leisure moments. These men, to the number of many thousands, have been suddenly obliged to acquire new information for extremely practical ends. They have been forced to use books to get that information, in most cases from the camp library, under pressure of necessity. The men who have been helped by this service to win promotion, to discover effective means of getting jobs done, will remember that the library was of use to them in a very practical way. They will know that the library can serve men, practical business men, men who do things. And they will demand this

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sort of service at home, whether that means town or country.

Despite the hurry of making our army in the shortest possible time, there have been many terribly lonesome hours for recruits and for their officers, hours none the less lonesome because passed in the intimate contacts of barracks and wards and transports. Books and magazines as a means of diversion (whether by mere reading or by hard study) have become familiar, and indeed, to many men, necessary. This is a gain surpassing in value any material benefit. That many thousand men have learned to value the companionship of good reading as a result of this library war service is perhaps the greatest gain resulting from it.

The army and navy and the various welfare organizations have discovered that books alone are not a library. They have had tangible and effective evidence that it takes a librarian to make a collection of books function as a library. Time and again has the testimony come to Headquarters of what the librarian's trained skill has done in making camp and hospital libraries useful and vital. Particularly was this evidence given in cases where with the best of good will persons of no training had been trying to "run" a library for the troops. The officers who have observed (and reported) these instances will never again regard the librarian's post as one anybody can fill. The professional standing of librarians has been greatly improved by their war service.

The people, too, have become more conscious of their own libraries and their work through the service they have rendered in the war. Many a man who never before went to the town library has brought his contribution of books to be sent to the boys, or has given his money for the library war service. The effective advertising which the libraries have received is a lasting gain, because it rests on a secure foundation of work done, not on a mere promise to do something.

The librarians, too, have gained immensely. They have come to the front in a national emergency surpassing in its exacting demands upon the whole people any preceding crisis, and have done their part in their professional capacity, just as the doctors and nurses have done theirs. They have had cordial recognition and support for their work from the military authorities, from the Red Cross, from the whole people who generously contributed millions to carry it on. No man or woman who has worked in camp or hospital or in France (and how hard they have worked only they know!) can fail to recognize the benefit resulting from these human contacts under pressure of a great need. The work has done them good.

Most of all have the younger library folk gained, for they have had their chance to show capacity. Novel conditions, long hours of service (fourteen—and more, a day oftentime!), delays and red tape, lack of facilities, constant pressure have not dismayed them. With true American grit and good humor they have faced new and trying demands, and have proven equal to them. Sent to cantonments rising overnight from the wilderness, with no books, no rooms, no buildings, and (at first) no status, these younger men and women have produced (under kindly guidance from Headquarters) not libraries alone, but veritable library systems in the great camps. In the smaller places, in outlying camps and stations of the army and navy, they have somehow placed their books, and have kept track of them.

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The difficulties in the beginning were unbelievable—but they were overcome. The Dispatch Offices have handled literally millions of books, and that quietly and well. While the older librarians have worked hard, the burden of the field work has naturally fallen on younger shoulders—and many a neophyte has had his chance, and most of them have come up to it. They will drop back into routine—but they have made their mark, and know it.

The American Library Association has won benefit from its war work. It has acquired a momentum and a standing which should enable it to carry out much larger and more ambitious programs than anything it has attempted in the past. The Association has become conscious of its own power to do things. Its corporate life has been invigorated, strengthened. The government works with and through it. Other great organizations, such as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A., are glad to cooperate with it. If its war service has done nothing else, it has brought to the American Library Association vigor, power, recognition. Peace will release the pressure under which these have been won. But the Association can never fall back into mere discussion, mere routine, mere existence. As a result of its war work it will keep on working.

And we may in all modesty claim one further—and final—gain for American libraries from the war service. The world of librarians outside of the United States, particularly in Great Britain, Canada, and France, has kept the American library war service under keen and friendly observation and criticism. They have worked hard and successfully in their own way, and it is no small satisfaction to us Americans that our way and our work seem to have won their hearty and genuine approval. The professional press of our allies has commented continually on the American methods, and generally with warm praise. We, on our part, have noted the splendid achievements of the Canadian and British librarians, working for the most part through non-professional channels, but none the less getting books and magazines to their troops and sailors. Of the French we have not known quite so much, but there too it is a satisfaction to recall that the "Association des Bibliothécaires Français" met on last Thanksgiving Day at the American Library Association's Central Library in Paris. We have been not rivals, but companions in the same task—and the resulting solidarity means much to the future of international library undertakings.

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RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

Anatole France has returned to his popular vein. I use the adjective in its most flattering sense. The faith and determination required by the war, coupled with a change in the temper of young France which antedates the war, has turned many men against the glorious Olympian of "La Révolte des Anges", "L'Ile des Pingouins", and "La Vie de Jeanne d'Arc". But the poet and child-lover who wrote "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami" will ever be admired by all. And it is this poet who appears once more in "Le Petit Pierre".

The writer who puts joy in our lives and kindliness in our hearts is not always a serious-minded person with a thought to communicate. He is sometimes a genius whose radiant vision does little more than tinge with beauty the lights and shadows of the fundamental within us. This is why France's reminiscences of childhood are a benefaction as well as works of consummate art. We grown-ups are children still. "When his soul is distressed", says Pierre Mille, that other lover of childhood, "a man feels the need of a woman's presence; and that is because man can never forget that once he was a little boy."

While Anatole France, now well over seventy years of age, recalls the dilemmas, the feelings, and the ideas of childhood with a truth that is the marvel of those who have children under their constant supervision, he picks out and paints with gentle emotion those characteristics that persist, that mark the little boy living on in the man. The discrimination, the simplicity of humanistic art can go no further. If the present volume shows a little more diffuseness, a little less spontaneity than its justly famous predecessors, it is only the existence of "Pierre Nozière" and "Le Livre de Mon Ami" that prevents "Le Petit Pierre" from ranking among the most delightful productions of the greatest writer living today.

When he had created man and woman in the earthly paradise, Allah, having reflected, spoke: "It is my will that man shall have a soul; and woman shall have none. But woman shall be keen-witted and man shall be dull". Thereupon Cheitan, the spirit of evil, having heard these words, exclaimed: "Bissimillah! Excellent! it is most excellent thus!"

Cheitan's satisfaction proves well-founded, at least if we are to trust the testimony of Pierre Mille. In his "Nasr' Eddine et son Epouse", Mrs. Nasr' Eddine, Zéineb by name, and others of her sex furnish much entertainment of the Arabian Nights variety. Yet they alone are not to minister to our amusement; for with them are associated the Turkish police, miracle-working relics, gullible European visitors to old Stamboul, and last and most important of all, Nasr' Eddine himself. This Nasr' Eddine is a genial soul. Philosopher, poet and simpleton in one, living in a frontier land between reality and dreams, a lover of "la belle aventure", he never

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loses the sympathy of the reader. The death of a donkey brings him honor and shekels, a bit of Greek sculpture makes of him a famished prisoner; and yet, through good and evil fortune, whether shivering in a tomb to get a foretaste of the after-life or caressing the curiosity of the Baroness Bourcier—and even, be it said in passing, while standing aside to listen as Mille's fertile genius tells some of the best stories in the book, stories in which Nasr' Eddine is not directly involved—he preserves an unfailing confidence in the wisdom of Allah and the truth of his ninety and nine attributes.

Pierre Mille should be better known to the American public. In France he is known to all. The fact that many of his tales appeared first in the "Temps" and the "Journal", while it made his name a household word, tended for a time to make us put him in a class to which he was superior. Journalists have a reputation to live down. When, however, these same tales appeared in book form, it became evident that Mille was possessed of peculiar and enduring qualities. His character of Barnavaux is as well-known as Daudet's Tartarin. Certainly Nasr' Eddine is not Barnavaux. But it is rarely given to any author to create more than one figure so congenial to the heart of the general reader; and this new book, in spite of its inferiority, revives the feeling that Pierre Mille is a remarkable writer. He has an art developed by discipline and owes not a little to Kipling; but he has also an originality all his own. He is not so much an exponent of the "short-story" technically so-called, as he is a story-teller of a less artificial variety. He holds our attention by the sallies of his mirth, the vagaries of his expressions, and the freshness of his imagination. To listen to him charms us, and we care little about the construction of his plot or the end of his tale. He is by no means an ingenuous observer of men and things—see, for instance, in the present volume, the story of how the Reverend Mr. Feathercock took to himself a "Turkish" wife, which is a delightful take-off, if I am not very much mistaken, of Loti's too credulous "Désenchantées". He is also a remarkable painter of exotic scenes. But over the great variety of persons and places which he describes with a keen appreciation of their differences is spread the unity of individual humor, the magnetism of a sane, joyous, and gentle-hearted personality.

To the scientifically inquisitive I recommend a volume of vulgarization. This is "La Vie en Action" by Edmond Perrier, a member of the Institut and the author of many scientific studies. Here one may glean much curious information, ranging from the views now held by learned men upon the formation of our world, to the instincts of the hermit-crab which is attracted by the colors white and green, and prefers yellow to red. It contains also the not untimely suggestion that since, according to modern theories, sex is determined by a peculiar balance between nutritive activity and the expenditure of energy, the ever-increasing participation of woman in the more exhausting activities of life will lead to a growing preponderance of male births. The disappearance of woman is no doubt to be regretted; but can we say as much for the disappearance of feminism?

The diversity of subject matter in Perrier's book is, as the author himself explains, "a natural consequence of the fundamental unity of science, a unity that is becoming every day

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more evident from our studies in the nature of matter and force". As an example of this unity, we may quote the following statement on the interrelation of physics, on the one hand, and psychology or physiology on the other: "And it is also through the action of a mechanism still mysterious in its essence, but of which electricity seems to be a part, that our thought controls our muscles and, consequently, presides over our acts."

Le Petit Pierre. By Anatole France. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
Nasr' Eddine et son Epouse. By Pierre Mille. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
La Vie en Action. By Edmond Perrier. Paris: Ernest Flammarion.

THE BOOKSELLER: THE READER'S BEST FRIEND

BY FREDERIC G. MELCHER
Secretary of the American Booksellers' Association

Such a common phenomenon in American life is the annual trade convention, that no convening group seriously expects that the country at large will note the fact of its gathering or watch for the results of its sessions. Hotels fill and empty, assembly halls echo and then resolve into silence, resolutions are passed and embodied in trade history, and the world of trade wags on its way.

Successful individualists avoid conventions as plague spots; scoffers say that the fluent and not the competent are the ones heard on the floor or platform; the cynical point to lists of high resolves never carried out and to committees that never bring in reports. Yet, be that as it may, no field of trade is without organization, and the annual conventions are a recognized part of cooperative effort—the milestones of trade history. Reports of presidents and secretaries are bird's-eye views of business experiment; committees are stirred to action by the inevitable day of reporting; alert men tell of their successes and methods; and the discouraged and puzzled are stirred to new progress.

The booksellers of the United States have been organized since 1901 as the American Booksellers' Association, and their convention in Boston on the 13th, 14th and 15th of May will be their nineteenth annual gathering, the second to be held outside of New York City. Some two hundred members will be registered, this number including publishers and their representatives as well as retailers, though the executive officers of the association are all from the retailers.

What emphasizes this year's convention as one of special importance in the minds of those who have the interests of the book-trade most at heart, is the opportunity that it may give through speeches and discussion to estimate the effect of the war on this field of business and the possibilities of its expansion under the new conditions.

There is a wide-spread feeling that the book is coming into its own, and the bookstore into wider recognition. Will the bookseller be able to make good under the new opportunities; are the conditions under which he is operating suitable for meeting the needs? These are problems on which the trade wants answers.

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There can be little doubt that the war has increased the reading habit. It has widened the range of people's interests, intensified ambitions, given new visions. In the army study has been the road to promotion, and recreational reading has been recognized as a human necessity; hundreds of thousands of volumes have found their way under a trained organization of librarians into every corner of the service. These men are coming back into our communities and will demand books that will inform and books that will entertain.

But if wartimes stimulated reading, peace and world readjustments promise to do so even more, and reports from the book-trade during the last three months seem to bear out that hope. Many people have turned to books for relaxation after the tense effort of war activities. The story of the war is being reviewed in detail; the history and affairs of other countries are more interesting to us. Trade methods are being studied, foreign languages cultivated, reconstruction problems investigated. Books had a tremendous and well-recognized place in moulding public opinion on the war issues, and they will have the same important work to do in helping clarify the issues of the new era.

But books half distributed are books only half effective, and to the problem of better distribution the booksellers address themselves. They must work together for better basic trade conditions, better trained booksellers, improved selling methods, wider public recognition of the importance of bookstores, higher professional standards. Better trade conditions will increase the number of bookstores, better training will increase the number of satisfied buyers. Improved selling methods will increase the outlet in a given community; increased recognition of the civic and educational importance of bookstores will bring adequate support to bookstore enterprises in cities now without them; and higher standards among store owners and managers will make such recognition possible.

Four centuries and a half of printing-press history have brought us to a point where everyone expects to find reading matter about him at every turn, and takes its presence for granted. The tremendous amount distributed at the expense of the state, or by societies and endowed institutions, or, to a far greater extent, by the subsidy brought about by the world's need for advertising space, makes it impossible that the general public should look upon the distribution of literature as a perplexing problem. Yet it is a difficult problem and one that is but partly accomplished in any country, certainly not in our own.

There can be no doubt as to the great place that our daily papers and periodicals fill as recorders of events and moulders of opinion; yet the book will always be the permanent place of record for the best in literature, and the vehicle for the best reasoned and most substantial works on human affairs and world progress. How shall these get their full effect and widest distribution? The mere putting into print and covers does not accomplish this any more than the printing of health rules brings about universal cognizance of them. The machinery for distribution must be ready, it must be well organized, and quickly and intelligently responsive to the needs and opportunities.

Does anyone believe the distribution system for books is adequate? Look around and judge from your own experience. Perhaps you may live in

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one of the large centers where there have always been good bookstores in at least partially adequate numbers. Or perhaps in some smaller city where the devoted interest of some good bookman has given the place book service much above the average. Yet the greater number of communities are without book service measuring up to the possibilities of the place or the intelligence of the people.

It will immediately be said that the bookstore is by no means the only method of book distribution. Quite true; yet it is certainly greatly needed over and above the amount of distribution accomplished through other channels. The public library, which has reached its greatest usefulness in this country, cannot yet find support on which fully to cover the community's needs. Let us say, for example, that Mr. Wells has just written "Mr. Britling", and a wide reading of it is important to the country. A public library in a city of 100,000 will put perhaps five copies in circulation, a bookstore in that community can put 500 in circulation. Bookstore and library are supplementary agencies, not rivals.

It might be suggested by some that people prefer to buy from canvassers, as in the case of "Stoddard's Lectures", or from magazine descriptions, such as those of Mark Twain and the "Power of Will", or from mail order catalogues. But however much these methods accomplish, there is still to be found no better way to get the right books to the right persons than by displaying them conveniently in every community under the competent comment of a bookseller. Authors, publishers, and public agree on this fact.

With this obvious public need of bookstores, how does it happen that there are so few of them and so many cities without? Why should there be fewer bookstores now than fifty years ago, though the population has so increased? Take any large city and the older residents will tell you of the greater number of bookstores that used to be found there, in Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, Troy, or Columbus. It is not, of course, easy to give a satisfactory answer, so many elements have entered into the problem. There have been changes in habits of living, a tremendous increase in other sources of reading matter, a separation from the bookstores of certain classes of bookselling, a lack of adequate profit in the business done.

While increase in wealth permits more margin for indulgence in books, the automobile and movie have cut into the time available; and apartment houses and frequent family migrations have made books seem an extra burden. New sources of reading matter have appeared on every side—the extended scope of the newspaper; the multiplication of periodicals; government, institutional, and society publications, and the rapid extension of public library facilities through public appreciation and generosity aided by Mr. Carnegie's building support. Schoolbooks were once the province of the bookstore but, quite properly, these are now supplied by public funds except in the South and in a few states of the Middle West where statute asks the stores to handle them, but at a loss. Law books, medical books, technical books, and books in the field of higher education are now largely handled by the publisher, as he has found it more profitable to direct the selling from the home office. Encyclopædias are sold by canvass, as well as a large proportion of the unabridged dictionaries. Complete atlases

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and popular dictionaries have been sold into the million in the past few years through newspapers with coupon advertising.

On the question of profits, there will be varying views as to the seat of trouble. But there are very few who have been able to guide a bookstore through as much as a quarter of a century of business without financial accident, and such stores as are able to show this longevity are usually found coupled with other departments than those of current and standard books, either old, rare, or second-hand books, stationery or publishing. All statistics of the business point to the fact that while there is no retail field to compare with it in fascination, there are few that can compare with it in difficulty. It requires breadth of study, alertness as a merchant, and a level head for finance, to build up a successful bookstore, or else a combination of such abilities in different heads. And such combinations are hard to find. Usually it is the enthusiasm for the business that helps to overcome weakness in merchandising, though it may not quite offset weakness in financing.

The booksellers' conventions endeavor to provide opportunity for the pooling of selling ideas and methods. A review of past convention proceedings shows how much good work has been done on the problem of getting adequate selling methods, on bookstore technique, stock arrangement, display, the making of sales, charge-, order-, delivery-systems, and the like. What one manager has worked out another is quite welcome to know, and the one who will bring a good idea is likely to be rewarded by carrying away two. Selling method in a bookstore will never be a mechanical process, a recitation by rote of selected phrases. The nature of the wares forbids that, but booksellers pick up in these contacts with other merchants suggestions as to how the machinery of business may function more smoothly, may care for more people in the day; may succeed in making more books sell themselves by better display and arrangement.

Bookstore frequenters are peculiarly sensitive to the appearance of a shop. Books are to them more than stacked merchandise; they are old friends and prospective acquaintances; and they do not expect to see them handled with apparent carelessness in either window, counter, or shelf. A book counter is a ceaselessly changing picture of new material. The task of guiding this constant change, and of renewing and supplying the old while welcoming the new, is a problem of merchandising that makes the bookseller glad of the opportunities of consultation.

Retailing as business, occupying as it does so many millions of people, has been the last field to be considered as a problem for serious study; and only now is it coming into its own. While the manufacturer has been calling in expert organizers and establishing research laboratories to increase his efficiency, while the farmer has been attending university courses and employing county agents to get up-to-date advice on his work, the retailers in all fields have been content with their own native wisdom and with developing managers by the slow method of "growing up in the business". Only within a few years have educational authorities begun to turn seriously to the task of training for the retail field, and only recently have people been willing to forego the old idea that "anyone can run a shop". In the new impulse toward a literature of business, the last field to be covered

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was that of the technique of retail store management. The retail bookseller himself is beginning to absorb that literature as well as to have the pleasant privilege of selling the volumes to others. In such practical problems as store organization, sales direction, stock keeping, and store finance, the bookseller has been handicapped, not so much from being behind the procession of retailers, as from the fact that retail merchandising as a whole has lagged behind other fields of business. The retailer is becoming the student of his own affairs and the annual convention is one fruitful field for such study.

Perhaps no difficulty has been so common in the retail field as the lack of knowledge of retail finance, and the absence of any good guide in this matter. The Harvard Business School a few years ago began studies of the retail field, and gathered important statistics as to costs and profits in the retail shoe business. This investigation, which was carried out in a wide area and in both large and small cities, brought out important facts for the retailers' guidance, and it also showed how few merchants kept accounts that could give them the basic facts for the conduct of their business. The bookseller is even more in need of guidance than the shoe dealer, as his operations are far more complicated in character and the risks of loss are much larger. Many there are who say, "I should just love to run a bookstore"; and who think that because they know and love books, happy days will be spent while the best of books move off into always welcoming hands. But those who have entered the field are not so sure of the ease of this operation. They remember hours spent in wondering how much rent can be afforded for a $50,000 business; whether $1,000 is too much to spend for advertising in a year, or why $20,000 is too much stock to carry for that size business. Is a last fall's novel still good stock, or is it worth a dollar now or forty-nine cents? Can one afford to carry Rousseau's "The Social Contract" or Dryden's "Poems" even if there be only one call a year, and can one find the way to free an investment of a hundred dollars in a rarity which is worth not five to those not collecting in that field?

The book-trade has been endeavoring, in the Association, to find standards for guidance in these troublesome fields. Three years ago forty retailers supplied operating figures to the "System Magazine" from which interesting averages were obtained, but new figures based on a wider gathering of statistics are needed in order to know the facts with regard to present conditions.

One characteristic of bookstore finance enters into all its problems. The price at which the goods are to be sold is fixed in advance. If the shoe dealer finds that he cannot make a profit by selling slippers that cost a dollar for a dollar fifty, he marks them one sixty-five; but the bookseller must continue to sell dollar and a half books for one fifty and find some new way to economize. Both wholesale and retail prices are fixed by the manufacturer. This gives the public the advantage of low stable prices in all parts of the country, though it manifestly increases the difficulties of bookstores. The public has been called on to take more interest lately in the costs of distribution, but it would be a bold man indeed who would claim that the bookstore is supplied with too wide a margin.

The librarian, whose problem of book selection resembles in so many ways the problem of the bookstore

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buyer, and whose necessity of reaching his public has much similarity to the bookseller's desire, has a problem of finance that is decidedly less perilous than that of the bookseller. He should, therefore, be charitable in his judgments when the bookseller does not quite carry through to the ideal. The librarian's position is decidedly not an overpaid one but, at least, he is sure of the money. He is not called on to make any investment of his own and could conduct the affairs of his institution with much inadequacy for a couple of years without personal financial loss, while the bookseller can easily lose his savings of years in slight misjudgments during such a period. If the librarian thinks it difficult to obtain increased appropriations from trustees, he should remember how much more of a problem it is to get increased allowances from bankers. The librarian's margin for expenses is known a year in advance and can be counted on; the bookseller's margin for expenses is not known until the sales are in and their amount and character determined.

Bookstore finance and general management is one of the ever pressing difficulties of the business and one which is ever recurring in discussion when booksellers get together. More thorough investigation must be made and more adequate help offered to aid new stores to start on solid foundations, and to keep the older stores from dying through preventable disease.

But the points at which the public would be first conscious of new strength in the bookstore would be the personnel, the ability to handle intelligently and competently the extremely varied merchandise that makes up the stock. It is here that organized bookselling must put forth its best efforts in order to measure up to its opportunity. It is true that there is need of scores of more bookshops in this country, and that many large and prosperous communities are entirely without adequate service; but it does not follow that *any* kind of book service will suffice. The book-trade is quite conscious of this, and the question of higher professional standards and better methods of training salesmen comes constantly to the front in all gatherings.

A prominent librarian was recently asked whether in his judgment there was not a good place for a bookstore in his city. "Yes", he replied, "but we want a good one: one that will be really adequate to the opportunity, one that shall carry a good complete stock and be competently handled."

No one can understand better than the librarian the need of proper training for the handling of books. The growth of the library service throughout the country has been made possible by the establishment of training schools and advanced library courses. When the first school was established, one of the leaders in the library profession laughed at the idea of such special preparation.

It is becoming more and more obvious in the book-trade that some better means of training bookmen must be found than the old apprentice method. In the last few years several plans have tentatively begun which point the way to more perfect ways that may be developed. New York, Philadelphia, and now Boston have made modest beginnings at schools of bookselling. The one at Philadelphia has discovered a teacher in Miss Bessie Graham, who has blazed many paths into this new field. Her lessons on literature and editions under the title of "Home School for Bookselling" are being

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studied widely, as they now appear in the book-trade periodical that carries the course in bi-weekly instalments to every bookstore in the country. At the booksellers' convention of a year ago, the part of the programme that won most attention was the reports from four speakers on bookselling education. It is the hope of many that the day is not far off when a school for bookselling may be established that will compare favorably with the best schools for librarianship — of which the curriculum could be partly paralleled. A year's course that should be half of books and half of business and should allow for a month of practical experience in a large city bookstore, would turn out graduates who could find good positions in our established city stores, could manage the book buying in department stores, or establish shops of individuality to supplement the present outlets.

One of the hopeful and interesting developments in bookselling of the last few years has been the entrance of more women into the business by the establishment of small and individualistic bookshops in various cities: Boston, Pittsburgh, Richmond, New York, Washington, Utica, Northampton—to mention some that come to mind. Women also are in increasing numbers taking over the selling of children's books, either by establishing special bookshops or by taking over the conduct of the juvenile departments in larger stores. It would seem as though there could hardly be a business in which a woman could feel more at home and from which she could gain more satisfaction.

The small bookshop is showing increased possibilities under recent experiments. It can in no way take the place of the larger store where customers can find almost all books on all subjects, but it furnishes the opportunity for individuality and initiative. It will reach out into new areas of book usage, and tempt into the business of book distributing alert and active minds who will help to raise the level of American bookselling.

The most welcome fact of any booksellers' convention is the registering of new names, the report of new efforts to broaden and enrich the field. The only regret is that the bookstores too often fail to meet the needs and to cover in a satisfactory way the cities of the country.

Today brings in the greatest opportunity the bookseller has ever had, the opportunity to observe an eager and widened reading public at an epoch in the world's history. The preparation for adequate service is not complete; there are too few outlets, too few trained salesmen; but the booksellers see the way toward better things, and they ask and deserve the support and interest of the book-loving public of this country.

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THE MEDITATIVE PSYCHE

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

The psychopathology of everyday verse might well be the subject of an interesting thesis. But the fact remains that the discoveries and hypotheses of contemporary psychologists offer a wealth of material to the artist. English poets (and Americans living in England) have perhaps been more alert in exploring the new vein than our own men. But Conrad Aiken's preoccupation with this novel and delicate science is not to be ignored. In any case he may be counted among the experimentalists in English poetry; and if all experiment may not, strictly speaking, be art, all art is assuredly experiment. From his first narrative poems in Chaucerian forms to his latest psychological study in a form approaching the symphonic, Aiken has joined a knowledge of familiar roads to an intense and eager curiosity. "The Charnel Rose" is interesting for the same reasons that distinguish the work that preceded it: for the rich psychological import of the subject-matter, for its intriguing rhythms, for the smooth quality of its tone-color, and not least for the odd manner in which the author perhaps unwittingly, and certainly unwillingly, echoes his contemporaries. The title-poem is the most ambitious thing in the book, but "Senlin" is the more finished achievement. The theme of "The Charnel Rose" is nympholepsy, taken broadly "as that impulse which sends us from one dream, or ideal, to another, always disillusioned, always creating for adoration some new and subtler fiction". Beginning with merely carnal love, the poet leads us on to "a mysticism apparently pure". The method is an attempt to present the stream of consciousness, emotions and perceptions, by means of a recurrent symbolism. The difficulties in the way of such a presentment are obvious. It is not frequently that the poet is as clear as in the reiterated questions:

> To shape this world of leaderless ghostly passions—
> Or else be mobbed by it—there was the riddle.

And,

> Were the hands of lust red with the murder of love?
> And must desire forever defeat its end?

It would seem, in reading the poem, that the flow of consciousness is being continually interrupted by sudden invasions of the unconscious; that emotions are confused with perceptions; that the poet is concerned rather with psychopathology than with psychology in its broader aspect. All this does not render the poem less engaging, though it alters the reader's view of it. About the symbolism one cannot speak with any pretension to impartiality. These are things of the affections. For Aiken, they are obviously so, since he retains his vision of "the young bright sinister earth" so vividly. It is in "Senlin" that he somewhat escapes his own predilections. And it is in "Senlin" that he creates a figure at once fascinatingly mysterious and intimately personal. It is difficult to break this poem into quotable passages, because it is so closely and exquisitely knit. One must have a sense

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of the gradual growth of the portrait, of the "biography" as Aiken chooses to call it, of this man who

. . . smokes his pipe before us, and we hear him . . .
Is he small, with reddish hair,
Does he light his pipe with a meditative stare,
And a pointed flame reflected in both eyes?
Is he sad and happy and foolish and wise? . . .
. . . . . .
Has no one, in a great autumnal forest,
When the wind bares the trees with mournful tone,
Heard the sad horn of Senlin slowly blown?
Has no one, on a mountain in the spring,
Heard Senlin sing?

One must go with Senlin through the ancient forest, one must watch with him the distant sea, one must regard, in the town, white horses drawing a small white hearse, and recognize with no sense of surprise that

It is as if his soul had become a city,
With noisily peopled streets, and through these streets
Senlin himself comes driving a small white hearse . . .
"Senlin!" we cry. He does not turn his head.
But is that Senlin?—or is this city Senlin,—
Quietly watching the burial of its dead?
Dumbly observing the cortège of its dead?

And so one meets him, in the garden, or among the pyramids; he is the tossed tree, he is the pyramid, and he is still the little man with reddish hair, meditatively lighting his pipe.

It is evening, Senlin says; and the darkness crumbles;
And a dream in ruin falls.
Once more we turn in a silent pain, bewildered,
Among our finite walls:
The walls we built ourselves with patient hands
For a god who sealed a question in our flesh:
Obeying a god's commands.

Upon this solemn note the music dwells; until he is seen walking away in the sunlight, leaving behind the half-held certainty that

. . . somewhere in the worlds-in-worlds around us
He wanders still, unfriended and alone.
Is he the star on which we walk at daybreak,
The light that blinds our eyes?
"Senlin!" we cry. "Senlin!" again . . . no answer . . .
Only the soulless brilliance of blue skies . . .

Yet we would say, this was no man at all,
But a dream we dreamed and vividly recall;
And we are mad to walk in wind and rain
Hoping to find, somewhere, that dream again.

If this is biography, it may have the anonymity of the ubiquitous. For who is Senlin, if not that meditative psyche with humorous eyes, the evanescent, inescapable Ariel, with whom the human creature plays an endless hide-and-seek. A restless, lonely psyche, an ancient tomb, a city, a plaintive music.

How closely Aiken has been studying the method of T. S. Eliot I do not know. Certain it is that "The Charnel Rose" in one or two phrases, and "Senlin" throughout are intimately reminiscent of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock", *et al.* The fine sensitiveness, the sympathetic imagery of Aiken's work, however, make this close correspondence the more excusable. Whatever influences shaped this poem should be encouraged.

More obvious and far less authentic is another psychological study in verse, Maurice Hewlett's "The Village Wife's Lament". It is an attempt to express the desperate horror of a simple mind confronted with the fact of war. It is interesting, both for its intention and its vocabulary. But it is also tedious and awkward. Hewlett's romanticism too easily gets the better of his understanding.

The most varied poems on the war are to be found in the "War Poems from 'The Yale Review'", recently issued in a delightful format by the Yale University Press. The book is almost as illuminating for its omissions as for its inclusions. There is no violence here. The poems are for the

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most part sentimental regrets and no less sentimental consecrations. Still, there are more distinguished poems here, proportionately, than are found in larger anthologies. Cammaerts's "Méditation sur la Nuit du Trois Août", grave without pathos, dignified without pomposity, is one of these. Unfortunately it is followed by a very poor translation done by his wife. Robert Frost's "Not to Keep" is as good an example as any of that poet's reticent beauty. Masefield is represented by his sonnet on "The Will to Perfection", which is not, strictly speaking, a war poem, and which falls far short of his unforgetable "August: 1914". But the outstanding poem is Louis Untermeyer's "Jerusalem Delivered". For intellectual content, no less than for the sheer splendor of its Hebraic imagery, and the sounding echoes of its rhythms, it outsings any other.

After such a draught, one puts away with a gesture of distaste the pale liquor offered by Hermann Hagedorn in his "Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant". And yet this is a pathetic poem, because through all its furious bombast one hears strains of the psalm Hagedorn meant it to be. Not less because of its scriptural phraseology.

There are no rules for writing poetry. Certainly it is neither passion nor scholarship which directs the creation of a great poem. It is rather, perhaps, that sustained desire of which John Butler Yeats writes in his letters to his son: desire implying "constant self-control and a search for what may help it to maintain itself in full force and effectiveness". This holds good equally for a poem like "Senlin" and for one of Masefield's sonnets. It is a law larger than governs the perfecting of any technique, because it includes these. Only by the fusion of emotion and intellectual vision can it be consummated, or endure.

The Charnel Rose. By Conrad Aiken. The Four Seas Company.
The Village Wife's Lament. By Maurice Hewlett. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
War Poems from "The Yale Review". Yale University Press.
Hymn of Free Peoples Triumphant. By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co.

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EIDOLONS OF ULYSSES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"Ye that love us, can ye move us?
She is dearer than ye;
And your sleep will be the sweeter",
Said the Men of the Sea.
THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

The men who go down to the sea in ships are the peculiar province of Joseph Conrad. Not that he deals with them alone; not even that he has developed a special psychology of the mariner, differentiating that creature from all others. He is no W. W. Jacobs turned tragic. But the sea, to him, has been the revealing context, the path of approach to his solution. He has edited the gospel according to Neptune. Some will choose him and some will not; as some will always, for authenticity, elect the mystical account of St. John, while others, to the end of time, will prefer to gather their knowledge from the more circumstantial lips of Luke. The real point is that Conrad is one of the writers who approach the fundamental human problem; as Shakespeare approached it in the heightened and complex world of Elizabeth, as Dante approached it within the Gothic confines of the mediæval church; as Balzac approached it through all the stuffiness of French provincialism.

For some readers Conrad has been only the master of a half brooding, half picaresque exoticism—a kind of Spinoza-ish Loti! He was a diversion from the frowzy realism of the modern novel; he took us to strange places and gave us new thrills. "Heart of Darkness" hinted all the things he might have told us if he had chosen; "Falk" showed us that there was nothing he could not face if he felt like it. To some others, he was merely a fascinating phenomenon: a writer who brought Henry James's psychologic subtlety to bear on Kiplingesque material.

But those were early days. And now, with all the later books before us, not only reinforcing but at times almost belying (so much farther do they lead us) the first tales, we must make up our minds afresh. Many things that were left vague, have been made plain. Others, we now know, will forever, by him, be left unstated. What we now know finally is that he is "on the side of the stars"; and it must never be forgotten that he enlisted under constellations many of us have never beheld. He sees another half of the globe, whether terrestrial or celestial; though he is no denizen of another planet. He has done a special and striking thing: he has brought the supreme tests of civilization to bear on human problems far removed from civilization's sphere of influence. That, I fancy, is in literature his great service. Kipling often gives you Eton and Sandhurst reacting typically in jungle or desert; but Conrad's exoticism serves, not to show up any provincial or national adequacy or superiority, but to put before you an anonymous, vastly human problem. Early *dépaysé*, he speaks for no special country or heritage, and has no political brief. What happens to youth concerns him constantly — but not necessarily English youth. His situations, being exotic,

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often seem "special"; but they are no more special, really, than Shakespeare's. You could duplicate the essential drama in any latitude. One says, "This is Life".

Probably most Conrad-lovers were disappointed when they learned from the advertisements that "The Arrow of Gold" would deal with the Carlist revolution. The author had done a perfect thing in "Victory"; and "Victory" seemed to prove that Conrad, to give us his best, must stick to the eastern hemisphere. There, in the waters of the Indian Ocean, he had raised his masterpiece, and "Victory" was "ringed round with the sea"—as it should have been. The hint of Spain in the 'seventies made one fear that he would repeat some of his continental mistakes. Some of us are too deeply devoted to Conrad to go back on anything that he has written; but it must be confessed that in "Nostromo" he failed in certain ways. Could he really afford to get away from great waters? Could he afford to be historic? A sailor on shore . . . the equivalent of a landlubber at sea. And to some of us, even more passionately preoccupied with the author's reputation than with our own pleasure, came the reflection that perhaps — after "Victory" — he would have done better to utter his *nunc dimittis:* not produce in his latest years, let us say, "Cymbeline".

But "The Arrow of Gold" is in no sense an anticlimax. It is not so perfect a thing as "Victory"; but it is absorbing and beautiful, and more authoritative and achieved than some of the earlier books, which were none the less absorbing and beautiful in their way. It is, too, as dramatic as any long thing (except "Victory") he has ever done. Moreover, it sets the seal of finality on some of Conrad's own predilections and beliefs. We know, after reading it, that his gospel will always—Pyrenees or no Pyrenees—be a gospel according to Neptune; we know that youth will be, to the end, the state and stage of life the poignancy of which he most feels (yes, in spite of "The End of the Tether"); we know that moral beauty, for him, will always be inextricably interwoven with human love; and that his is indubitably the grand manner if not the grand style. We know, too, that he has none but a stoical and austere consolation to offer us for the mundane adventure. "The Arrow of Gold" is less tragic than "Victory", though more passionate; yet we see that sadness is bound up in his very vision of things. I do not know why we are surer of all this than ever before, but we are. We needed "The Arrow of Gold" in order to speak authentically of Conrad. The book breathes assurance that its message is final, that in so far as it solves or gives up the human problem, Conrad has—no matter what else he may write—solved it or given it up.

Perhaps this sense of finality comes partly from the fact that in this book he has done what he did not do even in "Victory": has made us feel the woman, apart from what she causes the man to do. In "Victory" you felt her only through Axel Heyst—as doubtless you were meant to feel her. But here Conrad throws down the challenge as now and then in literature it has been thrown down: the book stands or falls by Doña Rita; and if he does not "get her across", he has failed. And Conrad has done the trick which some of our very greatest have sometimes failed to do: he has "got her across". Doña Rita, for all men, was "like that"; not so much Circe as Circe's potion, making

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all men drunk, but at the same time revealing them as they truly were. Ulysses drinks; but remains the hero because of his own nature—as good a variant as the Homeric one where he is provided with the plant Moly. Like Ulysses, too, the hero sails away. Monsieur George is young; he loves supremely, and loses his love in mid-paradise; and he goes back to the sea which alone, for him, can fit his tragedy into the cosmic peace. He is, or very nearly is, an eidolon of Ulysses.

In "Java Head" we have another eidolon of the Homeric hero. It is the spiritual coincidence that makes it possible to treat of Mr. Hergesheimer in the same breath with Conrad. "Java Head" is interesting, is well done, is seriously good; but that it is in the same class with "The Arrow of Gold", the author would probably be the first to deny. No one now writing English is in the same class with Conrad at his best or Kipling at his best. They are, in their singularly different styles, first-rate; and no other living English author is quite that. Yet Monsieur George would not, be sure, refuse Gerrit Ammidon his company.

The minor characters of "Java Head" in no way compare with the minor characters of "The Arrow of Gold". Taou Yuen interests and intrigues; she may or may not be "true". But the others exist chiefly to make a context for Gerrit Ammidon—and in real life (or in "The Arrow of Gold") human beings are not reduced to that. What makes the book is not so much Gerrit Ammidon, even, as it is what he stands for. And what he stands for is Romance, eternally kicking against the pricks, eternally protesting against coercive contexts. In the end it is the sea—not his first love, or his second—that resumes him: "his Sea that his being fulfils". Even more resolutely than Monsieur George, he repudiates the land and all its works. Whether or not Mr. Hergesheimer's Salem of the 'forties is accurately reproduced, I do not know; but he has laid his finger on something real—namely, that most romantic phase of New England life, when, for a time, all the perfumed wrack of the East and the tropics was washed up on its "stern and rock-bound coast". A breath of paganism came in, too, with the lacquer and the teak and the brocades, the tea, the spices, and the rum; and I fancy that Mr. Hergesheimer's Salem may be, in many ways, truer than Hawthorne's. In the cathologic paganism of Edward Dunsack we do not believe; but in the Homeric paganism of Gerrit Ammidon we do. For it is "the oars of Ithaca" that drive on the "Nautilus", and Gerrit Ammidon is another eidolon of Ulysses.

Romance, and the gospel according to Neptune, link the two books—nothing else, it must be said. Of the two heroes, Ammidon is more nearly Ulysses, for neither woman ever holds him save as Ulysses was held. The sea is his real mistress, while for Monsieur George she is merely the supreme solace. Yet, though to bracket any other author with Conrad is a shock, it is also a relief—a relief to find any book that has anything in common (though it be only a preoccupation) with Joseph Conrad.

The Arrow of Gold. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday Page and Co.
Java Head. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Alfred A. Knopf.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in March in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
4. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. The Cabin	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	KNOPF
6. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. In the Heart of a Fool	*William Allen White*	MACMILLAN
4. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
6. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
3. The Magnificent Ambersons	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
4. That's Me All Over, Mable	*E. C. Streeter*	STOKES
5. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
6. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN

WESTERN STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
2. "Shavings"	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
3. The Desert of Wheat	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. Joan and Peter	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
5. A Daughter of the Land	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the tables herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
3. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. Letters of Susan Hale	*Caroline P. Atkinson*	MARSHALL JONES
6. A Writer's Recollections	*Mrs. Humphry Ward*	HARPER

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	*A. W. Catlin*	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Peak of the Load	*Mildred Aldrich*	SMALL, MAYNARD
6. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	*A. W. Catlin*	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
5. The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	*Catherine Breshkovka*	LITTLE, BROWN
6. With Those Who Wait	*Frances Wilson Huard*	DORAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
2. America in France	*Frederick Palmer*	DODD, MEAD
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD
6. Power of Will	*F. C. Haddock*	PELTON

WESTERN STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. The New Revelation	*A. Conan Doyle*	DORAN
3. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
6. My Four Years in Germany	*James W. Gerard*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2. Ambassador Morgenthau's Story	*Henry Morgenthau*	DOUBLEDAY
3. Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters	*Robert Cortes Holliday*	DORAN
4. A Minstrel in France	*Harry Lauder*	HEARST'S
5. With the Help of God and a Few Marines	*A. W. Catlin*	DOUBLEDAY
6. The Betrothal	*Maurice Maeterlinck*	DODD, MEAD

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

The late Kenyon Cox was by profession an artist. He conceived his calling to be that of a painter. He labored tirelessly throughout his years. All that a sound and rigorous training, all that devotion to the disinterested service of art, industry, erudition, a sensitivity to high ideas, all that these things could avail, he accomplished. He painted much, and creditably. As a continual exhibitor for something well-nigh a generation, he was a forceful figure. He had those nearly obsolete things in art, "standards", nailed them to the mast, and stood by them against the current of fluctuating taste. He was an incurable classicist. As an instructor, throughout a considerable period, at the Art Students' League of New York and elsewhere, he was an incalculable influence for good in his insistence upon the fact that the preliminary business of the artist is to learn how to draw. As an avocation he wrote numerous books of art criticism. And it was in this avocation that his true vocation lay. His real gift was interpretative rather than creative. He was a commentator rather than a distinctive personality. For sanity, for insight, for scholarship, and for the power of elucidating beautiful things and conveying subtle points in a popular style, he must remain among the very few first-rate American critics of the art of painting.

Mr. Cox died in the sixty-third year of his age, March 12, in his home in New York, after an illness of two weeks. He was born in Ohio in 1856, the son of Major-General Jacob D. Cox —commander of the Twenty-third Army Corps, Governor of Ohio, and Secretary of the Interior. The family originally came from Germany, but were residents of New York for several generations. At the age of twenty Kenyon Cox entered the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. A year later he went to Paris, where he studied under Gérôme and other masters, although he always called himself a student of that French master.

Returning to America in 1883, he took a studio in New York. Five years later he received the second Hallgarten prize at the Academy of Design exhibition of that year, and in the Paris Exposition of 1900 he received two prizes. He attained distinction in landscape, portraits, the nude, mural paintings, and even sculpture, for in 1907 he was chosen to model one of the statues on the building of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. He was regarded as a colorist of distinction, but he especially excelled as a draughtsman. His mural paintings are to be found in many public buildings in the United States, one being the frieze of the Appellate Court House in New York.

He was at one time art critic of "The Nation", and wrote many reviews of important exhibitions for that periodical and for the New York "Evening Post", "Scribner's Magazine", and other publications. His books on art were many and included "Old Masters and New", "Painters and Sculptors", and "Artist and Public".

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Mr. Cox was elected a fellow of the National Academy of Design in 1900, a member in 1903, and served for a time as recording secretary, refusing renomination in 1910. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and of other societies.

That James Russell Lowell was born a hundred years ago, says an English contributor to the Gossip Shop, has come as a certain shock to many members of the English literary world who by no means regard themselves as old people. He had such a strong, vigorous personality, such a delightful warmth of nature and such a genius for friendship, that to some Londoners it seems as though he had left his p.p.c. cards on them only yesterday instead of a matter of nearly thirty years ago! He loved literature but he loved humanity more, and this perhaps was why he was not so much associated with the actual literary life of England as he might have been. Lowell's greatest friend among English writers was Mrs. W. K. Clifford. A volume of his letters to her was published some time ago. By a curious coincidence Mrs. Clifford was also among the dearest friends of Henry James, and was mentioned in his book.

Frank Dilnot, whose article on Philip Gibbs appears in this number of THE BOOKMAN, is one of the foremost journalists of Britain, largely through his vivid personal sketches of men in the public eye. Mr. Dilnot is the correspondent in America of the London "Daily Chronicle" and is president of the Association of Foreign Correspondents in the United States. It is an evidence of his international standing that he has recently had conferred upon him by the French government the title of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in recognition of his leadership here of the Foreign Correspondents whose duty it has been to transmit to other nations an interpretation of America's part in the war. Mr. Dilnot is the author of a number of books.

The suggestion of a public library as a memorial to local American soldiers and sailors who lost their lives in the Great War has been taken up with enthusiasm in some twenty or more cities, particularly in the South, where public libraries are comparatively few. The movement has gone so far in Richmond, Virginia, which has long had the distinction of being the largest city without a public library, that it seems assured of success.

In some way the impression has got abroad that the American Library Association has on hand enough books for which it has no further use to equip a number of public libraries; and some new library projects in the South have been based upon the idea of obtaining the collections of books now installed at near-by camps. So far from having a surplus of books, George B. Utley, executive secretary of the American Library Association, reports that another million volumes are urgently needed for immediate shipment to France; while the present prospect is that all the books now in the camp libraries will be needed there up to the last day of demobilization, if indeed they have not been all thoroughly "read to pieces" before that time arrives.

Padraic Colum, Irish poet, has left the Poetry Society of America. His resignation, at the society's meeting late in March, brought to a climax a

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fight waged by Mr. Colum for less secrecy in the conduct of the affairs of the executive committee of the society. The situation is an echo of the expulsion by the society some time ago of George Sylvester Viereck. Mr. Colum conceived that Viereck had been expelled for his political opinions. Edward J. Wheeler, president of the society, has repeatedly announced that Viereck was expelled for an overt act in accepting money from the German government after we had gone to war. In addressing the members before leaving the last meeting of the society, Mr. Colum called the society "provincial" and its president "autocratic". His resignation was accepted.

Christopher Morley writes in to suggest that the Gossip Shop start a department of Books Borrowed and Not Returned. He says, in part:

> You might add in the Complaint Department or in the Gossip Shop that some one, I can't remember who, has my copies of Canzoni and Songs of Wedlock, both by Tom Daly, for a year, and I want them returned. Why not start a Department of Books Borrowed and Not Returned.

He says, in this connection, other things also.

Grant M. Overton, literary editor of the New York "Sun", has a very large box of tricks. Not long ago he pulled this:

> Charles Stelzle, author of "Why Prohibition!" has his name next to another Stelzle in the New York telephone book—and the other Stelzle is in the wine business. They are the only Stelzles in the book. . . . Wrong number, Central.

"The New Republic" announces, on a printed post-card made to look as if it were really handwritten:

> Walter Lippmann is back—back from France—back once more on the staff of "The New Republic". As a Captain of Military Intelligence, he has until recently been attached to the personal staff of Colonel House.

How far will readers follow the English critics in their enthusiastic interest in, and admiration for, Miss Dorothy Richardson's method of writing fiction? This comparatively new writer made her début with "Pointed Roofs", an account of an English girl's life at a German school before there was any thought of war. The book was introduced to the public in a preface written by the novelist, J. D. Beresford. Even that first novel was described as "a conscious exercise in literary psychoanalysis". In her new story "The Tunnel", Miss Richardson introduces the reader to a critic who obviously holds her views as to the future of the novel. "There will be books with Him and Her and all that sort of thing cut out." The writer's ideal is to give almost a reflection of a human being's mind and soul. To a certain extent she succeeds in doing this, but the thoughtful reader cannot help asking himself whether the reflection is worth while, that is, whether the heroine, Miriam Henderson's life from girlhood onward is in any sense worth telling. Be that as it may, the book is being hailed as a kind of British "Jean-Christophe".

The death was announced not long ago of Robert Ross, the literary executor of Oscar Wilde, author of "Aubrey Beardsley", etc., and additional trustee of the National Gallery. He died at 40 Half Moon Street, W., London.

How accurately and significantly do book titles reflect popular tendencies? Dr. van Dyke selects "The Valley of Vision". A. E. hits upon "The Candle of Vision", and now appears Frederick Blight Bond's "The Hill of Vision". We are told that "where

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there is no vision the people perish". If the publishers are right, the world is anxious for vision today.

There is being announced in London a "great war novel", "Mr. Sterling Sticks It Out", by Harold Begbie. Original title, all right.

"Whispering Wires", by Henry Leverage, is being dramatized and will be presented on Broadway early in the fall season.

Messrs. Spurr and Swift of London have commenced business as dealers in rare books and autographs, and as American export agents. Mr. Spurr has made no less than fourteen journeys between England and New York during the last four years, in spite of the many difficulties and dangers encountered during that period.

The book "Patricia Brent", listed anonymous as to author, was recently ordered by a western bookseller with "Anony Mores" as author.

"The War Garden Victorious", just published, is a record of the inception and development of the home and community garden movement under the National War Garden Commission, which devoted itself to securing the planting of war and victory gardens on vacant lots and slacker land, for the purpose of raising vegetables to overcome the food shortage during and immediately succeeding the war. This book is not for sale, being issued for presentation to those who aided so serviceably in this economic work.

Mrs. Anna Smith Balestier, mother-in-law of Rudyard Kipling, died at Brattleboro, Vermont, in the latter part of March, while at the dinner table. She was eighty years old. Mrs. Balestier was born in Rochester, New York, a daughter of Erasmus T. Smith, and was married to Henry Wolcott Balestier in 1860.

She had four children: Wolcott Balestier, the author, who in the year of his death, 1891, collaborated with Kipling in "The Naulahka"; Caroline Starr, who in 1892 married Mr. Kipling; Beatty Balestier of Brattleboro; and Josephine, wife of Dr. Theodore Dunham of New York.

Gossip from England says that Dr. James Rendel Harris, perhaps the most distinguished writer in the Society of Friends, has written a pageant play in connection with next year's Mayflower tercentenary. Himself a Plymouth man, his drama is laid in the old Lincolnshire town. The central scene is the return of the Mayflower, bringing, in addition to the original pilgrims—Bradford, Brewster, Winslow, and Miles Standish—, William Penn, Washington, Lincoln, and Woodrow Wilson. The strangers are presented by Winslow to the Mayor of Plymouth in a speech which begins:

Three from Virginia's strand we here present,

and the present American president is described as, "Wilson, youngest of our brood of kings". It will be curious to see if "The Return of the Mayflower", as the pageant is to be called, will still be as topical in 1920 as it seems to be today.

It is reported that within two months of publication, Temple Bailey's new book, "The Tin Soldier", was in its fortieth thousand.

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The way in which foreign honors are conferred on authors of various American publishing houses, suggests the splendid impartiality of American "literary pages", a proportionate number of the books of each publisher to the page.

Dr. Henry van Dyke was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor at an investiture service in the Hotel Biltmore recently. The service was held under the auspices of the Villages Libérés. Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, who is a major in the French army and a Commander of the Legion of Honor, officiated in conferring the decoration.

Dr. van Dyke, after he had been decorated and kissed upon both cheeks, said that the honor conferred upon him was entirely unexpected.

From the "At a Venture" column in the New York "Evening Post" this:

A certain novel is proudly announced as having "the unique distinction of being the first novel by the wife of a former governor of New Hampshire and a present member of the United States Senate". This should stir rival publishers to bring out a poem having the unique distinction of being the first poem composed in his sleep by the second cousin of the last man who was held up by Jesse James; a song having the unique distinction of being the first one dashed off by a one-armed acquaintance of the employer of a former elevator operator at the White House, and the first dictionary of synonyms compiled by the little daughter of a baldheaded street-car conductor who used to drive a green horse-car in Grand Street, but who is now on strike in Tenafly.

An eager public not confined to those interested in the theatre, will welcome Max Beerbohm's life of his brother, Sir Herbert Tree, not only an actor, but a talented man of affairs. He has appeared in more than one novel, a most striking portrait of him being that contained in Gilbert Cannan's "Mummery".

One of the largest corporations in the world is Thomas A. Edison, Inc. There is no corner of the civilized—and very few corners of the uncivilized—world, in which the results of Edison's genius are not exploited by this company. Its vice-president, William Maxwell, seeks to give in "The Training of a Salesman" the results of his experience in a practical form suited to the use of ambitious young men about to enter business, or of older men who wish to find the road to business success.

Thomas Huxley's son, Leonard Huxley, has written a biography of his father's close friend and contemporary, Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker. It is in two volumes entitled "The Life and Letters of Sir Joseph Hooker".

James M. ("Jimmie") Barnes, author of "Picture Analysis of Golf Strokes", is the professional golf champion of America, the western open champion, the Philadelphia open champion, and holds many other titles based upon his intensive and extensive knowledge of the king of sports. Mr. Barnes is at present with the Broadmoor Country Club, Colorado, but is soon to go to the Sunset Country Club of St. Louis.

"The Fire Flingers", William J. Neidig's new novel, will be produced

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as a movie with Rupert Julian, who may be remembered for his performance in "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin", as the hero of the story.

Gilbert Cannan's one-act play, "Everybody's Husband", just published as a little volume, is a light, fanciful whimsy in which three generations of women are disclosed on the eve of the granddaughter's wedding. There is only one man in the play, a dominoed figure who appears through the window; he is first a symbol but, on removing his mask, reveals the bridegroom whose words provoke one of the characters to remark that "in every lover lurks the husband".

A literary "find" is claimed by an English publisher in the discovery of a new author, Alexander MacFarlan. Little information is obtainable concerning this young man, except that he is "just a raw youth whose first book shows promise for the future". "Mockery" is the title of his initial venture, and it will be published in this country some time during the spring.

Whatever may have been the popular opinion of that famous geometrical explosion, the "Nude Descending the Staircase", C. R. W. Nevinson in his new book of paintings, "The Great War—Fourth Year", demonstrates that cubism has some points in depicting scenes of battle. "The Bomber", one of Mr. Nevinson's paintings in the official British exhibit now in this country, is a radical product of cubism; but it does convey an impression of the destructive powers in the man who hurls the bomb. In most of his paintings, however, Mr. Nevinson is not an out-and-out cubist. He uses the method with reserve to suggest the stark moods, the vivid emotions, the fierce interplay of powerful forces in war scenes.

Many years ago Sudermann wrote "The Silent Mill". The manuscript, so the story goes, was tucked away, accumulated dust and cobwebs, and was completely forgotten by the author. On going through his old papers some five years ago, he found this bit of early work. In this novelette, now first to appear as an English book, are, it is said, presaged the awakening talents which were later revealed in "The Song of Songs".

A map extending over seventeen pages is to be a feature of "The Aero Blue Book", recently published. It is not one of those multitudinously unfolding maps which dare any ordinary human being to fold them back into their original shape and size. The map is of the great Wilson Airway extending from New York to San Francisco, and across about a third of each of the seventeen pages is shown a section of the airway. You wish to study the air road from New York City to Mauch Chunk, and you look at one page; you wish to study the air road from Mauch Chunk to Bloomsburg, and you turn to a further page.

In her book of dream lore, "The Fabric of Dreams", Mrs. Katherine Taylor Craig has a chapter on the authors and artists who have found inspiration, themes, characters, and even plots in their own or other people's dreams. Stevenson, she designs to show, evolved much of his work out of his dreams, and among the many others who acknowledged the assistance they received from their dreams she mentions Dante, Voltaire, Goethe, Hood, William Blake, Benjamin

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Franklin, Charles Lamb and others. Edward Lucas White, author of "El Supremo" and "The Unwilling Vestal", in the preface to his new book of short stories, "The Song of the Sirens", tells a tale of how he came to write a number of these pieces of fiction. All his life, he says, he has been dreaming dreams "such as visit few dreamers".

A picture of girls' life in Asia Minor as affected by the war is given in Elizabeth Wilson's book "The Road Ahead", a biographical appreciation of Frances C. Gage, whose rescue of Armenian girls deported from the college at Marsovan is one of the heroic episodes included in this report of work in the Near East.

Richardson Wright, writing in the New York "Times" Book Review of Siegfried Sassoon, Robert Nichols, and Robert Graves, calls them "the Three Musketeers of English verse" because of the friendship which exists between them. They are all young men, Sassoon, who is twenty-nine, being the oldest of the "interesting trio", all of whom have fought and been wounded in the war. "They represent", he says, "the new age in English verse; that is, they express in poetry the attitude of the young men in the war. It would be absurd", he continues, "to say that they represent a school, for, although the closest of friends, each expresses a different viewpoint." Masefield has called these three young poets "the morning stars of English poetry" and Richardson Wright goes on to say of them that "all three bear the marks of the new old age which is characterizing so many young Englishmen to-day. It is", he says, "a sudden maturity, a quick perception of things heretofore hidden and a willingness to laugh at, even to destroy, the traditional age which has been holding the whip-hand in England for generations."

The death recently of Andrew Dickson White, founder and for many years president of Cornell University, recalls the fact that his autobiography, in two volumes, was published some thirteen years ago. But the major achievements of the famous educator and diplomat were all behind him when the autobiography was issued. The years of his life since then were, while extremely helpful for Cornell, quiet and uneventful.

Emmuska Orczy, better known as the Baroness Orczy, is an ardent student of Poe, Gaboriau, and other writers of mystery tales. She considers Poe's story "The Mystery of Marie Roget" the best of all detective stories. Daughter of a distinguished diplomatist, she was educated in Brussels and Paris (she speaks four languages), and her early art training was acquired in the Quartier Latin. When she married Mr. Barstow, he was living in artists' quarters in Kensington. The landlady's daughter spent a good deal of time in writing stories, and casually mentioned one evening to Mrs. Barstow that she had sold one of them for five guineas. "If this young girl", argued the Baroness, "with her ignorance of the world can write a purchasable story, why shouldn't I write stories, too!" She wrote three stories straightway—and her artist husband left them, with his drawings, for consideration. A few days later the editor wired for her and commissioned more.

David Pinski, the famous playwright, who has just completed his

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first volume of short stories for publication, is making preparations for a European voyage. He has been elected a delegate to the Zionist Convention, now meeting in Paris. It is but seldom that a writer has the privilege of seeing his dreams materialize, but to Mr. Pinski, who has for years dreamed of "a Jewish home land", the opportunity is now offered of being one of the constitution makers for the new state of Palestine.

The English dramatic critic, William Archer, champion of Ibsen in the days of his unpopularity, has written a booklet, "The Peace President—A Brief Appreciation". His chapters are Youth and Early Manhood, The Man of Letters, Princeton, New Jersey, The White House, Mexico, Into the War, Peace and the League of Nations. He concludes that "had a pedantic or pusillanimous president sat in Woodrow Wilson's seat the great reconcilement (between Great Britain and the United States) might never have been achieved".

A new American edition of Max Beerbohm's "A Christmas Garland" has recently appeared. The book was first published in 1912; it comprises a collection of the author's caricatures and parodies that had been contributed through several years to those Christmas editions of periodicals in vogue in what now seems that far-off time. The "incomparable Max" is still incomparable.

The accidental played a leading rôle in the life of the late Captain Vernon Castle, according to the story of his life by his wife and dancing partner, Irene Castle, published under the title, "My Husband". He had no intention of going on the stage, but while attending the rehearsals of "The Orchid" in which his sister was playing, he was unexpectedly given a minor part—that of one of the seconds in a duel scene. Then, since there was already one Blythe in the cast, he changed his name to Vernon Castle, taking his name, like a good Briton, from Windsor Castle! He did not meet his wife on the dancing floor, but at a swimming party—in fact, their dancing was another accident. They had gone to Paris after their marriage to act in a second-rate theatre. Here they improvised from memory a dance they had seen Blossom Seeley do in America. A Russian nobleman who had seen their act recognized them one night at the Café de Paris when their finances were in particularly bad shape, asked the management to have them dance for him—and they were made! Then, after their triumphant return to America, came the war and Captain Castle's accidental death, when he deliberately sacrificed himself to save a younger aviator.

"Small Things", by Mrs. Margaret Deland, is a spring publication. In the small things as well as in the big things of life, Germany has offended; she has broken the letter as well as the spirit of humanity's laws. Mrs. Deland's war work in France has furnished her with the material for this volume.

The Kaiser is coming, they are all coming, (Uncle William, Cousin Ferdinand, Willie, Lizzie, and the entire Hohenzollern family) as immigrants to America. At least, so Mr. Leacock tells us in his latest book "The Hohenzollerns in America and Other Impossibilities".

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Keith Preston, author of "Types of Pan", a recent publication, is a middle-western man, a professor of Chicago University. All of the poems which make up this volume have appeared in "The Conning Tower" of the New York "Tribune" or "The Line O' Type" of the Chicago "Tribune". Here is Mr. Preston's opinion of his book:

On Cassiterides I dwell,
The Isles of Tin where rimes ring well;
So in this age when prose is chronic
The Types of Pan are panharmonic.

The Scilly Isles some call my shores.
But silly verses Pan abhors;
So beat it, book, and tell the thinkers
There's wear in all the wares Pan tinkers.

Octavus Roy Cohen, author of "The Crimson Alibi", prides himself upon two things: his youth and his provincialism. Mr. Cohen, who is only twenty-seven years of age, forsook a budding law practice in Charleston, S. C., some four years ago, moved to his present residence in Birmingham, Alabama, and since that time has devoted himself exclusively to the production of short stories and novels. His work has appeared in many American magazines. Efforts of friends to induce Mr. Cohen to make his home in New York have thus far met with signal failure. He admits that he is too fond of the distractions which New York offers to dare risk it. He spends his spare time with Octavus Roy Cohen Junior, age three; and, it is said, in vain regrets that prize-fighting is not allowed in Alabama.

All the boys wrote letters home from Over There; and many apparently were illustrated. "Camion Cartoons", just published, is a collection of soldier drawings. This way of recording history is more "human" than the camera, swifter and more vivid than letters.

The American Literary Association, with headquarters at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, announces the appearance of "The American Poetry Magazine", a publication "to be devoted to the purpose of providing suitable material for use in their Reading Circles, to consist of poetry, plays, recitations, and dialogues". The first number will appear in May, 1919. Poets and authors are invited to contribute material, as well as art students their sketches and illustrations. The success of the Reading-Circle idea promoted by the Association has made the issue of their own magazine desirable.

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, whose latest book is "Old-Dad", is a Boston woman—Mrs. Fordyce Coburn in private life—the descendant, it is said, of generations of forebears of literary traditions and achievements.

General A. W. Catlin's book, "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", ran into its third printing within a month of its publication.

"Bismarck", by C. Grant Robertson, a new volume uniform with Lord Charnwood's "Lincoln" in the Makers of the Nineteenth Century series, has recently been issued.

Maria Botchkareva, author of "Yashka", to whom Theodore Roosevelt gave $1,000 from his Nobel Peace Prize Fund during her recent visit to America, has devoted this money to the relief of thirty women of her Battalion of Death who were reduced to acute suffering through the loss of health and home in military service for their motherland. Botchkareva's motive for coming to this country was partly to secure help for these brave women, whose condition she describes.

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An eighth edition is announced of Theodore Roosevelt's "Stories of the Great West", written by Mr. Roosevelt while he was a young man living on a ranch and while his impressions of the pioneers of the country beyond the Mississippi, gained from enthusiastic study, were still fresh.

The first complete narrative of the University of Pennsylvania's career and associations, is to be issued in a limited edition of "The University of Pennsylvania: Franklin's College". The author, Horace Mather Lippincott, has been associated with the university as alumni secretary and editor of the Alumni Register for some years. The University of Pennsylvania is America's first university, founded by Benjamin Franklin.

Brigadier-General A. W. Catlin, author of "With the Help of God and a Few Marines", is now in command of the United States forces in the island of Haiti.

Auguste Rodin is reported to have said of Kahlil Gibran, the Syrian poet who is now in New York (referring to the fact that he is a painter as well as a poet), that he is "the William Blake of the twentieth century". It is said to be one of the minor yet persistent tribulations of Mr. Gibran's life that he is forced to explain to the eager newspaper reporters who seek him out at his den in Greenwich Village, that he is neither "a poet who also paints" nor "a painter who also writes poetry". He is a "poet-painter". "The Madman", the first collection of his writings to appear in English (which he himself translated) came out last fall. But at the same time his paintings were being exhibited. His work was exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1909-10, and subsequently in this country—in New York in 1914 and 1916, and Boston in 1917.

Sir Thomas Barclay, author of "Collapse and Reconstruction: European Conditions and American Principles", is an English barrister and the author of several books on international relations. Sir Thomas went to Paris as correspondent of the London "Times" in 1876, but resigned in 1882 to devote himself exclusively to French law practice. Since 1900 he has been identified with the active agitation for a good understanding between England and France. He visited the United States in 1903 and 1904 in behalf of an Anglo-American treaty of arbitration and conciliation. In 1905, at the invitation of the Associated Chambers of Germany, he visited Berlin and delivered addresses in favor of improving Anglo-German relations. In 1905 he was responsible for the founding of the International Brotherhood Alliance for the encouragement of personal relations among the laboring classes of different countries.

In view of the nation-wide ratification of the Prohibition amendment, there is interest in the issuance of Captain Richmond P. Hobson's "Alcohol and the Human Race". Captain Hobson has fought alcohol tooth-and-nail, and in his latest book he seeks to examine and dispose of almost every argument and claim for its retention in the community.

Two new books on Russia are "Russia's Agony", by Robert Wilton, for some years the Petrograd correspondent of the London "Times", and "Russian Revolution Aspects", by Robert Crozier Long.

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BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

Through an oversight Zona Gale was not included in Grant M. Overton's volume "The Women Who Make Our Novels". Miss Gale's latest novel "Birth" has apparently forcibly reminded Mr. Overton of this fact, and the following autobiographical paragraphs form part of an account of Miss Gale to appear in the second edition of Mr. Overton's book:

The first story which I ever wrote was printed. I printed it myself, in pencil, for it was before I could write. And the story appeared in a book. I made the book, of manilla paper, bound with ribbon. The story began: "The sun was just sinking behind the western hills when three travelers appeared. One was tall, one was short and one was middle-sized". And when the heroine appeared and one of these travelers asked her to marry him, I remember pressing my mother to tell me how to spell "N—yes", which constituted the maid's reply.

At about the same time I wrote a volume of verse in a blank book. One selection was this:

When I am a lady, a lady,
I will be a milliner if I can.
I'll have pretty flowers and bonnets and hats
And in my store there shall be no mice and rats,
When I am a lady.

When I was thirteen I wrote a novel, which almost simultaneously came back to me from the publisher. It was called "A White Dove", but I do not know what it was about. A few years later I wrote another novel, "Vedita", of tremendous length—this is easy to remember because of the cost of the typewriting. It was submitted to a Chicago newspaper which was offering a prize for a serial. From that manuscript, which was readily returned, I saved alive the character of Nichola, an old Italian servant, whom I later used in "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre".

A short story I first submitted at sixteen—it was called "Both"—was three thousand words long, and I was paid three dollars for it. I had just entered the university at Madison, forty miles

Fiction

The Strange Case of Cavendish, by RANDALL PARRISH [Doran, $1.50].
The adventures of a woman reporter who solves a mystery.

The Diamond Pin, by CAROLYN WELLS [Lippincott, $1.35].
A mystery tale hinging upon a practical joke.

Penny of Top Hill Trail, by BELLE KANARIS MANIATES [Reilly and Lee, $1.35].
An adventure yarn of western ranch life.

The Riddle of the Purple Emperor, by THOMAS W. and MARY E. HANSHEW, illus. [Doubleday, $1.50].
A detective story concerning a stolen jewel.

The Amethyst Ring, by ANATOLE FRANCE [Lane].
A novel involving ecclesiastical and political affairs in France.

The See-Saw, by SOPHIE KERR [Doubleday, $1.50].
A picture of married life in America's younger set.

The Fire Flingers, by WILLIAM J. NEIDIG [Dodd, Mead, $1.50].
The tale of a man who impersonates a dead man.

Carolyn of the Sunny Heart, by RUTH BELMORE ENDICOTT, illus. [Dodd, Mead, $1.50].
The story of a little girl who made others happy.

The Twenty-Six Clues, by ISABEL OSTRANDER [Watt, $1.50].
A detective story which deals with a mysterious murder.

Diverging Roads, by ROSE WILDER LANE [Century, $1.50].
A western story "without cowboys or motion-picture bad men".

Why Joan? by ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY [Century, $1.50].
A tale of city life in Kentucky.

Sniper Jackson, by FREDERICK SLEATH, illus. [Houghton, $1.60].
The romance of a young British officer.

In Orchard Glen, by MARIAN KEITH [Doran, $1.50].
The love-story of two village "ugly ducklings".

From Sunup to Sundown, by CORRA HARRIS and FAITH HARRIS LEECH [Doubleday, $1.50].
Letters exchanged between a mother and her newly married daughter.

The Fields of the Fatherless, by JEAN ROY [Doran, $1.75]
The autobiography of a London servant girl.

The American, by MARY DILLON, illus. [Century, $1.50].
The adventures of a wealthy girl in the slums.

The Fire of Green Boughs, by MRS. VICTOR RICKARD [Dodd, Mead, $1.60].
The story of a girl accused of being a traitor.

The Highflyers, by CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND [Harpers, $1.50].
A romance reflecting life in Detroit.

The Beloved Sinner, by RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA [Putnam, $1.50].
The tale of a man and a woman to whom a sin brings misunderstanding.

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Madam Constantia, edited by JEFFERSON CARTER [Longmans, $1.50].
The experiences of an English baronet in the American Revolution.

The Playground of Satan, by BEATRICE BASKERVILLE [Watt, $1.50].
A narrative showing Poland's part in the Great War.

Mockery, by ALEXANDER MACFARLAN [Dodd, Mead, $1.60].
The study of a man who deceives himself.

Green Valley, by KATHARINE REYNOLDS [Little, Brown, $1.50].
A chronicle of events in a small town of commuters.

The Untamed, by MAX BRAND [Putnam, $1.50].
A tale of a "wild westerner".

Lady Larkspur, by MEREDITH NICHOLSON [Scribner's, $1.00].
A mystery story involving a secret service plot.

Kings-at-Arms, by MARJORIE BOWEN [Dutton, $1.75].
A novel delineating the struggle between Peter the Great and Karl XII of Sweden.

Civilization, by DR. GEORGES DUHAMEL [Century, $1.50].
Sketches of wounded French soldiers.

Claire, by LESLIE BURTON BLADES [Doran, $1.50].
The romance of a girl and two men stranded on a desert coast.

The Valley of Vision, by SARAH COMSTOCK, illus. [Scribner's, $1.50].
A collection of fantasies and sketches.

Maid and Wife, by CAROLYN BEECHER, illus. [Britton, $1.50].
The experiences of a girl who comes to New York to earn a living.

Good Sports, by OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY [Stokes, $1.40].
Stories of people who face life's problems courageously.

The Evolution of Peter Moore, by DALE DRUMMOND, illus. [Britton, $1.50].
The tale of a soldier and his war bride.

Fighting Byng, by A. STONE, illus. [Britton, $1.50].
A yarn embracing contraband of war, spies, and enemy aliens.

Caesar or Nothing, by Pío BAROJA, trans. by LOUIS HOW [Knopf, $1.75].
The career of a young Spaniard who sets out to reform his country.

The Pelicans, by E. M. DELAFIELD [Knopf, $1.75].
A novel of modern English family life.

The Old Gray Homestead, by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES, illus. [Houghton, $1.50].
A tale of country life and "plain folks".

The Edge of the World, by EDITH BLINN, illus. [Britton, $1.50].
The story of a woman who shelters strangers in her home in the far West.

The Fighting Shepherdess, by CAROLINE LOCKHART, illus. [Small, Maynard, $1.50].
A picture of small-town rivalry in the West.

Martin Schuler, by ROMER WILSON [Holt, $1.50].
The life-story of a German composer.

The Vinegar Saint, by HUGHES MEARNS, illus. [Penn, $1.50].
A story tracing the development of an American girl in her 'teens.

The Man Who Couldn't Sleep, by ARTHUR STRINGER [Bobbs-Merrill, $1.75].
A tale of adventure and crime in New York.

Tumblefold, by JOSEPH WHITTAKER [Dutton, $1.90].
An autobiographical narrative of a boy in the English slums.

from my home, but I traveled the forty miles and came home to show the check, and returned in two hours. Excepting in the Milwaukee and Madison and Wisconsin university papers, and one or two evanescent magazines, I never had a story accepted until 1903, though for ten years previous to that acceptance I had constantly submitted stories. In 1911 "The Delineator" gave me a first prize of two thousand dollars for a short story, "The Ancient Dawn". In 1904 I began writing stories about Pelleas and Etarre, two old lovers, and forty of these were published in a dozen magazines, and half were collected in a volume published by the Macmillan Company. These were followed by "Friendship Village" stories. The first editor to whom one of these stories was submitted, declined it with the word that his acquaintance with small towns was wide, but that he had never seen any such people as these. About sixty of these stories have been published serially; the majority of them are now collected in four volumes—but I am still not sure that the first editor was not right.

After graduating from Wisconsin University there were about six years spent in newspaper work, in Milwaukee and New York, and in magazine work in New York—and in that time a master's degree was given me by Wisconsin University for work done *in absentia;* but neither degree in itself has ever meant anything to me—only, that part of the work which I liked and wanted was invaluable. . . . I began work on the Milwaukee "Evening Wisconsin", which had accepted that first story of mine, and I secured a position by attrition. I presented myself every morning at the desk of the city editor to ask for an assignment, but the chief thing that I recall about those mornings was the intense wish that the elevator which was taking me up to the city room would turn out to be the elevator taking me down again. At the end of two weeks the city editor let me write about a flower show. I have never put such emotion into anything else that I have written. I was another month in getting on the staff. Later I was with the Milwaukee "Journal". In New York the process was different. After being refused by nearly every paper there, I went back to the New York "World". By the office boy, every morning, I sent in a list of suggestions, made from that day's news, on which I thought that I could write, and the city editor checked those things I might try. After a good many weeks I went on the staff of the "World".

All of this was largely sheer adventure.

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It was so much pure pioneering that none of it now seems to me to have been either will or purpose, but pure delight. But at the time I was under the delusion that I was very determined.

For the last few years I have lived with my father and mother in the little town where I was born and where they have spent most of their lives. Here I have written ten books of fiction.

W. P. M. Kennedy, whose article, "Political Biography in Canada", is in this issue of THE BOOKMAN, is an Irishman who has been for some years on the Modern History staff of the University of Toronto, and a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society. His studies at Trinity College (Dublin), and Oxford, and at Heidelberg, led him to specialize for some years in sixteenth-century history. As author of "The Elizabethan Interpretations", "Parish Life under Queen Elizabeth", and "Studies in Tudor History", as well as by editing the "Visitation Documents of the Reformation Period", and by frequent contributions to "The English Historical Review" and foreign history journals, he is well known in academic circles as an authority upon the Tudor period of English constitutional history. Since accepting the Professorship of English at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and becoming intimately concerned with the teaching of history in Canada, he has turned his attention more particularly to Canadian history, and his first publication in this field, the important "Documents of the Canadian Constitution", appeared in the fall of last year.

J. K. Huysmans's "En Route", long familiar to European readers in several languages, was recently published for the first time in this country in English. It deals with the evolution of a soul from a state of debased materialism to one of intense spirituality.

Dawn, by ELEANOR H. PORTER, illus. [Houghton, $1.50].
A sketch of a blind boy who lives to serve others.

Ma Pettengill, by HARRY LEON WILSON [Doubleday, $1.50].
A narrative introducing many of the characters in "Ruggles of Red Gap".

Nomads of the North, by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, illus. [Doubleday, $1.50].
The adventures of a bear cub and a pup who become comrades.

The Valley of Vision, by HENRY VAN DYKE [Doubleday, $1.50].
The romance of two young people who rebel against a narrow environment.

The City of Comrades, by BASIL KING, illus. [Harpers, $1.75].
The experiences of a man who wins back his self-respect.

Humoresque, by FANNIE HURST [Harpers, $1.50].
Humorous sketches of Jewish life.

The Eyes of the Blind, by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE [Doran, $1.50].
A romance charged with mystery.

The Son of Pio, by C. L. CARLSEN [Dutton, $1.75].
The story of a native Filipino who would be an American.

En Route, by J. K. HUYSMANS [Dutton, $2.50].
The study of a French unbeliever who returns to his faith.

War and Reconstruction

A Little Gray Home in France, by HELEN DAVENPORT GIBBONS [Century, $1.50].
Impressions of a woman who opened her home in France to the American doughboys.

The War Diary of a Diplomat, by LEE MERIWETHER [Dodd, Mead, $2.00].
The record of the Special Assistant to the American Ambassador to France.

Full Speed Ahead, by HENRY B. BESTON, illus. [Doubleday, $1.50].
Sketches of the American navy at work.

Volleys from a Non-Combatant, by WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER [Doubleday, $2.00].
A collection of papers on various aspects of the war.

The British Revolution and the American Democracy, by NORMAN ANGELL [Heubsch, $1.50].
A discussion of British Labor programs.

The Firebrand of Bolshevism, by PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, illus. [Small, Maynard, $2.00].
The story of German secret service plotting in Russia.

An American Poilu, ANONYMOUS [Little, Brown, $1.35].
The letters of an American who joined the French army.

Alsace-Lorraine Since 1870, by BARRY CERF [Macmillan, $1.50].
A study of the relations of Germany to Alsace and Lorraine.

Fighters for Peace, by MARY R. PARKMAN, illus. [Century, $1.50].
The biographies of ten prominent soldiers and statesmen of the Allies.

Forty Days in 1914, by MAJ.-GEN. SIR F. MAURICE, illus. with maps [Doran, $2.00].
An exposition of the first great offensive drive of the war.

The Covenant of Peace, by H. N. BRAILSFORD [Huebsch, $.25].
A prize essay on the league of nations.

The Society of Nations, by T. J. LAWRENCE, LL.D., J.P. [Oxford, $1.50].
A survey of the origin and development of international society.

Ivan Speaks, ANONYMOUS [Houghton, $.75].
Sayings of Russian soldiers overhead by a nurse at the front.

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America's Mission to Serve Humanity, by FRANK MOSS [Stratford, $1.00].
Selections from American leaders, beginning with Washington, which voice America's mission.

When the Boys Come Home, by LIEUT. HAROLD HERSEY, illus. [Britton, $1.25].
A soldier's views on the effects of the war on the men in service.

The Resurrected Nations, by ISAAC DON LEVINE, illus. with maps [Stokes, $1.60].
Histories of the small nations in Europe and Asia set free by the war.

The Grand Fleet, 1914-1916, by ADMIRAL VISCOUNT JELLICOE, illus. [Doran, $6.00].
A record of the creation, development and work of the British fleet.

Roger Allier, by HIS PARENTS, translated by HENRY H. KING [Association, $1.25].
The story of a young Frenchman who was killed in action.

League of Nations: Shall It Be an Alliance, or a Nation of Nations? by ALFRED OWEN CROZIER [New York: Lecouver, $.50].
Suggestions for the amendment of the proposed constitution of the league.

Canada's Part in the Great War [issued by the Department of Public Information, Ottawa].
A report of Canada's war activities and their cost to the country.

War Aims and Peace Ideals, edited by TUCKER BROOKE, B.Litt., and HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, Ph.D. [Yale, $1.80].
Selections in prose and verse illustrating the ideals of the countries at war.

A Society of States, by W. T. S. STALLYBRASS, M.A. [Dutton, $2.00].
A discussion of how equality may exist between members of a league of nations.

My German Prisons, by HORACE GRAY GILLILAND [Houghton, $1.50].
An account of two and a half years of captivity by an officer in the British army.

Ten Days That Shook the World, by JOHN REED, illus. [Boni and Liveright, $2.00].
A record of the Bolshevik Revolution in Petrograd.

The Idea of a League of Nations, by H. G. WELLS AND OTHERS [Atlantic Monthly Press].
A treatise by a group of British publicists composing the League of Free Nations Association.

Poetry

Golden Stars and Other Verses, by HENRY VAN DYKE [Scribners, $.50].
Poems inspired by the war.

Marmion, by SIR WALTER SCOTT, edited with an introduction and notes by ZELMA E. CLARK [New York: Merrill, $.30].
A volume of Merrill's English Texts.

In Flanders Fields and Other Poems, by LIEUT.-COL. JOHN MCCRAE, M.D., illus. [Putnam, $1.50].
Poems supplemented by a sketch of the author by Sir Andrew Macphail.

Fisherman's Verse, by WILLIAM HAYNES AND JOSEPH LEROY HARRISON [Duffield, $1.50].
An anthology of verse on fishing.

Afterglow, by JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, JR., CAPT., F.A., N.A. [Yale, $1.00].
Lyrical poems by the great-grandson of the novelist.

The Flag and Other Poems, 1918, by AMY REDPATH RODDICK [Montreal: Dougall].
Verses on the war and other themes.

The Song of Three Friends, by JOHN G. NEIHARDT [Macmillan, $1.25].
A tale of trappers in the upper Missouri River country in the early 'twenties.

The Rocking Horse, by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY [Doran, $1.25].
Songs of every day reprinted from magazines and newspapers.

Mary Heaton Vorse writes to her publishers: "I wish you wanted a book about Italy and industrial conditions here for next fall instead of a sequel to 'The Prestons'. You do not know how happy it makes me to learn that over 10,000 copies of 'The Prestons' have been sold since you published it in December."

The story of the growth of the idea and the methods by which the German Socialists became the strongest single political party, the personalities that dominated it, the divergencies responsible for the perpetual intra-party turmoil, and the explanation of the party's course in 1914 and since, is what the author, Ludwig Lore, has undertaken in "German Social Democracy". Long ago, it is said, Mr. Lore was inveighing against German militarism and imperialism in his "Volkszeitung", a German-language daily in New York.

Australian newspapers of the end of last November have lately come to hand, and the Melbourne "Age" made the interesting calculation then that Mr. Hughes had delivered more public speeches than all the other delegates of the Imperial War Cabinet put together, and that his public speeches, up to a certain period, were more numerous than those delivered by all the members of the British government in the same time. It may be recalled that a short while ago there was issued anonymously a volume entitled "Mr. Hughes", a critical study of the views of the Australian Prime Minister as revealed by his speeches. It is now currently believed that the author was the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson.

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Theodore Brockbank De Vinne, son of Theodore Low De Vinne, founder of the De Vinne Press, New York, has retired from the presidency and active participation in the business. His son, Charles DeWitt De Vinne, retires as vice-president, but remains a director in the company.

James W. Bothwell, with the De Vinnes for more than forty years, and general manager since 1908, will be chief executive. His son, Irving D. Bothwell, is treasurer, and William J. Eakins vice-president and sales manager.

The De Vinne Press was founded in 1836 and has many printing achievements to its credit. Among them was the composition of the entire Century Dictionary.

Dr. Ernest Freund, professor of jurisprudence and public law in the University of Chicago, has been awarded the Ames prize by the faculty of the Harvard University Law School for his book, "Standards of American Legislation". The Ames prize, named after a former dean of the law school, was established in 1898 by Judge Julian W. Mack of the United States Circuit Court. It consists of a bronze medal and four hundred dollars, and is given every four years to the writer of the most meritorious law book or legal essay written in English. Among former winners of the prize have been Dean John H. Wigmore of Northwestern University, and Professor Frederick W. Maitland of Cambridge University, England.

A recently published volume is "Training for the Electric Railway Business", by C. B. Fairchild, Jr., of the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company.

Mere Melodies, by EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON [McKay, $1.25].
Imaginative verses, some gathered from the newspapers.

Songs and Poems, by JOHN JAY CHAPMAN [Scribners, $1.00].
Poems on various themes, reprinted.

Songs of the Services, by WILL STOKES [Stokes, $1.50].
Songs of the army, navy and marine corps.

The Heart of Peace, by LAURENCE HOUSMAN [Small, Maynard, $1.25].
A collection of verse on war and peace.

The Wild Swans at Coole, by W. B. YEATS [Macmillan, $1.25].
Selections embodying the latest poems of the Irish writer.

Escape and Fantasy, by GEORGE ROSTREVOR [Macmillan, $1.00].
Lyrical poems by a new author.

Representative American Poetry, edited by E. B. RICHARDS [New York: Merrill, $.30].
Selections supplemented by biographical and critical notes.

The New Day, by SCUDDER MIDDLETON [Macmillan, $1.00].
Poems reflecting the spirit of today.

Killartan Poetry Book, by LADY GREGORY [Putnam, $1.25].
Translations of poems from the Irish.

Poems About God, by LIEUT. JOHN CROWE RANSOM [Holt, $1.25].
Reflections on the meaning of God in our daily life.

The New Era in American Poetry, by LOUIS UNTERMEYER [Holt, $2.25].
A summary of American poetry since Whitman, with illustrative quotations.

War Verses, by LAURA BELL EVERETT AND ELIZABETH ABBEY EVERETT [published by the authors at Berkeley, Cal.].
A collection of ten poems on the war.

Dreams and Gibes, by EDWARD SAPIR [Gorham Press].
Poems on a variety of subjects.

Convention and Revolt in Poetry, by JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES [Houghton, $1.75].
A consideration of old and new tendencies in poetry.

Drama

Washington, the Man Who Made Us, by PERCY MACKAYE [Knopf, $1.75].
A play depicting the life of Washington.

The Dream Queen, a translation of the "Svapnavasavadatta" of Bhasa, by A. G. SHIRREFF AND PANNA LALL [Allahabad: Indian Press].
A play translated from the Sanskrit.

The Man of Kerioth, by ROBERT NORWOOD [Doran, $1.25].
A lyric drama of the life of Christ.

The Gentleman Ranker and Other Plays, by LEON GORDON [Four Seas, $1.50].
Three plays which have been produced by their actor-author.

Lafayette; Columbus; The Long Knives in Illinois, by ALICE JOHNSTON [Holt, $1.35].
Three historical plays adapted for school use.

Bits of Background, by EMMA BEATRICE BRUNNER [Knopf, $1.00].
Four one-act plays of modern life.

History and Political Science

A History of Latin America, by WILLIAM WARREN SWEET, illus. [Abingdon, $3.00].
A study of the past history and present condition of Latin America.

Mexico, To-Day and To-Morrow, by E. D. TROWBRIDGE [Macmillan, $2.00].
A survey of the political, social and economic situation in Mexico.

How France is Governed, by RAYMOND POINCARÉ [McBride, $2.00].
A translation of President Poincaré's exposition of the government of France.

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M. Gaston Roupnel, the author of "Nono: Love and the Soil", translated by B. J. Beyer, is a native of that same wine-growing district of Burgundy, near Dijon, in which the scenes of his novel are placed. The book was published in France in 1910. The novel is one of the first issues in the Library of French Fiction, whose purpose is to acquaint American readers with life in the provinces of France as portrayed by French authors of distinction.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, author and former Minister to The Hague, has founded a permanent prize fund, to be awarded at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis. During the war he served in the navy as chaplain with the rank of lieutenant-commander, and made the determination to accept no compensation for his services. After his appointment it was found that the regulations required him to accept pay. This being the case, Dr. van Dyke set aside the money and used it as the nucleus for the prize fund.

Owing to a typographical error in Miss Amy Lowell's paper, "Casual Reflections on a Few of the Younger English Novelists", which appeared in the April number of THE BOOKMAN, J. D. Beresford's book, "The Wonder", was attributed to Gilbert Cannan.

Margaret Widdemer's novel, "You're Only Young Once", several weeks ago had not only gone through five editions in the United States, but had been published in Canada. The book is being published in England, and Miss Widdemer's American publishers recently arranged for a Danish translation.

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Literary Agents and Writers' Aids

There will soon be available a new and revised edition of Ralph Adams Cram's "Nemesis of Mediocrity". Mr. Cram says in a letter to his publishers: "I shall write a postscript for the 'Nemesis', and I know just what I am going to say. It will cover the point that since the writing of the 'Nemesis', real leadership has developed, though exclusively among what may be called men of action." Mr. Cram promises to quote "a most interesting letter received from England", which will presumably illuminate the premises. Leader, leader, who's got the leader?

"The Legend of Tyl Ulenspiegel" by Charles de Coster, which recently appeared in an English translation, has apparently aroused enthusiasm among English critics. The London "Times" devotes two columns to the book, saying in part: "A book of the people, the very Bible of Flanders. It resumes within itself all the energy and tenderness of the Flemish Fatherland." The edition for America is limited to 1,500 copies.

The death of John Smith Moffat, C. M. G., announced from Cape Town, reminds one of a name among the most illustrious in the history of African missionary enterprise, for he was the son and biographer of Robert and Mary Moffat, the former of whom translated the Bible into Bechuana. It may be remembered that David Livingstone, the famous traveler, after his rescue from the jaws of a lion, won the heart of the Moffats' eldest daughter Mary, whom he married in 1844. The "Life of Robert and Mary Moffat" was one of the books of the year of its appearance (1885).

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The *entente cordiale* between French and American writers grows stronger. Emma Rayner, author of "Free to Serve", a tale of colonial New York, recently wrote her publishers:

Some time after the publication of my novel, a member of the French Academy who was making a collection of international works, wrote to tell me that my book was considered eligible for the collection, the ultimate destination being the French National Library. I supposed that the matter ended there, but I have recently received a communication from the secretary of the Société Académique d'Histoire Internationale that I have been proposed as a member of the society with diploma and insignia.

Marjorie Bowen's new historical romance, "Kings at Arms", is a story of the days of Peter the Great of Russia and his struggle with Karl XII of Sweden.

When "My Airman Over There" was published some months ago, there was some uncertainty as to whether this anonymous volume was truth or fiction. A recent letter from London received by the author's agents, it is said, reveals the author to be Aimee Bond, the widow of an English airman, twenty-seven years old.

A book by a new author that is said to be creating a sensation in London this season is Romer Wilson's "Martin Schüler", a novel which gives a different picture of musical life in Germany from that we have grown accustomed to in musical novels, and shows musical people there before the outbreak of the Hohenzollerns' war as extravagant, openly condoning immorality, and at times gluttonous. These music makers are in no sense the fellows of Wagner (who carried a gun in Dresden against the German government) and other good Germans, dead before their country's disgrace.

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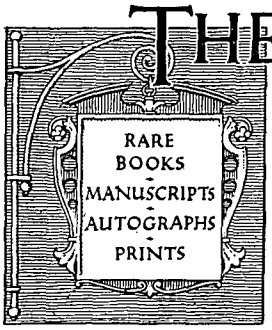

THE COLLECTORS' GUIDE

In this section the readers of THE BOOKMAN will find the latest announcements of reliable dealers in Rare Books, Manuscripts, Autographs and Prints. It will be well to look over this section carefully each month, for the advertisements will be frequently changed, and items of interest to collectors will be offered here. All these dealers invite correspondence.

There was much speculation among American book collectors about the prices that would be paid for the rare works of early English dramatic literature which were sold in the library of Lord Mostyn at Sotheby's in London during March. The remarkable prices paid at the final sale of the library of H. V. Jones at the Anderson Galleries in New York led many to think that the American market had been pretty well supplied, and that the Mostyn prices would be comparatively low. The sale, however, which included nearly four hundred early quartos—many existing in only two or three known copies and some of them unique—proved a remarkable success. American collectors, represented by agents, bought freely, and some of the choicest items will soon be found in American private libraries. Quaritch rescued the unique "Fidele and Fortunio", a black-letter play of 1585, called "the foundation play of 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' ", at £3,020, American competition ceasing at £3,000; but many of the other most desirable items were secured by American collectors. The sale demonstrated that for the scarcest works of early English literature there is always a good market.

Any reader of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "A Summer Voyage on the Saône", who believes that this journey in France by the author and Joseph Pennell was a pleasure jaunt, will be interested in a letter from Hamerton to a friend, which appears in a copy in an American collector's library. Hamerton writes:

> The details of the voyage itself have absorbed much time which you will understand when I tell you that I have not slept in a house or eaten a meal off the boat for three weeks. . . . Mr. Pennell is with me and has done many admirable drawings already. He is perfectly delighted with the river and is working *con amore* in fine weather from five in the morning till seven at night, except an hour or two for meals.

What has become of the Hawkins-Cruikshank collection? The fact that it ever existed is known to but few collectors, and all they know of it is that it was to fill eight royal folio volumes, which is an indication of its importance. Eight original pen-and-ink drawings were made by W. A. Delamotte for a series of title-pages of "Illustrations to Various Works and Humorous Subjects, Drawn and Etched by George Cruikshank, Collected by Alfred Hawkins" for volumes I to VIII. Each title is surrounded by a border of sketches and vignettes, mostly original designs by Delamotte and some after Cruikshank and H. G. Hine, with punning inscriptions, signed and dated 1856. The sketches apparently never were used. Delamotte made the landscape illustrations to Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle" for which Cruikshank made the etchings. Unknown among the great collections of Cruikshankiana, the Hawkins collection may be in hiding in some old English country house, to surprise the collector at any moment.

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How different things were with the Red Cross and the library associations during the Great War! A bundle of letters written to Major-General Sir J. H. Lefroy by Florence Nightingale, who in October, 1855, was sent to Constantinople to examine the hospital arrangements at Scutari, recently came into the London auction room. In one of them she writes that, out of 108 nurses sent to Scutari and Balaklava, sixty-four had been sent home, twelve for intoxication, and adds: "Intoxication, tacitly admitted unavoidable among nurses in London hospitals, must in military hospitals, be sternly checked". In another she says of the Woolwich Day Room, in 1860: ". . . no one is allowed to *read* in the room—& the man is paid 3/ a day to keep the books locked up". A letter written in 1864 about hospital matrons declares, "Of all the cant talked nowadays, the worst is that of there being no field for women's work. The work is there (& well-paid work too)—the women are few to do it."

"The Census of Fifteenth Century Books Owned in America" which has been completed by the Bibliographical Society of America contains 909 titles, represented by 1824 copies. Of these 473 titles are represented by one copy only. The distribution of these copies is interesting. Of 473 books printed in the fifteenth century of which only one copy of each is recorded in the "Census", of titles coming under the letter A, New York has 120; Boston and Washington 60 each; Baltimore 53, Philadelphia 43, California 25, Providence 24, Ithaca 16, Chicago 12, Hartford 7, New Haven 5, Worcester 4, Princeton and Buffalo 3 each, four private owners 2 each, and sixteen private owners 1 each.

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Judging by the present interest in early English drama, a book that is sadly needed, and that would be sure of appreciation by a limited number of collectors, is one listing the "interludes" which marked a transition stage in the English drama. There are hand-lists of English plays and works of the nineteenth-century bibliographers which enumerate many of these interludes; but much new material has come to light in recent years, and such a list would be of great value to librarians, book dealers, and collectors.

Incidentally, a book which ought to be rewritten is John Hill Burton's "Book Hunter", which has been reprinted more than once, the last edition appearing in 1900. The most desirable edition of Burton is the second, published in 1863, which has some inaccuracies of the first edition corrected, and in which the author "has thrown in a few additional touches here and there". But the delightful pages of Burton where he deals with American libraries and collectors seem to need annotation. For instance:

> America had just one small old library and the lamentation over the loss of this ewe-lamb is touching evidence of her poverty in such possessions. . . . It is, after all, a rather serious consideration . . . how entirely the new states of the West and the South seem to be cut off from the literary resources which the Old World possesses in her old libraries. . . . Well, perhaps some quick and cheap way will be found of righting it all when the Aerial Navigation Company issues its time-bills, and news comes of battles "from the nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue".

The prophecy of Tennyson having been fulfilled, and Mr. Henry E. Huntington having made plans for the disposal of the finest private library in the world by placing it in Los Angeles, it looks as though Burton's "Book Hunter" needs revision.

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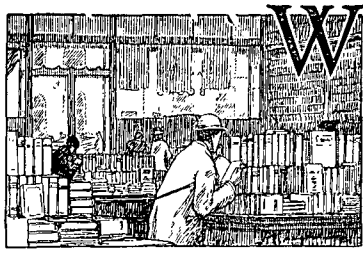

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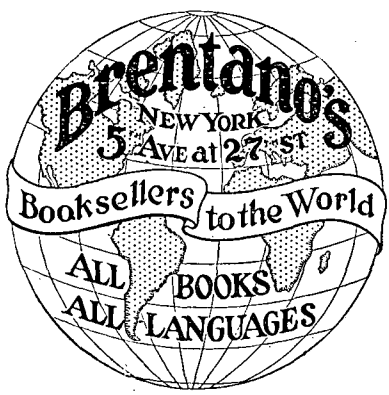

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Henry Fairfield Osborn, president of the American Museum of Natural History and author of "Men of the Old Stone Age" and "The Origin and Evolution of Life", has been awarded the Darwin Medal by the Royal Society of London.

In one of his letters from the front, the late Joyce Kilmer praises Francis Carlin's "My Ireland". The letter, which appears in "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters", is to Mrs. Kilmer, who had sent her husband a copy of Carlin's book. It runs:

I received Francis Carlin's wholly heavenly book just before I went to the hospital, and have read it many times with delight. When you see him give him my homage. He should be walking goldener floors than those of a mortal shop—he should rather be over here with us, whatever his convictions may be. For it is wrong for a poet—especially a Gael—to be listening to elevated trains when there are screaming shells to hear, and to be sleeping soft in a bed when there's a cot in a dugout awaiting him, and the bright face of danger to dream about and see.

The Gossip Shop is exceedingly crestfallen. In the April number The Gossip Shop left off the *e*. Left off the *e*? Sure, left it right off. The Gossip Shop was speaking of the celebrated Burton Rascoe, of the Chicago "Tribune". There is no celebrated Mr. Rasco. The Gossip Shop does not want to be known as the one who took the *e* out of Rascoe. It was a terrible, an awful mistake. *E* we say, and *e* we certainly meant.

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WHERE TO BUY BOOKS *(Continued)*

Boston will be the Mecca for the book-trade on May 13th, 14th, and 15th, the occasion being the twentieth annual convention of the American Booksellers' Association.

Is it possible for the American son of German-born parents to submerge through American association and the observation of American ideals, the hereditary instincts of the German? This is the question said to be offered by Newton A. Fuessle in his novel "The Flail", a spring publication. The author is reported to have worked upon this novel four years, and while it is not a "war book", it was only with the signing of the armistice that the concluding chapters were written.

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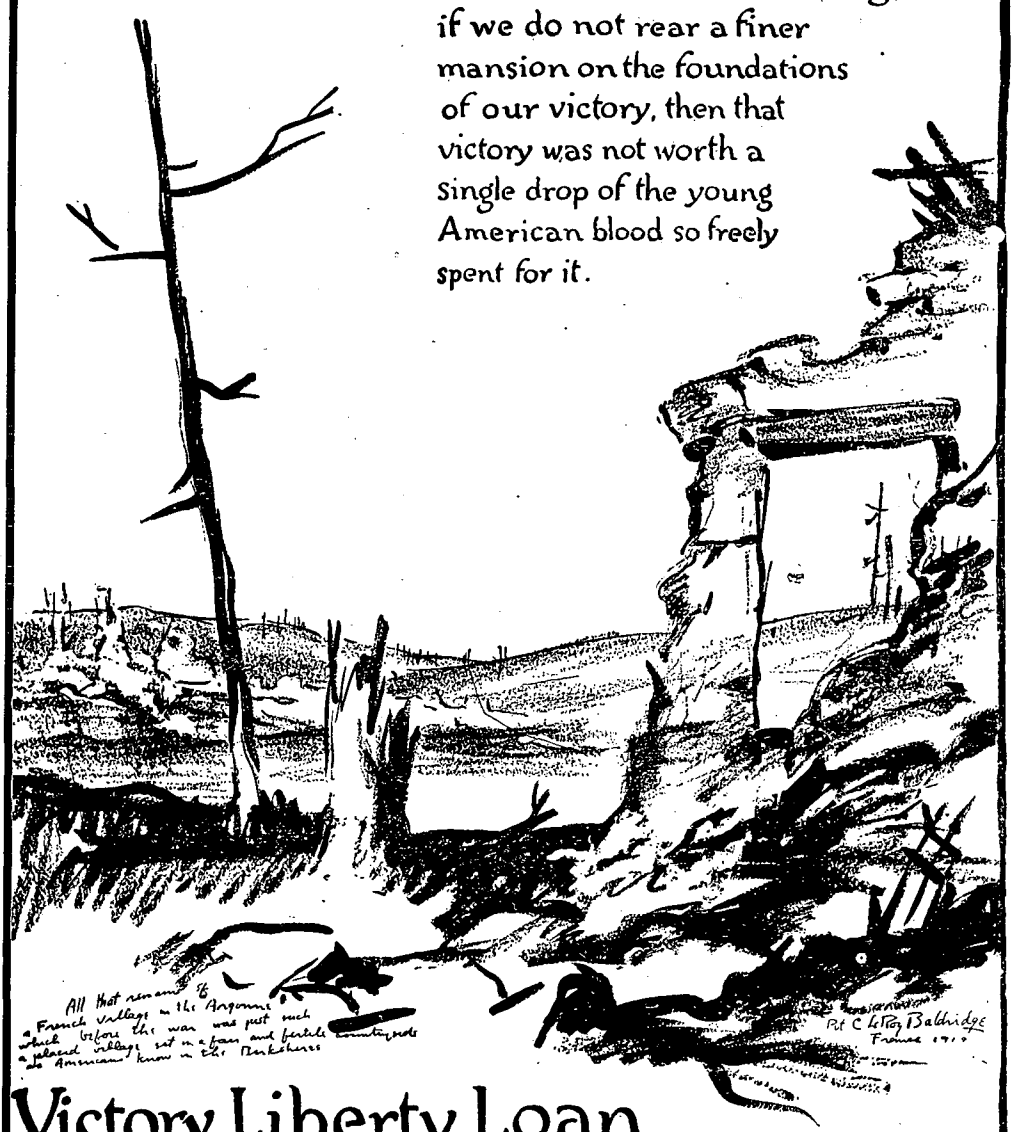

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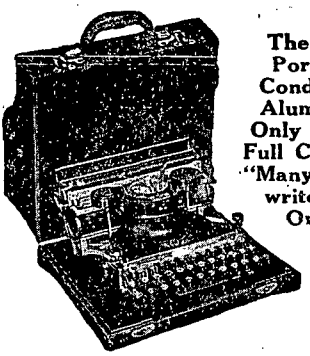

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